

RUSSIA WHITE OR RED

OLIVER M. SAYLER

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RUSSIA WHITE OR RED



THREE KREMLIN CATHEDRALS: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) BLAGOVYESCHENSKY, WITH DAMAGED PORTICO; IVAN VELIKI, WITH THE BELL TOWER; AND ARCHANGEL.

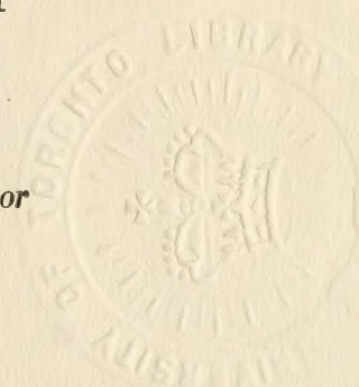
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WHITE OR RED

BY
OLIVER M. SAYLER

*With Forty-two Illustrations
From Photographs by the Author*



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TO
MY FATHER
WHO IN SYMPATHY, LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING
HAS GUIDED ME THROUGHOUT
MY WORK

“When the age of Miracles lay faded into the distance as an incredible tradition, and even the age of Conventionalities was now old; and Man’s existence had for long generations rested on mere formulas which were grown hollow by course of time; and it seemed as if no Reality any longer existed, but only Phantasms of realities, and God’s universe were the work of the Tailor and Upholsterer mainly, and men were buckram masks that went about becking and grimacing there, — on a sudden the Earth yawns asunder, and amid Tartarean smoke, and glare of fierce brightness, rises SANSULOTTISM, many-headed, fire-breathing, and asks: What think ye of ME? Well may the buckram masks start together terror-struck; ‘into expressive well-concerted groups!’ It is indeed, Friends, a most singular, most fatal thing. Let whosoever is but buckram and a phantasm look to it: ill verily may it fare with him; here methinks he can not much longer be. Woe also to many a one who is not wholly buckram, but partly real and human! The age of Miracles has come back!

“Sansculottism will burn much; but what is incombustible it will not burn. Fear not Sansculottism; recognize it for what it is, the portentous inevitable end of much, the miraculous beginning of much. * * * But to gauge and measure this immeasurable Thing, and what is called ACCOUNT FOR IT, and reduce it to a dead logic-formula, attempt not! Much less shalt thou shout thyself hoarse, cursing it; for that to all needful lengths, has already been done. As an actually existing Son of Time, Look, with unspeakable manifold interest, oftenest in silence, at what the Time did bring: therewith edify, instruct, nourish thyself, or were it but amuse and gratify thyself, as it is given thee.”

—CARLYLE: “The French Revolution,” Part 1, Book 6, Chapter 1

PREFACE

TWO motives led me to Russia in the fall of 1917: the desire to study at first hand the most important theatre of our time before the pressure of revolution should bear too harshly upon it; and the impulse to be in the most uncertain and interesting and eventful place in the world. The results of the former motive I shall record at length in another volume, "The Russian Theatre under the Revolution." The outcome of the latter impulse I have presented in the following pages.

Taking leave of absence from my desk as dramatic editor of *The Indianapolis News*, I set out in September, 1917, by the Pacific Ocean, Japan, and Siberia, and arrived in Moscow in the midst of the Bolshevik Revolution. Without official or other binding relationships, therefore, I felt free to follow and observe and reach conclusions upon the Russian upheaval unhampered by the necessity for hasty judgment or by compliance with the fixed policy of another. After six months on Russian soil — the first half year of the Bolshevik régime and, I think, the most significant single period thus far in the course of the Russian Revolution — I brought both of my errands to completion and returned home by the same route in the summer of 1918.

My independent position and the fortuitous circumstances which isolated me from funds at home

and forced me to live with extreme economy, enabled me to see life much as the average Russian saw it. Preoccupation with my task of studying the theatre held me for the greater part of the winter in Moscow, aloof from the political welter of Petrograd and from personal contact with the outstanding figures of the social maelstrom. These figures and their theories, however, passed by in absorbing panorama on the very near horizon in a perspective which would have been impossible if I had known them more intimately. Besides, the effect of their courses came home to me at close quarters in the exigencies of daily living. My record, therefore, aims not at historical dignity nor at the equation of the leading personalities of the Russian Revolution but rather at the narration of the human side of Russia in revolution and at the interpretation of the impersonal currents which have affected the trend of the Revolution.

Eager as I was to find a middle group of substantial power and promise between the two violent extremes, I found myself driven by the facts to record the existence of only the two irreconcilable forces, Russia White and Russia Red. In the relentless bitterness of social conflict, every one seems to be driven, whether he will or no, into one or the other of the two extreme camps. Russia White, therefore, is an agglomeration of all the forces of reaction, political, social and industrial, from the moderate democrats who believe in a Capitalist form of industry to the political autocrats of the old régime. Russia Red, necessarily more compact and homogeneous because it is the group in power, embodies all of the deter-

mined elements of revolt against the elder social order. On the fringe of Russia White are those timid individuals who cherish social change remotely but who are unwilling to wade through blood to attain it and unable to organize a ponderable middle group. Likewise, on the fringe of Russia Red are many who do not will violence but who accept it as an inevitable phase of social struggle when the impact of class against class becomes as uncompromising as it is in Russia. In the final analysis, therefore, Russia White is Capitalist; Russia Red is Socialist. The solution of the struggle will be based on this antithesis, no matter what other aspects it may disclose.

In the absence of a powerful group in Russia with social aims not too dissimilar to those of our own Government, it is difficult to establish a sincere and honorable and effective bond between the United States and Revolutionary Russia. The most and the least that can be asked of our Government is to keep its hands off the Russian situation and let it run its course to its legitimate end. At one or two points I have expressed disagreement with the judgments and conclusions of Colonel Raymond Robins, head of the American Red Cross in Russia, but I am in hearty sympathy with his demand that the United States shall not interfere in Russian affairs.

In the kaleidoscopic course of my adventure I encountered the most cordial good will and assistance at the hands of every one. I am deeply indebted for aid in understanding Russia and the Russians to my

host in Moscow, Mr. Andrei Yegorovitch Weber, and to his entire family, particularly his two elder sons, Giorgi and Andrei. Officials of the United States Government at every turn fulfilled their duties to an American citizen abroad with a graciousness which duty alone does not demand. Through my days in Moscow I was under especial obligations to the late Mr. Maddin Summers, consul general and devoted martyr to the cause of his country in war time. With sincere gratitude I acknowledge the pleasant associations which I had with a number of the representatives of the American Y. M. C. A. in Russia and the substantial assistance which I received from the organization until I found my bearings in Moscow. For assistance on the long and tedious way home, I am in the debt of Mr. Edwin O. Heuser, of the Moscow Branch of the National City Bank of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Adolf E. Zucker, my hosts in Peking, and Mr. Walter C. Whiffen, correspondent of the Associated Press in the Far East. And to Mr. Harrison Smith, my constant companion in travel for five months and seventeen thousand miles, I must pay the tribute of the perfect vagabond.

Although the majority of the following pages appear here for the first time in print, there are numerous portions of my narrative and discussion which have had previous publication. For the courteous permission to reprint them I am under obligations to the editors of *The North American Review*, *The New Republic*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Indianapolis News*, *The Boston Evening Transcript*, and *Vanity Fair*.

PREFACE

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Throughout the volume I have altered Russian dates to comply with our calendar. In the transliteration of Russian proper names I have followed no abstract system, but instead in each case I have tried to approximate the Russian pronunciation as nearly as possible with English letters.

OLIVER M. SAYLER

HUNTINGTON, INDIANA,
September, 1919

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RUSSIA WHITE OR RED

CHAPTER I

THE CRUMBLING ORDER

THERE are probably more places than one to jump off the earth, but none more curiously equipped for that purpose than Tsuruga, the little harbor town on Japan's west coast. Through that officious mite of a port poured the stream of Russian exiles homeward in the early days of the Revolution in 1917. On the decks of the Russian Volunteer Fleet or the sturdy small steamers of the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, most of the Americans on official errand to Russia the last two years have interviewed the pompous captain of the Japanese immigration service, incidentally giving him a much needed lesson in English. On its wharf endless streams of food, munitions and commodities of every description have waited their turn after their journey across the Pacific and the Japanese mainland to be re-shipped and sent to their nameless grave along the glutted sidings in Vladivostok.

Order and industry were still here. We couldn't help wondering, while we waited for the *Hozan Maru* to load, that October Saturday afternoon in 1917, how long it would take for the tide of human unrest to cross the narrow wash of water ahead of us and bridge the five hundred miles from the

land of forgotten Tsars to the swarming shores of the autocratic Mikado. But they were still content, — these industrious slaves of industry. On one end of the dock they were weighing and loading into cars the great cart-wheel cakes of soya bean brought for fertilizer from Korean and Manchurian outposts of empire. Up the gangplank of our ship a steady file of chunky Japanese women bore on their backs the far-flung product of the Standard Oil Company at a wage of twenty-five sen, or twelve and a half cents a day. Off the stern, a clump of patient fishermen held their lines in sensitive hands, poling themselves away from the ship when the tide pushed them too near. All round the harbor, fishing schooners notched the sky line with their masts where the hills didn't overtop them.

“Treasure Island” and pirates and pieces of eight were in the air; and Russia, the greatest mystery and the richest physical and spiritual treasury in the world to-day, was the goal of our voyage. The moment the hatches to the hold were down, we were off, with the ghostly harbor and the hills shrinking into the night and the distance.

It was mid-afternoon Monday, at the end of a long corkscrew through the Japan Sea on the whip edge of a typhoon, when we saw the outer headlands of the Golden Horn, the superb anchorage of Vladivostok. Kerensky still ruled in Petrograd and so the representative of the Provisional Government for the Maritime Province came

aboard to look at our papers, accompanied by the British passport control officer in the name of the Allies. But at the same table with them, ominous of impending change, sat the delegate from the Soviet of Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies. Customs examination was easy, but ominous, too, in its careless and good-natured simplicity. More as a language exercise than anything else, I had made out in parallel columns of English and Russian a complete inventory of my baggage. This list, together with my passport, I handed to the head examiner. Astonished at first by my frankness, he soon saw the humor of the situation, genially recognized my origin, and, disregarding the state of war and the need for vigilance, attached his pasters to my bags without unlocking them!

Vladivostok on its hills, picturesque from the harbor under autumn rain, turned out on foot acquaintance to be a crowded but cordial slough of mud and incompetence. Two Chinese coolies grabbed my luggage, hoisted it on their backs like a knife-grinder's machine, and started off with it, while I trailed them and tried to steer them toward the station where I might check it. Neither my vocabulary nor my gestures availed, and I resigned myself to their guidance to see whither they were enticing me. I knew there was no use to hunt a hotel. All the Far East had resounded with the tale of how you had to sleep in the station in Vladivostok. A good half mile we slushed on, up hill and through dripping streets,

until we came to a building that passed for a hotel. There I had the added difficulty of explaining to the clerk that, although I had come to his threshold with all my belongings, I did not expect a room. I was about to give up in despair, when his face, worried beyond words, broke into a smile as he saw a little girl of six coming down the stairs. In Russian he begged for assistance, and in English she asked me what I wished.

"The station!" I pleaded. "I want to go to the railroad station."

"Oh, the *vokzal*," she said. That word wasn't in my pocket dictionary and it had slipped my mind, but the coolies understood it when my youthful interpreter in superior tones redirected them.

And so off we went again to the *vokzal*, which turned out to be only a stone's throw from the dock whence we had started! Once inside, by a vigorous use of pantomime and the display of my railroad ticket, I explained to the attendant that I wished to check my baggage until the express left Thursday evening. The same means of communication served to break a fifty-ruble bill and determine upon a proper fee for the coolies. The Chinese thought it a very improper sum, and it was, for it was based on the shortest route between dock and station, but I was ruffled enough to charge up their extra labors as a penalty for ignorance. My coolies were waiting for me outside the station to waylay me and get more money. One of them grabbed my small canvas roll and

the other my typewriter. I grabbed them back, and, remembering the valor of discretion and its value in foreign lands, I hid for five minutes more in the station. When I came out, they were gone, and I sought out the American consulate in such peace as the rain permitted.

The Kentucky welcome of John K. Caldwell, consul, the promise of a mattress on the nursery floor for the night, and a Chopin recital by a provincial pianist of parts, Vinogradoff, righted my tilted temper. The recital was held in the spacious hall of the still more spacious Commercial School and brought out an eager and interesting audience, — young men in the olive drab of the army and out; girls in bobbed hair and long, in garments fashioned after the style of neither yesterday nor to-day; naval officers on shore leave in the trim blue uniform copied from the British, and many others. The Russian *intelligentsia* follows the Russian flag!

The next few days confirmed that glimpse of order in some respects; in others they brought disillusion. The shops were still open, but their wares were distributed as far apart as holidays seem to a schoolboy, in order to cover the shelf space. Food was plenty but eternally slow at the *Zolotoi Rog*, the Golden Horn, named after the harbor. The *Rog* had an orchestra and that gave it an advantage over a poor theatre and the Chinese baths as a refuge for amusement. It was there I first learned that *seitchass*, which literally means “in an hour” and practically means “pres-

ently", comes nearer its literal meaning in practice all over Russia!

Revolution, in fact, seemed only to have emphasized the easy-going character of the Russian. All through the day, the Svyetlanskaya, the main street parallel to the harbor, was parade ground for the populace. There was plenty of work, but no one would do it. At the office of the *Kommissar*, where permits to enter Moscow and Petrograd had to be obtained, you filed your application one day and came back the second and third and maybe the fourth for the paper which required five minutes for preparation. It was amusing one afternoon to see an American boy, James Arroll of the Y. M. C. A., sweep the whole office and the American consulate, too, off their feet. Some young women of the Y. W. C. A. were due on the ship that would dock an hour or two before the express left. Jimmy desired company on the long trail west and he set out to save the girls an entire week's hold-over in Vladivostok. At the consulate he asked for the necessary papers to take to the *Kommissar*, but he was told that no one ever heard of an attempt to obtain permits for individuals who hadn't arrived yet.

"That's all right," said Jimmy. "You let me have the papers."

I was at the *Kommissar's* waiting for my own permits when he breezed in, half an hour before closing time. The train left that night. Jimmy didn't know a word of Russian, but the papers were self-explanatory. The fact that those to

whom they applied hadn't arrived was not so easily explained, but with pantomime and gesture and soothing English and a hand on the shoulder of the young soldier-clerk, the case was eloquently stated. The clerk disappeared and we waited. At five minutes to three he emerged from the inner room, with the permits all made out and signed. American nerve, if you like, had roused Russian indolence to action!

There were exceptions to the Russian rule and one of them was my host after the first night, Mihail J. Sterelny, an importer who had lived nine years in America and had taken back home with him the energetic methods he had learned with us. He was even more bitter than the foreigner in his condemnation of his care-free countrymen.

"Don't they know that they must get to work and build a new Russia — build with hard labor and from the ground up?" he said to me. "Otherwise, the Tsar will come back."

Yet, here in Vladivostok just as everywhere in my six months on Russian soil, there was order in disorder, a genial, good-natured acceptance of conditions as they came, the eternal *nietchevo* — "it doesn't matter!" The ban on spirits was absolute. I couldn't even buy alcohol for my stove. An intoxicated citizen was so conspicuous that the whole city talked of the Japanese who drank too much sake at his consulate on the Mikado's birthday and went home reeling through the streets.

Nobody knew whether or not the express would start on Thursday evening, November 1, but it did. And we were off to the west with our destination distant almost twice as far as from New York to San Francisco. Before the war the express had consisted wholly of International sleeping cars, superior in comfort to our compartment Pullmans, for the rails on Russian roads are laid five feet apart and permit a wider car. By autumn, 1917, under the demoralizing strain of war and revolution, it had degenerated to a single International, one or two Russian first-class coaches, a half dozen more or less dilapidated seconds, and a frowsy dining car with a meager bill of fare. Before the war, the trip from Vladivostok to Petrograd or Moscow took nine days. We would do well if we arrived in twelve.

The best booking I could arrange was in one of the second-class Russian coaches. By some accident, we had electric light, while the Internationalists had to play cards by candle. The dining car was properly illuminated, too, and it served as of old for clubhouse, reading room and public forum. What our coach made up in wiring, it lacked in plumbing, and whenever I shaved in the wash room I had to put on my hat and my galoshes to avoid drowning from the leaking tank above me.

Two of my companions as far as Harbin were American business men with good hundred-dollar yellowbacks to take them home. With one of them they could have filled their pockets

with paper rubles, for the rate in Vladivostok had fallen to twenty for a dollar, a tenth of the former value. The fourth in the compartment was a gold miner bound for the upper Amur. He persisted in sleeping night and day and kept our cramped quarters topsy-turvy. In my innocence of future experiences on Russian railroads I thought we were crowded!

There was a wild rush for the train at Harbin, which is in Chinese territory in Manchuria and where thieves abounded in the disorder arising out of the Chinese *laissez faire* and the lack of Russian responsibility. I stood guard over my baggage, which was stowed in the capacious attic over the corridor, and watched the seething mob on the station platform out of my window, darkened to avoid attention. Smugglers and profiteers swarmed aboard with odds and ends of merchandise for the hungry Russian markets. Two of them forced their way into my compartment and lost no time in trying to induce me to seclude some of their wares in my bags. In another day or two they had priced every article in my outfit. One of them took a fancy to a pair of slippers and offered me fifty rubles. When I refused even after he had bid them up to a thousand, he took nine or ten thousand-ruble notes in one hand and a piece of newspaper in the other and balanced them against each other to indicate the low estate of the Russian currency.

One night I had a long talk in the corridor of the International with an American who had been

in Russia several years for the Y. M. C. A. and who was on his way back to his post in Irkutsk after a trip to Japan. It was he who first confirmed my suspicion of a portentous undercurrent of social unrest beneath what had the appearance merely of careless inefficiency.

"It is absolutely certain," he said, "that there will be such deplorable conditions in Russia within the next six months as the world has seldom witnessed — unless the United States sends immediate relief." He hadn't seen America pouring all her energy into building her own war machine as I had, and so he didn't realize how futile was that hope for relief.

"There are three groups in Russia, as I see it," he went on. "First, those who take a positive position on national problems, who are doing all that can be done for the Allied cause and who are only hindered by the nagging insistence from without that Russia fight. Second, those whose viewpoint toward Russia as Russia and toward the war is negative and who take advantage of commonly accepted rumors that the United States will seize the Trans-Siberian Railroad and the mines and the forests. They use these rumors to discredit the Allies and the war. And third, those who hesitate between these two extremes as conditions change.

"The conditions which are driving the third group into the hands of the second rise partly from the inability of America and the Allies to understand the Russian soul, which judges you

by your heart and not by your efficiency, but they are even more firmly grounded in the economic conditions which have been growing steadily worse since the war began.

“Take two of the men in touch with the Y at Irkutsk. One of them, Lieutenant Kayakoff, recently said to me: ‘I get one hundred and fifty rubles a month. Look at my boots! See, the toes are coming out. It’s warm now, but next month will be cold. Boots now cost one hundred and twenty-five rubles, but there are no boots to be had. Look at these trousers. They can’t last another two months, and there is no more cloth. I have a wife and boy to feed and clothe. My house rent is sixty rubles a month. I have no wood for the furnace, and we’ll have it fifty degrees below zero here. It will take two hundred rubles for wood alone. But I’m all right. It’s the others I’m thinking about. There’s only one hope here — America must come in and help.’

“And the other, a common soldier, a member of his regiment Soviet: ‘I get five rubles a month for pay and my wife and baby get seventeen rubles from the town. That makes twenty-two rubles a month. My little house costs fourteen rubles a month, and that leaves eight rubles for food, clothing, heating and the rest. The baby’s milk costs fifty kopecks a day. I have sold all my clothes and now I have no winter coat. I can get my food at the barracks, but how about the family? I must get wood, bread and tea and a few other incidentals. I’ll go on to the end,

but the other soldiers won't. It will be a bad winter!'

"Another Russian I know puts the case thus: 'Russia is like a sick man, one of a large family, who doesn't wish to work and who is filled with fears and suspicions against all the other members except the younger brother. The older brothers have all been telling him to go to work, but he is sick and he hates them for it. Now, however, the younger brother, who is a doctor, has begun work and the sick man has commenced to suspect him with the others. But the doctor is wise and says nothing about work. Instead, he helps him and brings him medicines and constructive literature, so that in a short time the sick man begins to feel stronger and learns to trust the younger brother. Finally the truth comes home to him that the others are saving the household by hard work while he enjoys the benefits. And he goes back to work. America is the doctor and if she is wise she will promptly allay Russia's suspicions and help her as much as possible. Then Russia will pull through the winter, get a grip on her internal conditions and organize her army.'"

But already it was too late. While we were talking in the corridor of the coach that Sunday night east of Lake Baikal, Lenin and his counselors were laying their plans in Smolny Convent in Petrograd, four thousand miles to the west of us, for the uprising a few days later which would establish a new kind of force in the world, the force of the proletariat driven to desperation by

the crumbling of the old order and the disintegration of every phase of the old civilization. Russia had been bled white by the Tsar and his cruelly wasteful war. Now in her agony she would turn the knife in the wound and start flowing fresh streams of red.

The express sped on and we seemed in another world. At night the sparks from the wood-burning engine lit the sky like Japanese fireflies. Baikal waters we passed under the sun, and the bushes by the edge of the lake sifted down the first light fall of snow in answer to the oncoming train. We reached Irkutsk, the old Siberian capital, Monday afternoon, isolated now from what lay both before and behind us. The weather was zero, but that made a game of ball on the station platforms all the more invigorating. The boys and girls of the two Y's joined in and so did a young Englishman on the train. The Russians from the cars and the towns gathered round in pleased curiosity as if to say: "Well, that's a queer thing to do, but it looks rather jolly." After one or two such experiences with our impromptu audience, I realized that one of the many contributions America can make to Russian life by our mutual intercourse is the spirit of play, an understanding of the function of good-natured sport. Siberian boys seemed to know no better release for animal vitality than to pick on one of their number and almost pummel the life out of him. The Y secretary stationed at Irkutsk had told me how a game of football he

had arranged among the soldiers had ended with one of the Cossacks chasing another off the field with drawn saber.

Up and down the train life dragged on, but not so monotonously as in normal times, for these unusual days brought together strange citizens from all over the earth. At Irkutsk the man who had coveted my slippers left our compartment, and in his place at Krasnoyarsk came a Siberian of forty-five, in a fur overcoat that extended from the ground to four inches above his fur hat, and his timid young wife of twenty-five. Bed-time brought no uneasiness or embarrassment, and I learned one of the traits the Russians can give us in exchange for our play spirit, — the natural attitude toward sex as an antidote for our false shame and prudery. England contributed to the train a young chap who had been in government service in the wilds of interior China and who was on his way home to enlist in the army. Rumania was represented by a gentle colonel in gray-blue who made frequent trips to the baggage car to see whether the surgical instruments he had obtained in Japan for the army at home were still there. Finland was present in the alert mind of a small boy who by some mistake was making the long trail across Asia for the second time in a few weeks and who had learned the English tongue passably just from his fellow travelers. American delegates ranged all the way from the skylarking Y contingents to a sensitive but independent little spinster connected with the National City

Bank of New York, a shrewd and canny agent of the omnipresent International Harvester Company, and another business man whose boorish manners and illiterate use of his own language hardly fitted him to be even a commercial ambassador to a country like Russia at such a time. And of course there were Russians of every social stripe and faith, from a keen-minded engineer returning from America, dissatisfied with Kerensky and compromise and yet no Bolshevik, and some high railroad officials in their over-brave uniforms, down to the upstart profiteers who sat in the dining car all day long with their temporary wives and gorged their full against a time of hunger ahead.

On Thursday, November 8, the handbills that passed for newspapers at Novo-Nikolaievsk told of the brewing storm in the capital, how Lenin was demanding an insurrection and "All Power to the Soviets!" with a promised programme of land and bread and immediate peace. The Russians, thinking they knew the untrustworthiness of their own papers, counseled caution in believing these brief bulletins, but history was moving faster than its wildest rumors and already the Provisional Government had been overturned in Petrograd by the Bolsheviks, and the All-Russian Congress of Soviets that day was ratifying the choice of *Kommissars* for the new ministry, drafting the land decree and addressing itself to the Allied Governments with a view to the conclusion of a general peace.

At every station, now, we snatched the papers

eagerly for news, but the bulletins were brief and conflicting. Moscow was still quiet, the papers said, and although I had decided to leave the express at Vologda and go down to Moscow to establish my headquarters for the winter, I wondered whether Petrograd might not be the more interesting. Shortly after we left Omsk on Friday we spent a half-hour in a small station with the post train from the west. We questioned those on board about the capital and they said all was quiet when they left. But that was nearly a week ago. Anything might have happened in the meantime. They seemed endless, these last two thousand miles! Friday afternoon, as we passed Tyumen, we couldn't help thinking of Nikolai Romanoff in his prison a hundred and fifty miles to the north in Tobolsk and how far the pendulum had swung in eight months' time. In the night we crossed the Urals and Saturday morning, after threading the peaceful valley of the Kama, we reached Perm, but the suspense continued. With a kind of blind forethought I bought a huge rye loaf as big as a dishpan and locked it in the top of the sack of condensed food I had brought all the way from Yokohama.

Saturday morning we knew we were out of Siberia and in European Russia, for the peasant faces on the platforms had the vacant, credulous, childlike stare that marks only too surely their inferiority to the sturdier, more intelligent peasantry of Siberia. One of the Russians on the train had tried to prepare me for this moment, but I had

charged up his harsh judgment of his people to the utter and often unjustified self-abasement so characteristic of his race. Saturday and Sunday, too, we knew we were approaching the center of the nation's seething social unrest, for the *provodnik* or conductor of our car was no longer able to limit the swarming soldiers to the platforms and couplers between the coaches. Although they had a right under Kerensky to ride only in third-class cars on the post trains, they stormed the doors and filled the corridor from end to end. They respected the compartments, however, and they didn't seem to mind if you stepped on them and stumbled over them on your way through the train. Russian good nature has saved much blood and more bruises ever since the Revolution began.

Sunday night we pulled into Vologda, only a day and a half behind our schedule, after traversing a continent and a half. By a deal of hauling and hoisting and heaving, we got all of the American baggage out over the sprawling forms of the soldiers and stacked it in one pile, thirty-six pieces. I was told off to guard this precious pyramid while the rest scattered to buy the tickets to Moscow, find out when the train left and oversee the transfer of the heavy baggage of the Y. Under the dripping train sheds two "white aprons", the official porters in the Russian railroad stations, tugged at our bags and cases under my suspicious eye, for I hadn't learned yet that the white apron can be trusted like a fraternity brother. A generous tip to the *provodnik* of our new car induced him

to let us board the train early, store our belongings and lock one or two guards in each compartment, while the rest completed the arrangements in the station. Midnight came and the train started for Moscow, but without Brown, one of the Y boys detailed to the heavy baggage. None of us tried to undress that night and we awoke next morning to find ourselves beyond Yaroslavl and the Volga. The Moscow newspapers were now available, and in them we read how the Bolshevik Revolution had at last come to the old capital, far more violently than in Petrograd. Still, there was a dining car on our train, and the wash room was passing clean, and we prepared ourselves in the remnants of the crumbling order to meet the Revolution like gentlemen.



A PALATIAL MOSCOW RESIDENCE USED AS HEADQUARTERS BY THE Y. M. C. A. AND A REFUGE FOR AMERICANS DURING THE REVOLUTION.



RUINS OF MOSCOW'S FINEST APARTMENT
HOUSE AFTER THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION.



A SMOULDERING WRECK AT THE NIKITSKIYA
GATE AFTER THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER II

“THE LAW IS LOST!”

EVERY verst we came nearer to Moscow, the more surely we knew we were riding for a fall. The Americans on the train were surly, except the Y representatives who were young enough to find zest in the uncertainty. The Russians were unmoved. At Pushkino, where the *datchas* or summer homes dot the landscape, we were halted for the first time, about a half hour out from the city. We didn't know at first what was the allegiance of the soldiers who swarmed into the cars, for in civil warfare the uniform and the features of friend and foe are alike. Determined but orderly, these guards soon revealed their identity by removing all officers and their baggage from the train. As thorough Bolsheviki, they were running no chances of recruiting the Kerensky forces in the city. Our compartments they passed by on the simple assurance that we were Americans. And then, relieved of our questionable passengers, we were permitted to pass on unmolested into the Yaroslavl station in the north-eastern outskirts of Moscow.

Above the puffing of the cooling engine we heard our first big gun boom from down in the city. Before we had extricated numerous pieces

of hand baggage from the car, the excited rattle of rifles cracked out much nearer to us, apparently from the square facing the station. On the droshky platform, the five of us — two boys and two girls of the Y and myself — held a consultation and delegated Arroll, who had cajoled the permits out of the Vladivostok authorities, to scout for the American consulate and whatever information he could pick up. A preceding party of the Y was supposed to be somewhere in this turbulent city of two million, but no one knew where. To the tune of small arms near at hand and big guns somewhere between the station and the Kremlin, Arroll started off in the care of a fearless young *izvoshchik* who had remained behind when most of his fellow cabdrivers had sought the protecting countryside with their horses and their tumble-down coaches.

An hour passed. Then two hours. Lansing and I were on the point of drawing lots for the privilege of scouting for our scout, when Arroll came back and dismissed his *izvoshchik* with a hundred-ruble note. His story came out in bunches, for he had lived days in those two hours. He had been stopped a dozen times, had been compelled to show his passport, had the honor of holding up a machine gun, fully equipped and ready for action, until his equipage could cross the street, had talked English until he was out of breath and had supplemented that simple formula by genial and good-natured pantomime, had passed clear through the firing lines of both the opposing

forces not only once but twice, and had returned to the station to tell us the tale. No wonder he had been willing to pay his guide a cool hundred!

He hadn't found the consulate, though, for that refuge had moved since Baedeker went to press in 1914. But he had discovered Americans at the old address. The telephone system, which was put out of commission later, was still working on Monday afternoon, and he had gotten word through to the preceding group of the Y. We were to wait in the station until some of them came.

Supper by relays in the crowded and unkempt dining room left a constant guard over the baggage and helped pass the time. About six-thirty, Jerome Davis and Harvey Anderson, of the Y, arrived with Red Cross bands on their arms, fresh from active work with the wounded of both sides. The baggage was divided and Davis departed with Arroll and the two girls. Anderson and Lansing and I were to wait for Brown, whom we had left behind in Vologda. The evening train brought no Brown, and by that time the last droshky had left for safer ports, so the station benches would be our beds. We put off the hard and unrelenting hour as long as possible, with Anderson reading to us the evening edition of the Bolshevik newspaper, *Sotsial Demokrat*, printed on one side of a single sheet. There was no news in it, only exhortations to continue the struggle from the leaders and from the Zimmerwald International Socialist Commission in Stockholm; the

text of the land decree; and the list of the newly appointed National *Kommissars*, including the names of Ulianoff (Lenin), Trotsky, Lunatcharsky, Antonoff, Kruilyenko and Duibyenko which have become familiar since then to an unwilling world. Across the top of the page as a streamer were the words: "Convocation of the Constituent Assembly Guaranteed; Power Passes Over to the Soviets."

But not a line about the situation in Petrograd, where on this Monday, the twelfth of November, the Bolsheviki were already clearing away the débris of an easy struggle far less bloody than the one which still racked the ancient capital. Not a line about the tide of battle in Moscow, or the parts of the city held by the contending factions. Even if severed wires and blocked railroads were unable to bring news from Petrograd, an authentic record by this time could have been gathered of the uprising in Moscow and of its course since it broke late Friday evening, hours and days after the Provisional Government had fallen and fled in Peter's city, four hundred miles to the north-west. Russians, however, seem to be more interested in views than in news. And so, between glasses of tea in the steamy and oppressive waiting room, Anderson told us how a great parade of the Bolsheviki had passed through the main streets Friday evening with banners demanding peace, when down a side street a shot rang out. Whether that was the signal or not, no one knew, but in an instant the streets were all in turmoil.

Every one rushed to board the near-by tramcars, but the doors were locked and the cars moved out of the way. The *izvoshchiks*, too, ducked for safety, and foreigners and Russians caught in the thick of it had to hunt hiding droshkies in side streets or make their way home on foot. Ever since then the city had been a seething welter of hatred and fear and suspicion and blood, with the lines shifting and changing in the maze of streets comparable only to those of Boston.

The newspaper and the stories and the restless panorama of the midnight station grew old in time, and after a casual and perfunctory examination of our papers by a peripatetic group of Red Guards, we crawled under our sheepskin coats and went to sleep.

Tuesday morning at five, when they turned on the electric lights in the waiting room, we awoke, stiff and cramped from our board beds and wondering for a moment where on earth we were. The reverberations of the guns soon told us, and added proof came in a second military inquisition which failed to find us very interesting. Waiting for daylight doubled the next few hours. Army biscuit from the Y tins went speedily to Anderson's palate, for he hadn't had any bread for a week. With tea from the lunch counter and cake chocolate, also from the Y supplies, it made breakfast for us all. The morning passed without Brown's arrival, though his baggage turned up about ten with a special guardian. We ate our lunch in shifts so that we could watch the train sheds, and

finally, about one, Anderson and Lansing brought the vagrant in, far fresher than we were, for he had begged a real bed in a private home in Vologda.

Scraping up a first acquaintance with a city under gunfire isn't the best way to gain an accurate idea of it. Hours of previous study of the map go a-glimmering. Landmarks loom on one side and the other and then disappear altogether in the preoccupation with such wayward objects as bullets and shrapnel. It had been very amusing in the station that morning to watch two deaf mutes describe their experiences in the wild streets, but entertainment takes on the added quality of suspense when you become one of the actors.

About two, the four of us crowded into one of the larger droshkies and started for the Y headquarters in the Smolyensky Boulevard, far to the southwest. Our driver, a gruff fearless fellow, took a large circle to the north, but he was compelled to make it wider by a determined Red Guard at one of the street corners, a workman out of uniform who kept his finger on the trigger of his rifle all the time he was directing our rerouting. With a grumble, our *izvoshchik* obeyed, and none too soon, for the next moment on our left the smashing racket of small artillery broke loose.

"*Zakon propala!*" exclaimed our driver, with a hopeless shake of his shaggy head. "The law is lost!" And it was, indeed, — with full intention and with utter disregard of the immediate consequences. A new law, a new order, a new security might be built up in time by patient labor. But the



BARRICADE IN THE ARBAT SQUARE, MOSCOW, DURING THE BOLSHEV'IK REVOLUTION.



A TRENCH DUG ACROSS THE TVERSKAYA, ONE OF MOSCOW'S LEADING STREETS, DURING THE
BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION.

old legal fabric, the old social structure had been deliberately shattered and scrapped and discarded, for better or worse. And until a new social understanding could be constructed out of bitter cross-purposes, there would be no law of any kind. The law was lost, — all law.

But if the law were gone, individual agreements were not precluded. Once we stopped as we came to the Tverskaya, far out from the center of the city beyond the Triumphal Arch. A volley of shots rang out near us, succeeded by a brief colloquy between our *izvoshchik* and the guards. The firing ceased and we dashed across the broad thoroughfare. Down its vista we could see a group of cavalry ready to charge, and we hadn't completed the gauntlet ten seconds when another volley marked the resumption of the battle. Unconcerned, our driver asked for a match to light his cigarette, and we gave him the whole box, — not so small a gift in Moscow! As part pay, too, when we reached our destination a while later, we gave him one of our American flags which he begged on bended knee. It would be a talisman, I imagine, for his future safety, although the average Russian knows the Stars and Stripes no better than we know the old Russian tricolor. It was a foreign flag, — that was all. And in the early days of the Revolution, everything foreign enjoyed privilege and preference.

The Y was housed in the palace of Russia's Rockefeller, who had found that oil millions and revolution do not mix and who had fled, leaving

his magnificent homestead under the American flag. The side door was the practical entrance, for the front portico, intended for state occasions, looked on the boulevard where the firing was incessant. We made our way past great black-stone Egyptian deities, reclining catlike, and huge stuffed wolves into the deserted rooms of the first floor, with their mammoth mirrors and marble fireplaces and costly furniture covered as if for a long, long summer.

There is something grotesque and sardonic about living in a palace in unpalatial times. Life is reduced so completely to its primal elements of food, shelter and safety that there is a kind of mockery in wood and stone fashioned for pomp and parade. It was like donning evening dress on a desert isle to traverse these lofty salons on our way to the street. A long stairway at the rear led to the living rooms on the top floor where the Y had ranged its cots. From this eminence to the basement kitchen, with its square tile stove in the center, we descended three times a day for our frugal meals of soup and black bread and cheese and tea, with an occasional bite of fruit or doubtful sausage. The preceding party had become acquainted with the neighborhood before the Revolution broke, and on Saturday they had almost bought out the near-by provision stores. But the kitchen police changed daily and the food, as well as the quantity of firewood in the bathroom, varied with its industry and ability.

The wood we had to smuggle in from the back

yard when there was a lull in the firing. Overhead a dozen dead crows were stuck in the crotches of the trees, victims of the shrapnel which burst over us most of the day and much of the night. Our palace was neatly located just halfway between two of the most powerful opposing batteries in the city. A little over a mile to the southwest, across the river in the Dorogomilovskaya suburb, lies the Bryansk station, terminal for the trains from Kieff and the Galician and Rumanian fronts. Over the Sparrow Hills and by this gateway to the city, Napoleon had descended on Moscow in 1812. By the same route, the battered veterans of the Brussiloff drives, gone Bolshevik now in their disgust at the continuation of what they considered the Tsar's war, swarmed in on the trains and, with the big guns they had brought from the front, they made a fortress out of the station. Their best target was the Alexander Military Academy, a mile to our northeast. This West Point of Russia, with its solid stone buildings on a slight eminence at the Arbat Square, was the most important stronghold of the Kerensky forces after the Kremlin, for in it were intrenched the Junkers or military students, who were in training to be officers in the army and who sprang to the defense of the Provisional Government.

No matter how bad the aim or how frequently the shells burst over us, the duel of the big guns wasn't our chief preoccupation. Both sides pushed their patrols forward as far as possible through the tangle of streets and boulevards. As we were

at the halfway mark, we found ourselves part of the time within the Junker lines, part of the time in Bolshevik territory, and sometimes in No Man's Land between. Usually there was a respite in the early morning, apparently to permit a hurried trip to the provision shops. Just before dawn, though, the firing reached a frenzied pitch, for both sides were trying to push their outposts as far ahead as possible for the day. At night anything moving was a justifiable target, and the whole city was jungle land, with the law of the jungle the only law.

I chafed at imprisonment, but there was no other course. The streets were as unfamiliar and uncharted to me as a labyrinth. My knowledge of Russian was still meager and there was no way to find a guide or an interpreter. I had arrived after the merry-go-round was in full career and all I could do was to watch the animals and their riders plunge on madly. The curving wings of the first floor of the palace led out toward the boulevard where we could watch the outposts at their fatal game of hide and seek. About five-thirty Wednesday afternoon, after a frightful din in all the surrounding streets, the sky to the north-east was lit with licking flames, and a dull red glow hovered over the whole city. Our first thought was that it might be the Kremlin, and we waited in suspense for the detonation of the arsenal when the flames should reach it. With a map on the floor and a compass to square it, we quieted those misgivings, for we lined up the

conflagration much farther to the north in the vicinity of the Nikitskiya Gate.

I turned in early Wednesday evening, after we had assured ourselves that the fire was burning itself out but not spreading, for I was to be on the late watch from 2 to 6 A.M. with Arroll. Therefore the watch had been changed every two hours through the night, but that created too much disturbance. The servants left behind by the owner maintained their own guard in the basement, but we thought it best to have some one awake to arouse the rest in an emergency. The whole city slept under such a vigil, — slept through the din and the turmoil. In most cases, the guards were armed, I found out later, but we had no desire to resist the inevitable. We merely wished to meet it with eyes open.

Promptly at two Arroll and I entered a small square closet opening off an inner hall where a shaded lamp wouldn't be seen from outside the building. We left the door ajar so that we might hear any noise, and opened our books to read. I had Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" with me, and I turned once more to the section called "Drum Taps", those proud and defiant and flaming poems of another nation's agony. On one page I read:

As I lay with my head in your lap camerado,
The confession I made I resume, what I said to
you and the open air I resume,
I know I am restless and make others so,
I know my words are weapons full of danger,
full of death,

For I confront peace, security, and all the settled
laws, to unsettle them,
I am more resolute because all have denied me
than I could ever have been had all accepted
me,
I heed not and have never heeded either experience,
cautions, majorities, nor ridicule,
And the threat of what is call'd hell is little or
nothing to me,
And the lure of what is call'd heaven is little or
nothing to me;
Dear camerado! I confess I have urged you on-
ward with me, and still urge you, without the
least idea what is our destination,
Or whether we shall be victorious, or utterly
quell'd and defeated.

Here was the deep, solemn, terrible impulse
which was carrying Russia onward in her course.
No matter what the leaders of any party at any
time believed or professed, no matter what obe-
dience they could command for their behests, the
great heart of Russia was speaking these lines
then to those who could hear. She is speaking
them to-day, — calmly, quietly, with a fatal, un-
questioning faith.

We were on the alert when an impatient rapping
at a lower door was followed by much scurrying
and determined voices inside. We stood in the
dark for a half hour until we were satisfied that
the servants had maintained the sanctity of our
outer doors. On the horizon, the conflagration
continued with a steady glow. In the streets
below, the rifle shots were quickening their ir-
regular pace for the last frantic hour before dawn.

As our watch drew to an end, we laid the fires for the day in the tile stoves and crept under our blankets for a few more hours of sleep.

On Wednesday afternoon, Kerensky had fled in disguise from Gatchina, near Petrograd, but no one in Moscow knew it, and his forces in the Kremlin continued to hold out in the hope of relief and reinforcement. Thursday passed much as Wednesday, with a strange feeling of becoming accustomed to the unnatural course of events. Some of the men who could speak Russian fluently had been in conversation with patrols of both sides, and it seemed sure that the Government forces would give in next day. They were clearly outnumbered, and the regiments which had been sent to their aid from the front had been met outside the city by the Bolsheviki, who had dissuaded them from giving assistance to the Kremlin garrison. Their guns, too, were taken away from them, — eight-inchers with camouflage to protect them from observation at the front. These guns were not put into action in Moscow. There would be no Kremlin to-day if they had been. But they were used as an effective threat.

Just before dawn Friday morning, the firing which had been unceasing all night long became especially bitter. But it was the clearing storm, for about nine some one brought in a newspaper announcing the surrender of the Provisional Government forces over a week after their comrades had yielded in Petrograd. The Kremlin garrison was to be immune on the relinquishment of its arms,

and a new Government was to be formed for the city and the district by the Bolsheviki with a programme of immediate peace and expropriation of the land for the use of "the peasants, the workmen, the soldiers and the deserters."

Immediately we took to the streets and found a number of others equally glad of a breath of fresh air breathed freely. There was a tenseness on most of the faces, though, as if they weren't any too sure that the news was true. We had reasons to doubt it, also, when after passing the barricades and the débris that still littered the Arbat Square we were held up on our way to the American consulate for a Red Guard inquisition. Our papers didn't seem to interest them in the least, but one of the guards went over my pockets thoroughly, looking up with suspicion as his hand rapped the hard metal case of my camera in my hip pocket. I had to think quickly, determined to brazen it out, and insisted in Russian that it was a book. Our eyes met for an instant, but I didn't flinch, and we were permitted to pass on.

The delay had separated us from those who knew the way to the consulate, and after turning into the Nikitskaya we picked our way through the wreckage in front of the Conservatory too far before we turned again to the east. In a few minutes we had reached the Tverskaya, another of the radiating artery streets, but several volleys sent us scurrying back in time to avoid exposure. Dodging from door to door and from pillar to pillar, we retraced our steps. I remembered

passing a Swedish flag a moment before, and when we reached the gate of the consulate which it marked, we went in and inquired our way through side streets back to the American consulate.

That bit of transplanted American soil had been in the thick of the fight, too, with guns mounted on high buildings near it and with border warfare, similar to that which we had experienced, raging round it as a result of its situation midway between the Kerensky forces in the Military Academy and the Bolsheviks in the palace of the former Governor General in Skobelieff Square. Arthur Bullard, of the embassy staff, was almost the only occupant. Consul General Maddin Summers had been unable to make his way from his home to his office for a week. A few stray Americans, like ourselves, were trying to feel their way to a comprehension of the situation. But it took time and another night's sleep in a surprising silence to realize that peace was no dream.

By Saturday morning, the streets were crowded where the day before they had been only dotted here and there by the more credulous. Long queues of shawl-covered women stood for the daily ration of bread and milk, each with her coat sleeve chalk-marked for her position in line and each waiting with a patience no American knows.

The National Hotel, now that it had become perfectly safe, had been deserted, for most of its cosmopolitan occupants, harried by a week's grueling existence in the shadow of the Kremlin and

therefore in the worst of the struggle, had fled a few miles into the country to the headquarters of the French Military Mission. The National had been fired on for the first time on Tuesday, when several large shells bored their way into the top story and sent bricks and glass flying through all the hallways. On Wednesday, the Bolsheviki had seized it and had used its roof for a gun mount. Now, however, there was nothing to disturb its tranquillity, except the raw November air which rushed in through the shell holes and whistled around in the corridors where waiters in dress suits, with no food to serve and no one to serve it to, wandered about aimlessly like blackbirds after a May snowstorm.

Everywhere through the city ran the ugly track of destruction. It is a ghastly thing to turn loose modern artillery in a modern city. Miles upon miles of plate glass lay in splinters on the sidewalks and in the gutters, irreplaceable until the end of war and revolution should restore foreign trade and native industry. Already carpenters were fashioning latticed frames for small squares of glass in Elizabethan manner or plugging holes in panes that had resisted the impact of ten to twenty bullets. Red Guards traversed the sidewalks, smashing out overhanging glass that threatened the safety of pedestrians. A strange sense of order ruled the day, for I passed scores of these open windows with their merchandise displays untouched, although they were within easy reach of the sidewalk.



THE BATTERED FAÇADE OF THE METROPOLE HOTEL, MOSCOW.



BIG GUNS FROM THE FRONT WHICH THREATENED THE KREMLIN.



WOOD PILE BARRICADE AT THE REAR OF THE GREAT STATE THEATRE
DURING THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION.

Barricades still blocked the way in many of the streets. A wall built of firewood from the cellar of the Great State Theatre stood guard over the blackened ruins of the annex to the department store of Muir and Merrilees. The cobblestones of the Tverskaya, one of the main business streets, had been rooted out halfway up the hill from the National Hotel and stacked in the form of a trench. The big gun carriages in Skobelieff Square guarding the Bolshevik headquarters were still spiked to the pavement. Down in the Theatre Square, the crumbling façade of the Metropole hotel bore witness to its use as a fort. Up at the Nikitskiya Gate desolation was thorough. It was here that the fires we had seen on Wednesday and Thursday had burned themselves out. One of them had left a smoldering shell where a large drug store once stood. The Kerensky forces had fired it when in the ebb of battle they had been compelled to give it up. Across the street, a charred skeleton was all that remained of Moscow's finest apartment house where twenty-six people had been burned to death when the Bolsheviks, likewise, had fired it on yielding it as a fort. Many of the narrow streets bore peculiar evidence of the battle, for they often curved slightly in the course of a block or two, and the attempt to reach one end of the street from the other with a machine gun had resulted in strange pranks in furrowing the stone walls and perforating the water spouting on the convex side of the street while the other went unscathed. There is hardly a building inside

the circle of the inner boulevards which does not carry the marks of November, 1917.

The human scars and the human destruction were even more universal. Only the great funerals that followed the Revolution gave any indication of their extent. Red Guards often stood at their posts with their heads doubled in size by awkwardly improvised bandages. Hospitals and morgues were full, and private homes bore their share of the common sorrow, for the trusting civilian could not realize in time that the peaceful thoroughfares of the city had become deadly traps. On my way home that day, I passed the longest queue of all. It led to no provision shop but to the Old University in the Mohovaya, where the bodies of the wounded and the unidentified dead had been gathered. Patience there was, even in this line of bereaved men and women, anxiously waiting for news of those who had ventured into the shell-swept streets and had never returned. Of those who came away, some were in tears, led by comforting friends, while others, unsatisfied in their quest, stared vacantly into space.

The bells of Moscow took their sonorous place again in the Russian sky on Sunday morning, after a week and a day given over to the boom of cannon and the whistle of shrapnel and the rattle of small arms. The second Russian Revolution had come and gone, and the Heart of Russia, of Holy Russia, had returned to its age-old customs and observances. Long before dawn, the first bell boomed forth its deep, slow bass as if to set the

pitch. Then one and another and another joined the chorus, from the solemn pontifical bells, pitched so low that they can be felt rather than heard, to the tiny chimes that step on each other's toes in their eager soprano. By sunrise the air was full of a steady throbbing of all the bells together, an all-embracing song that lay in a shimmering cloud over the entire city. On our way to the Church of Christ the Redeemer, the head cathedral of all Russia on the banks of the Moscow River outside the Kremlin, we passed the stranded tramcars by the Borodinsky Bridge, used by the Red Cross until the entire system broke down, and the big guns whose ugly threat had persuaded the Kremlin garrison to surrender. But these relics of conflict were neglected now, forgotten, under the first crisp fall of snow. At the base of the cathedral steps we listened for the bells of the towers above us, but they were lost in the swelling anthem of bells. Only our tingling bodies, not our ears, told us they were there.

Soldier and officer, workman and peasant, civilian and priest, — all entered the portals under the bells as if there had been no differences involving the loss of millions in property and hundreds of lives. Whoever stood for hours through the memorial service for all the dead with that motley throng, faces sad but spirit unbroken, must have realized that Russia, with all her excitability, has a profound undercurrent of faith, human and divine, which will carry her through to a new day, a new order, and a new law.

CHAPTER III

EATING IN MOSCOW

FOR a few days, until I could adjust myself to the conditions of life under the desultory revolution which succeeded the active eruption, the consulate was the center of interest. Business men in frock coats, outraged at the unmannerly course of events, met here in solemn conclave to arrange for the safety of foreigners and to discuss the possibility of continued commerce. Very quietly but very firmly, the consul general, as dean of the corps, exacted from the Soviet a promise to respect the property and the person of all aliens. As Americans, we were provided with a certificate to that effect, blazoned with a large red seal.

The natural popularity of Americans was increased thereby to such an extent that we were eagerly sought as occupants for vacant rooms in homes which had never before deigned to house a stranger. Our red seals were awe-inspiring to the common soldier, and besides, in a city whose normal population of slightly under two million had been swelled by the influx of refugees from Poland and the west to a point considerably beyond that mark, the householder lived under the constant menace of having soldiers quartered on him.

“We don’t call them soldiers any more!” said a good lady of the elder aristocracy, when a friend and I applied for rooms we had heard were to let. Madame the owner was too much overwhelmed by her own and Russia’s unhappy fate to talk business, and it was her sister who sat with us, mingling her proud imprecations in tremulous voice with the details of the matter in hand. The proposed lodgings were a front and back parlor, with masterpieces in oil and bronze and marble and a half dozen French clocks looking down on the corners where beds would have to be placed. Our demands were few, — a samovar in the morning for our tea and the addition of our bread and other food cards to the servants’ quota when they went to stand in queue for the family. These terms were taken to madame, but the sister soon came back and reported that it was useless. We could depend on nothing. Apparently we were to move into the rooms just to afford protection, but we were really to live and move and have our being somewhere else in the past, present or future!

Elsewhere, the impractical Russian was more practical, and within a week after the Revolution I had moved my canvas baggage rolls and the mail sack full of canned food I had brought all the way from Yokohama for an emergency into a large and comfortably furnished room in the home of Mr. Andrei Yegorovitch Weber, one of Moscow’s most intelligent and gracious millionaires and one of her most loyal citizens, despite

the German name which had been handed down through half a dozen Russian generations. In fact, throughout my stay, I found the Russians of German extraction more keenly alive to the dangers of German domination in Russia than the placid, easy-going Russian of unmixed native blood.

My good fortune was a double one, for I not only had a quiet retreat from which I could go forth to watch the Russian scene, but I soon found that I also had willing guides and interpreters in Mr. Weber's two elder sons, Giorgi and Andrei, aged nineteen and seventeen. Both of these boys had been educated in England until the outbreak of the war, and they knew the art, the literature, the science, and the history of their own country and the world far better than our university postgraduates, although they were only finishing the last year of their preparatory work, prior to entering the agricultural college. In the hands of this eager new generation, released from the deadening restraints of the autocracy — in their hands and in the hands of the mass of the Russian peasantry, whom they will lead out of darkness — lies the future of Russia.

Food and lodgings seldom go hand in hand in Moscow or Petrograd to-day. At the Webers' I had a samovar to make my tea in the morning, and the servants obtained my ration of bread with the family supply, but I had to forage for the rest, because my host's wealth was scant help in his task of feeding his seven servants and his family

of six. In fact, the servants spent most of every day and each of the family a part, in the quest for provisions. And so it was that I came face to face with the problem of eating in Moscow.

Russia never had any "Food Will Win the War" campaign. Before the Tsar fell, the *zemstvos* and the coöperative societies had tried to compile statistics concerning the food supply. After the Revolution the Soviets or committees of workmen and soldiers and peasants attempted the same task with a view to sending the food where it was most needed. But the old régime had no very evident desire or intention to win the war and discouraged everything resembling efficiency. And after the Revolution, disorganization and anarchy began to vitiate any efforts to work out a system of orderly distribution. Nevertheless, by the fall of 1917, bread and butter, sugar and tea, milk and eggs were all on a card-rationing system at most reasonable prices, considering general conditions and the deterioration in the value of the ruble.

Almost all of these commodities, however, could be bought on the sly through the early part of the winter at greatly advanced prices if you knew where to find them. The card-rationing system caught the bulk of the food supply and sold it slightly above cost, but under the existing disorder and confusion it was powerless to corral the soldier slackers who brought provisions in from the country on their backs and sold them in side streets near the market places. If these smugglers

were caught by one in authority, they had to take their wares to the nearest *komitet* or district food committee. One morning, in the Suharevsky market, I heard a young officer with a St. George's cross on his breast roundly berating a soldier who was offering a loaf of the so-called white bread for sale to two women with the omnipresent shawl over their heads. Russian fashion, the soldier took the easy way round his interruption, put away his loaf, casually walked off down a side street and made the sale to his customers, who had followed him at a safe distance.

The Russian hasn't given up all his old notions of order, in spite of his revolutions and his new idea of freedom. Before you sleep in a new bed, your passport must be recorded with the police of the town or district, although it isn't a life and death matter as it used to be. I had to pass through this ceremony before my food cards were issued to me entitling me to seven ounces of bread a day, seven ounces of sugar a week, three ounces and a half of butter a week and similar portions of tea, milk, and eggs, — *if* I could find them! It was no use trying to find any milk or eggs, so I just put those cards out of my mind. Sometimes my restaurant had them if I came early, — at the cost of a special trip to the country on the part of the proprietor, I suppose. Tea I had brought from Japan, although I didn't have enough and had to buy more at midwinter, when I paid sixteen rubles a pound for a packet of broken twigs. Sugar, too, I had brought from Japan,

and I was lucky, for instead of the two pounds a month to which I was entitled, I found only about two pounds the entire winter. Butter also was too elusive to keep up with the card ration, and I soon found I had to substitute cheese for it at six rubles a pound. Potatoes, other vegetables and meats were not on a card basis, but they were difficult enough to find, and I was glad to trade the housekeeper's responsibilities for my scant but reasonably sure portions at the restaurant.

By the time I left Moscow all this had seriously changed. Even before Christmas, 1917, bread had tumbled from seven ounces daily to three ounces and a half. The quality had deteriorated, too, for in the fall the bread issued in the Pretchistensky district in Moscow resembled our whole wheat or graham bread. Later, however, it was invariably black and often sour and soggy. The limit had not been reached, though, for in February the ration was still further reduced to one ounce and three quarters daily. And in addition to the minority of rye flour, its composition included chopped straw, chaff, potato, and sand left from defective milling. By spring, too, sugar had disappeared from the market. Butter was obtainable only at speculator's prices in out-of-the-way places, — twelve to fifteen rubles a pound. Tea had long been gone from the shelves. Cheese had jumped to twelve rubles a pound, potatoes were growing so scarce that the food *Kommissars* threatened to put them on a card basis, and meats of

all kinds were so difficult to find that the house-keeper invited hungry friends in to share a cut which her servants had walked miles to buy.

Foreigners in Russia, especially Americans, have had comparatively few food worries. Most of them who lived on an independent basis with all the multiplying responsibilities of a household got out before conditions became critical. The great majority of those who stayed after the Bolshevik Revolution were connected either with Government services or with institutions like the Y.M.C.A. or the National City Bank, which in a way stood guard over their individuals. While in Moscow or Petrograd or after their flight to Vologda and Samara in the face of the German advance, these men shared responsibilities to advantage. Many of them suffered hardships while traveling alone in outlying districts, but they were not stinted in their expense accounts, and they profited by the eager good will that greeted the American in every nook and corner of Russia.

In order to see life as nearly as possible with Russian eyes, though, I determined to live as frugally and economically as the average Russian was compelled to do. Like him, I started the day with a samovar from which I extracted boiling water for four or five glasses of weak tea. In this filling breakfast I set swimming a few nuts, a few bites of cheese, and about half my daily allowance of bread. I found that with this menu I could literally fool my stomach into a sense of having really broken my fast. The rest of the



THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE GENERAL IN MOSCOW, CENTER OF RUSSIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONSHIPS.



UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR DAVID R. FRANCIS IN THE TEMPORARY EMBASSY IN VOLOGDA.

bread I took along in my pocket to tide me over until I could no longer put off my single meal of the day. Then, about five o'clock, I sat down at a marble-top table in a clean, modest, little second-story restaurant run by a Bohemian from Prague, and reveled in a few bites of meat, a spoonful of potatoes, and sometimes a bowl of soup, if I came early enough. Once in a while for two rubles extra I had a glass of cocoa. Or occasionally it would be an omelet instead of meat. The cost of this simple dinner averaged six or eight rubles, although it would have cost from fifteen to thirty rubles at the National or Metro-pole hotels. That concluded the day and had to satisfy me until next morning's camouflaged breakfast, unless I cracked a few more nuts at bedtime or ate a few pieces of dried fruit which I had soaked in boiling water from the samovar in the morning.

By careful buying and still more careful consuming I managed to standardize my diet in this way and make the lean days average up with the more fortunate. But toward the end, my sugar ran its tether, my tea had all but disappeared, a small surplus stock of bread refused to be further subdivided, and the daily ounce and three quarters often failed to come at all. It was only by a steady will and an imagination able to picture the terrors of a siege that I kept hands off my food reserve brought from Japan until a few weeks before I knew I was to start for home.

The vagaries of the restaurants and the markets

often lightened the solemn subject of sustenance. Bread might be scarce; potatoes might yield to rationing; suckling pig might be almost the only meat on the menu, because the peasants could not feed the young animals. But always there was cabbage, *kapusty*, the mainstay of Russian soups and ingredient of a dozen other native dishes. One day an American professor, who detests that particular vegetable but whose sporting instinct is strong, wagered with another American that he could pick a good meal without translating the bill of fare. When the dishes arrived, everything he had ordered contained cabbage! With a like aversion, I entered a restaurant unfamiliar with my antipathy one afternoon and ordered dinner, specifying no cabbage.

"But there *is* cabbage," said the *baruishnya*.

"Yes," I replied, "I know there is cabbage. It would be a miracle if there weren't. But I don't want any."

Still the waitress insisted that I must accept the cabbage, and the upshot of it was that I had to hunt another restaurant.

Sugar, rather strangely, roused more jealous contentions than bread. An unused portion invariably found its way home from the restaurant in a paper napkin. That is the course a wealthy British lady, long resident in Moscow, followed one day in one of the big department stores. The extra lump was hardly out of sight when a waitress came up and said to her, "You can't do that, madam."

"But why not?" the lady asked, chagrined and

with an unpleasant feeling of having done a guilty thing.

"Because all unfinished food must be returned to the kitchen," replied the waitress.

But bread, after all, was the test of a restaurant's attraction. I noticed that Yakl, the proprietor of my little Bohemian retreat, always had bread for his patrons, — not much, but a bite or two. He was a canny soul and a shrewd business man. Under his restaurant he ran a sausage shop, and so he could offer better and fresher meats on his menu than his competitors, for he went into the country and bought his live stock on the hoof. I asked him one day how he got his bread and all he would say was, "Not legally." A few days later, he confided the secret that every afternoon the district controller of bread and his entire staff walked in his door, sat at his tables, and ordered food to their heart's desire and their stomach's content. Then, somehow, they always forgot to pay for it. But Yakl got his bread!

Impatient at the three thin slices a day which a quarter pound will yield, I braved the gray of the Russian dawn one morning, struck out for the Smolyensky market, where Yakl told me I might pick up bread, found it dead as a candy shop, hopped the first car from the barns and circled the city on the outer boulevard to the Suharevsky market, where you can buy anything that can be bought in Russia and some things besides. Trading had started. A soldier was leisurely drawing loaf after loaf from a wicker

basket and permitting the crowd round him to yell itself hoarse in a conflicting attempt to outbid one another and at the same time to beat down his price. When he got good and ready, he sold it to the customer whose face he liked best. Evidently, neither he nor any one else was fond of mine, for everywhere I went some one with more fluent Russian would walk off with the tender rye. One group of soldiers with at least one hundred pounds on hand refused to part with an ounce of it. Several times I passed them, thinking they might have changed their minds, but always it was "*Nietchevo, nyet!*" an emphatic form of the negative. Sometimes I think they were simply enjoying the sensation of possessing something which every one desired, and perhaps later in the day when they were tired of playing their rôle they would sell out to some fortunate worshiper at their shrine.

After a half hour of darting here and there and everywhere, I picked up a seven-pound loaf. I hadn't started out for more than that, but the quest had whetted my acquisitive appetite. A score of times I asked the price of a good brown loaf, only to be told that the possessor had purchased it himself. Once I found myself face to face with a woman and both of us yelling at each other, "*Skolko?*" "How much?" After that I decided the only thing to do was to cover your treasure from sight.

Far down the market place toward the Petrograd and Yaroslavl and Kazan stations was a

group gathered round a soldier. When I drew near I saw he had a sack filled with bread baked in small round cakes. Evidently, he wished to sell the entire lot, while the crowd was begging for small portions. Suddenly I made up my mind, waded in, grabbed the sack with its two *puds* or seventy-two pounds of treasure and walked off, with the soldier trailing me to strike a bargain. The youthfulness of his face and the extreme warmth with which he pleaded "*Tovarishch!*" or "Comrade!" brought a price I had never dreamed of paying. But I had surplus bread to last my stay in Russia! It's true it would have been fed to the chickens anywhere else in the world. But I spent the rest of the morning dragging it home to be dried out in the oven, for it sustained life and it lost some of its terrors in tea.

On my way into Russia, I began to acquire an answer to the question of the nation's food disaster. All through the Siberian wheat country I was on the lookout for some evidences of the wheat. It was November. The grain, of course, had long been cut and the fields were now snow sprinkled. There was bread at the station markets, great loaves big enough for a family for a week. But there were no elevators, few warehouses, no adequate place to store the wheat and facilitate its shipment. Near the freight platform in one town, hundreds of bushels of wheat in flimsy sacks were piled up on the damp ground. The soldiers who were loading a box car often burst open a sack, and the ground was littered with the wasted grain.

One day in Moscow, therefore, I asked a Russian business man where Russia stored her grain. The winter had passed without starvation but not without hunger, and we were talking of the season ahead and its hopes and fears.

"I saw hardly any warehouses along the Trans-Siberian Railroad," I said. "But surely you have grain elevators somewhere in Russia in which you store your surplus wheat."

"Elevators?" he said. "We haven't any real elevators. The only ones we ever had in all Russia were at Libau on the Baltic and at Odessa and Nikolaieff on the Black Sea. And now the Germans hold Libau, while they have torn Odessa and the other Black Sea ports from us and added them to Ukraina.

"You see," he went on, "the Russian peasant never threshes his grain until he is ready to use it or to sell it. He has only his crowded thatched hut to live in and sometimes a thatched tumble-down outbuilding. But he has no place to keep his wheat and rye if he threshes them. They would simply rot on his hands. And so he stacks up the sheaves in the field until the tax collector or the grain merchant comes, or his own meal bin runs low. Of course, he loses the outer sheaves exposed to the rain and snow, but the stack is reasonably proof against everything except fire.

"If the peasant has to carry his stack over into the second or third summer, though, he is likely to lose his entire harvest from rot. That is what began to happen the first year after the war

started. By the mobilization of twenty million troops, we had overtaxed our transportation system, and there weren't enough cars to carry the grain from the fields to the cities. Each year the war lasted the situation grew worse. The rolling stock on our railroads began to fall to pieces. Cars were congested in districts where they weren't needed. With all our men in the army, there weren't enough to repair the cars or to operate the trains. Still the peasant hoped for better days and he had the habit, and so he planted his fields in the spring and harvested them in the summer. Two or three years of fruitless toil and wasted crops, however, took all the heart out of his efforts. Then came the Revolution, and people told him he was free. In the old days he had hated the city and every one in it because of its oppression. Six months after the Revolution, he began to hate it again because it took all his grain and gave him in return worthless paper money. Therefore, sullen and defiant, the Russian peasant henceforth will grow only so much grain on his new-won acres as he needs for his own family. And the cities can look out for themselves!"

Russia's food catastrophe is not some sudden thing. It has been a long time on the way. The people of Moscow and Petrograd were hungry in the final months of the imperial régime. The world did not know that, because the Allied censorship saw fit to put a good face on a desperate situation. Russia was hungry, and a million troops had deserted from the front before the

Tsar fell. All these facts I found discussed freely when I reached Russia. No one deceived himself, as many have done outside of Russia, with the idea that the Revolution was to blame, or any of the parties to the Revolution. Russia's disaster has been seen by Russians for just what it is, — the inevitable result of war in a country which had not been organized for war. To be sure, there were a few sunny, heartening days in March, 1917, when every one flamed with the hope that the Revolution would save the nation from impending disaster. France had celebrated her Feast of Pikes, July 14, 1790, under the same delusion; Russians kissed each other in the public streets. And then again in November, after a disillusioning summer, hope sprang up once more, — this time only with the idealists among the Bolsheviki and those who caught their contagion. Most of the Russians either saw deeper trials in the months just ahead, or, in the case of the peasants, took no interest in the outcome once they had seized the land.

And so the food barometer has gone down, ever since the fall of 1916, not gradually and deceptively with the aid of science and organization as in Germany, but by sudden and violent descents and even occasional upturnings. Just how the descent started I do not know, for I did not arrive in Russia until the danger point of storm had been reached. But there is ample testimony in Russian literature and from travelers how well and how plentifully the Russian fed before the war.

“Oh, you should see what we had to eat in

peace time!" said Giorgi to me one day. His father's millions hadn't prevented the coming of hollows into his cheeks, — the mark of insufficient nourishment in the months while he was shooting up to the stature of manhood.

"The most wonderful white bread in the world!" he went on, almost plaintively, in his retrospect to the days when he had gone to school in England and spent his vacations in the rich Russian countryside. "And butter from Siberia, and eggs, all you could wish. And tea from China and sugar from our own Crimea. All kinds of meats and vegetables. And sweets and candies and cakes and ices until you ate yourself sick!"

By the autumn of 1917, food conditions in Russia had fallen in three years of war from this plane of plenty to a critical estate of immediate hunger with starvation following inevitably in its train. On the basis of data compiled in September, 1917, Henry C. Sherman, of Columbia University, has stated that "there seems no good reason to doubt the general conclusion that Russia's food supply is just about sufficient in total food value for the needs of her population, provided the food can be properly distributed."

But for five years now Russia's food has not been properly distributed. Rich food-producing districts like the Caucasus and the Crimea have been overfed, while the northern provinces have suffered from increasing want. The railroads have been less able each year to distribute the nation's food output properly. In addition to the

continued aggravation of the transportation problem, another far more serious blow was struck in the spring of 1918 at Russia's food supply. The defection of Ukraina and its practical seizure by Germany cut off completely the leading source of Russia's subsistence. No set of figures could be compiled to show Russia even remotely self-sustaining without Siberia and the black soil acres of the south. From time to time since Germany's collapse, these southern acres and their products have been available for the north, but the uncertainties of an extremely tangled social strife in Little Russia have interrupted planting, harvest, and delivery. And Siberia has been a closed book for over a year.

Consider, then, a Russia with no reserve stocks of grain and other food, a Russia where only a tenth to a twentieth of the acreage has been planted in the summers that have passed since the Revolution, a Russia hopelessly shorn of her own leading source of food and just as hopelessly distant from foreign assistance, and you can understand the inexorable source of her tragedy.

CHAPTER IV

THE TOLL OF WAR

FIXING the blame and drawing up the indictment for Russia's demoralization is an excellent test of mental honesty. For those who are bigoted in their opposition to the Bolsheviks and to violent, revolutionary means in achieving social change, it seems to be sufficient to sign the names of Nikolai Lenin and Lyoff Trotsky to all of Russia's physical and spiritual ills. A similar and equally dishonest bias on the part of the apologists for the proletarian dictatorship charges these woes wholly and solely to the disintegration of all the fundamental economic and social functions under the falseness and folly of the old régime.

The first count in an honest and discriminating indictment must record the fact that the demoralization of all the aspects of modern civilized order is the inheritance of Russia Red from Russia White. The entire fabric of human intercourse was so warped and diseased by November, 1917, that no mortal will or intelligence could have restored it to health overnight. By the time I arrived to see the Bolsheviks assume the responsibility for this living corpse, the clutches of chaos had become so tenacious that the patient

was doomed to suffer tortures still undreamed before the crisis could be reached and convalescence begin. The poison of injustice was scattered so insidiously throughout the entire system that it had to run its course.

In fact, the Bolsheviki came into power by and because of the demoralization which they have been accused of creating. Russia was ill unto death because her rulers by an imperial policy of military conquest had helped prepare the tangled knot of intrigue and fear which served Germany as one of her excuses to plunge the world into war. Russia was ill unto death because her rulers had dared and courted war without preparing their nation to withstand the punishment of war. For eight months after the first Revolution of March, 1917, which swept aside the false idea and the guilty men who had implanted the poison, Russia had suffered from inexpert and selfish attempts to apply a palliative, — attempts which received scant and unsympathetic and unintelligent aid from her sworn allies. Echoes of the brewing storm were denied by diplomats, who stopped their ears and turned their eyes. The moment had arrived when the mass of the populace was ready to listen to any suggestion, any program which might promise relief. The privilege of power rested with any group which had the courage and the initiative and the self-confidence to promise that relief. The Bolsheviki formed that group. They rode into power, therefore, because their leaders, who had been waiting

for generations to apply their ideas to a complacent and uninterested world, saw at last an opportunity to put their doctrine into practice and use a nation in the last throes of desperation and distress as the stepping stone to a world-wide dictatorship of the proletariat. Russia went Bolshevik not through the conscious act of intelligent will but because the world's most vicious autocracy had nurtured the germ of violent revolt and at the same time had prevented orderly forces of reform from learning how to make themselves effective.

By November, 1917, the specter of hunger stood on the threshold of a long and bitter winter. Kerensky had found food for visiting delegations from foreign countries and for the representatives who came to the capital from all over Russia for various congresses. But he had not been able to find food for the mass of the people, in spite of the fact that summer and harvest time had just passed. By November, 1917, the railroads had so deteriorated that travel was painful and transportation of supplies next to impossible. By November, 1917, the posts and telegraphs were so bewildered that a wire from Petrograd to Vladivostok was carried more than half the way on the post train and arrived at its destination at least two weeks after it had been filed. By November, 1917, the ruble had fallen in international exchange from fifty cents to ten or twelve cents, and busy presses were turning out millions of strips or tapes of the twenty and forty-ruble notes, about the size of six postage stamps and bearing

the signature of no bank or other guarantor. By November, 1917, the army had become so honey-combed with lack of faith in the Government at home and lack of understanding of the professed aims and purposes of the Allies that it was powerless as an engine of offense or even of defense.

The Bolsheviki came to Russia, therefore, alongside starvation, ruined railroads, bankruptcy, and sedition.

But the indictment has a second count. Pledged in their minds to a ruthless and immediate realization of their doctrines, no matter what the cost in violence and destruction of existing institutions and existing values, the Bolsheviki have deliberately set themselves to the eradication of the few remaining aspects of the old order. They believe that their new social fabric cannot be erected by remodeling the old but only by building from the ground up. They recognize clearly that in removing the tenacious roots of this elder system, they will destroy much that is of value, even to their own system. They have set out to destroy Capitalism, but they understand full well that in the process they will injure and even destroy much capital, the impersonal surplus of the world's energy stored up through generations of toil and industry.

The Bolsheviki have accepted the task and the opportunity and the responsibility of constructing a new social order in the face of the most complete chaos any civilized country has ever known. Everything in Russia to-day makes for disorder —

everything but the fundamental right-mindedness of the Russian. The conscious, directing leaders of the Bolsheviki know that they must make their rule effective, that they must restore order and compel obedience to their commands if they are to continue in power and develop their programme. The absolute prohibition of the sale or use or possession of vodka in Bolshevik territory, therefore, has been more rigid than in the early days of the war, when the Tsar first issued his ban on spirits. In six months on Russian soil after the Bolsheviki seized the power, I never saw more than one or two people visibly under the influence of alcohol. Drunkenness and common thieving have been punished as drastically as the most serious felonies.

But in spite of the attempts to compel order and obedience, disorder continues and grows apace. Its source, its composition, is complicated. There is the disorder which arises impersonally from the lack of coördination and displacement of all the functions of human intercourse. There is the disorder which proceeds from the irresponsible and uncontrollable license of Red Guards and Government agents and others who mask as such in regions remote from the seat of central power. Turmoil triumphant affords such as these every opportunity to exercise their individual will, their personal greed and cruelty, in direct defiance of the decrees passed by the All-Russian Congresses of Soviets and the orders issued by the Executive Committee of the People's *Kommissars*. By the

failure of communication lines, districts near Moscow and Petrograd are as far distant as Siberia for the practical purposes of control and supervision. License thrives unchecked, without fear of punishment, — even without fear of its fact becoming known. And then, finally, there is the disorder necessarily consequent on the determination of the proletarian dictators to carry through their purposes, no matter who or what opposes them. Disorder thus arises from the very fact of a determination to compel order. It has been so with all revolutions. The same demoralized conditions which brought the Bolsheviki to power, coupled with their determination to retain that power at all costs, have bred further demoralization and have prevented them from realizing much if not most of their constructive plans. They are a result and a symptom as well as a cause of the Russian welter of to-day.

Chief toll of war and first cause of all of Russia's food sorrows is the failure of her transportation system. And back of that failure, in turn, was the Tsar and the autocracy with its scientific cultivation of inefficiency. Dependable statistics are as scarce as sugar in Russia to-day, but it does not require statistics to see how the railroads are powerless to bring order out of chaos or even to save themselves from destruction. Their continued operation to-day is a miracle due to the unselfish and patriotic determination of the railroad employees to keep the wheels of the system moving and the trains running. For several weeks

after the Bolshevik Revolution, the railroad men worked on as if nothing had happened. The sympathy of most of them was with the Kerensky Government, and so the time came when the Bolsheviki decided to clean house and install their own men. A frightful period ensued with disastrous wrecks in one of which four hundred were killed or burned to death. Then a compromise was reached whereby the former operatives were retained under a Soviet form of self-government. Committees of the workers at each station chose the station master and the other officials. These committees took out of the station master's hands the decision of all important questions and tied him down to a mere routine.

Under such a system, each station along any given line of railroad has become a law unto itself. Its efficiency depends on the temper and the impulse of the local employees. In Ryazan, for instance, one set of rules is in force. In Suizran, several hundred versts down the line, a wholly different and possibly conflicting set of rules must be observed. In the next large station, Samara, a still different code holds sway. One station permits an International or a first-class sleeping car to pass through. Another has a rule that nothing but third-class cars can proceed from its yards. Still another permits no train of any kind to pass through in either direction. The passengers must alight and wait until another train is made up to go in their direction. Telegraph and tele-

phone communication rarely extends beyond the next station. There is no way of telling when a train will arrive except to wait day and night in the station until it pulls in. Demoralization inherited from the past, coupled with the inevitable confusion of revolutionary times, is nowhere more painfully evident than on Russian railroads. The wonder is that the system holds together at all. It always seemed to me incredible when a train pulled out of a station, and utterly beyond belief when it arrived at its destination. In the cases when it did arrive, the fact that it did has to be credited to the old trainmen who remained faithful to the service, the only public servants in all Russia who have stuck to their jobs without sabotage and who have been permitted to wear their old-time uniforms!

But the hopelessness of the future of the Russian railroads and their complete inadequacy to the tremendous burden of to-day lies not so much in their operation as in their exhausted physical state. Their manner of operation might be changed by a régime bent primarily on restoring order rather than on constructing a wholly new social system in the face of violent opposition. But their physical upbuilding will require the reconstruction of the Russian industrial plants or free intercourse with foreign nations. There is hardly a first or second-class car in Russia which has not been ruined by carelessness or wilfulness. Windows have been smashed and brakes have been tampered with. Most of the full-size American freight cars

sent to Vladivostok have not penetrated much beyond mid-Siberia. Huge engines imported from America after the outbreak of war are lying rusting on side tracks because some part of them, irreplaceable in Russia, has been destroyed. I counted fifteen of them in one row on a siding in the Ural Mountains. Most of the many engines that helped carry us across Siberia would be scrapped even in America to-day, with all our need for motive power, for they were ridiculously inefficient or dangerously unsafe. In the cities, the tramcars thunder on in the same irresponsible way as the trains on the railroads, with brakes creaking, windows broken, and heating apparatus abandoned.

In spite of the fact that all of the trains are crowded far worse than the New York subway at rush hour, the railroads of Russia are losing literally billions of rubles in operation. The soldier, condemned to the fourth-class or ordinary box freight car before the Revolution and permitted to go only where the Government sent him, now travels all over Russia with his uniform as his ticket in any coach attached to the intermittent trains except the International sleeping cars. The latter in recent months have rarely ventured forth except under armed guard and usually with foreigners as passengers to protect the property of this alien corporation and overawe the swarming soldiery. Along with other institutions of public service, the imposing rolling stock of the International was requisitioned early in 1918, but the Bolsheviki found the responsibility of opera-

tion too great and in a few days gladly released the cars to their former owners.

Yet in spite of the disturbance and discomfort of travel, the entire Russian nation is in flux. It has been pulled up by the roots and can not find a place to settle down. Soldiers or men in soldiers' uniforms still make up the bulk of the traveling public, although it is now months after the demobilization of the army has been completed. Heedless of the desperate conditions in the cities and of the repeated orders denying all entrance into Moscow or Petrograd, thousands flock thither to take the place of the thousands who are fleeing to the country. Trains in both directions are jammed with twenty people in a compartment built for four, with forty or fifty more in the corridor of each car, twenty or thirty standing on the couplers between the cars, and dozens more, even in the most bitter cold weather, all up and down the roofs of the cars. Russians are getting a liberal education in the geography of their own country!

And it is over these lines and under these conditions that Russia's scant crops must be carried. It is in the face of this demoralization and anarchy that whatever help can be rushed from the outside world must make its way to the heart of the country. No wonder the Russian is skeptical of concrete results when we talk of helping him!

I think the only thing I really feared in Russia was the coming of disease. If the derangement of the railroads was father to food failure, then

hunger in its turn has dulled the will until men cease to protest, and it has lowered the vitality until they are unable to combat the most simple ailments. I asked a Russian one day how he explained the passive attitude of the masses in the face of hunger and anxiety and confusion.

"Well," he replied, "it may be partly due to the endless patience of our race. We have suffered and endured so many years in silence. It takes a great deal to move us to action. But I think the chief trouble now is that the lack of food has robbed us of the energy to protest. Starvation, you know, isn't the agonizing process under these conditions that it is in an open boat at sea or on the desert. One still gets something, but never enough. Gradually, day by day, the vitality ebbs away, and the only outward record is hollow cheeks, perhaps, or a listless resignation. And then one day it is all over. Several of my friends have gone that way this winter before I realized that there was anything wrong.

"Most of the deaths from deficient nourishment in Russia, however, have thus far been traceable to this cause only indirectly. You reach a low state of vitality from lack of the proper food, and then if you become ill you have no reserve power to fall back on, nothing with which to fight illness and overcome it. Ordinary diseases, therefore, have become fatal with us to an alarming degree. Before long, in addition to all this, there will be out-and-out starvation. There simply isn't enough food to go around, and those who are

not in the favor of the Bolshevik régime and who can't afford to pay the steadily mounting prices of smuggled food will be the first to go under. The women and children and all of the poor of the cities will pay a frightful toll until the Revolution is over, and order — no matter whose order — has been reëstablished."

The ease with which disease may be contracted in Russia's disorganized condition and the difficulty of fighting it with lowered vitality are thoughts that inevitably prey upon the mind and make their realization more probable. Medicines of all kinds are scarce or exhausted. One day I heard a physician change a prescription three times in order to meet the druggist's available repertory of chemicals. Hospitals have been closed because of shortage of funds and lack of supplies. But the most serious handicap in the treatment of disease is the alarming scarcity of physicians and surgeons. Almost the entire available medical man power of Russia was mobilized with her armies, a patriotic group who through self-sacrifice under heart-breaking conditions gave up their lives at the front out of all proportion to their numbers.

It is no wonder, then, that pestilence has broken out in various parts of the country. The plague brought back by returning soldiers from the Turkish front is raging in many cities along the Black Sea. Typhus has claimed its victims in Blagovyeshchensk and other towns in the Amur River valley in eastern Siberia, where the Red

Cross under the Allied forces has been unable to penetrate. Cholera has swept away thousands in Petrograd. I shuddered when I looked on the conditions there which would inevitably bring this or some other epidemic with the spring. For instead of carting the snow from the streets out beyond the city, as in the old days, the authorities have been compelled each winter to resort to the makeshift of dumping it in the canals which thread the city. Petrograd is built on a swamp, and there is almost no fall to the canals or the river Neva, and so the melting snow has backed up into the houses and spread contagion throughout the city.

There are countless other sources of infection. Several times while I was in Moscow, the water supply gasped for breath. It will halt when the coal pile runs out. A modern city without water is unthinkable. Adulterants in the food and tainted food abound. I know of a man who died from eating bread with lime baked in it. You eat fish now at your peril. But when you are hungry you are not always careful what you eat. Everywhere on the streets and in public places filth abounds. Dead horses and other animals, left for months to decay where they have fallen on the pavement, are a common sight in Moscow and Petrograd. One of them I saw on the corner of the British embassy by the Troitsky Bridge in Petrograd, with its head severed by passing automobiles; but a few days later it had been removed, probably by the embassy servants. In the railroad stations the filth is indescribable, and

yet the soldiers and the peasants swarm into the waiting rooms at night on their long vigil for the uncertain trains, and there on the floor they sleep stacked up like so much cordwood. In the third-class waiting rooms at Vologda and Samara I have seen men and women and children sleeping three deep on the floor, each with his head out somehow for air. It is only the steel-girt Russian constitution which can survive such a test of physical endurance, just as it is only the eternal Russian patience which preserves through everything an unbroken spirit.

Fuel, along with food, is dependent on Russia's broken-down transportation system. And so are clothing and shoes and all the thousand and one other necessities that Russia does not herself produce even in normal times and cannot now import. Petrograd, always raw and penetrating, has suffered bitterly from lack of firewood the last two winters. Moscow was spared while I was there by the warmest winter in many years, with the thermometer rarely below zero, Fahrenheit. But such a dispensation can hardly be repeated soon. More cold and less clothing to withstand it seems to be the immediate lot of the Russian. He has discovered longer life in shoes and coats than any of us ever supposed leather and wool possessed. Russia is one great patch. But the process will come to an end when there is nothing more with which to patch. A tailor demanded fifty rubles and two months to put a new lining in my coat, and I was to furnish the



FROZEN SUCKLING PIGS IN THE SUHAR-
EVSKY MARKET, MOSCOW.



CHOPPED CABBAGE ON SALE IN THE SUHAR-
EVSKY MARKET, MOSCOW.



A SOLDIER SELLING BUTTER IN THE SUHAREVSKY MARKET, MOSCOW.



STANDING IN QUEUE IN MOSCOW.

material. He hadn't any and couldn't get it. The coat waited for its lining until I got out of Russia. But I finally agreed to pay a cobbler ten rubles to use my own leather in straightening the heels of my shoes. In the open markets like the Suharevsky in Moscow, cloth remnants and even stolen or second-hand coats and boots and rubber overshoes may still be purchased, but the shops where such articles were formerly sold might as well be locked up until civil peace comes or a path is opened up for importations from abroad. When a Petrograd dealer unearths a case of shoes which has been in hiding somewhere, he sends a "sandwich man" out to parade up and down the Nevsky Prospekt to announce the glad news to the world. There were cartoons in January, 1918, at the time of the Brest-Litovsk peace conference, of the German commercial travelers swarming across the border, their arms loaded with clothing and other patiently awaited commodities. If the Russians seriously expected any such relief, they had forgotten that Germany, too, had had a difficult time to make ends meet. The German business man did appear in Moscow the week the treaty was signed, but he had come to purchase the title to real estate and industrial plants.

Day by day, too, Russia's financial and monetary position is becoming more hopelessly tangled. Few people, however, seem to worry much about it. In the case of those who wish and hope for a return of the old property rights and privileges,

the point of saturation in worry was passed long ago. The wreckage is too stupendous for fresh disasters to make much difference. And of course it is the deliberate intention of Bolshevik doctrine to erase from life and even from memory the old financial structure. The more complete the confusion, the better they are satisfied, for the less opportunity there will be to restore the shattered structure.

For all practical purposes, Russian banks have been closed since Christmas, 1917. The Narodny Bank in Moscow, clearing house for the vast network of coöperative societies, has gone its way with a minimum of interference, but the rest of the Russian banks have been absorbed by the financial secretariat of the *Kommissars*, and the foreign banks have been gradually forced to close up their accounts and depart. Large personal accounts have been confiscated and the capital stock has been nationalized, according to program.

But this is only the theoretical side of Bolshevik banking. The practical side is much more human. Even revolution and its inexorable mandates yield to mortal frailties, and the average of Russian probity is not greater than that of the rest of humankind. The weak point in the structure is not hard to find, and through it confusion is worse confounded. Pay the properly dishonest official in the financial secretariat ten to fifty per cent. of your check, and he will probably make it possible for you to cash it. I knew of one man who had thus obtained the coveted initials

on the back of his check for five thousand rubles. He presented it at the bank, and the Bolshevik cashier handed out the money without taking up the check. Back again the next week the man brought his check. And the money was paid to him in the same manner. In the end he had drawn out one hundred thousand rubles on this single check.

Another business man had five hundred thousand rubles on call account in a Moscow bank, in addition to a large checking account. Rumors of the confiscation of the banks the next day reached him one afternoon just in time for him to withdraw from the bank the collateral. That should have canceled the call account automatically, but the Russian takes his time in such transactions, and the entry was not carried through before the bank closed.

Next morning new clerks from Soviet headquarters were in charge of the books. Why, they thought, all this complicated system of entries? Here was one set of books for checking accounts, another for call accounts, and still others for other kinds of transactions. Why not simplify matters and combine them all in one set of entries? And so they took this gentleman's checking account, added the five hundred thousand rubles of the call account, and innocently increased his credit by that sum to the sorrow of the bank's financial standing!

When life surrenders itself to this cross between comic opera and tragedy, the ordinary scruples of

honest men vanish. What is mine, I take, no matter how I have to circumvent the new restrictions. Bribery ceases to trouble the strictest conscience. My host in Moscow had several hundred thousand rubles on deposit in his bank. Among his many interests was a sawmill in Yaroslavl, and although the plant was idle he had to pay his workmen to keep them from burning it down. The small sum of one hundred rubles a week which he was permitted to withdraw from his bank was unequal to the family requirements of a single day, despite the frugal manner in which he lived. Each month, therefore, when he presented his payroll to the Soviet for its authorization, he padded it to such an extent that he could obtain enough of his own money to meet his current expenses.

The only piece of metal money I saw during my entire stay in Russia was a three-kopeck copper in Vladivostok. Everything else was paper, — paper in various stages of crispness and dilapidation. There was the *starry dyengy*, the exquisitely engraved notes of the old régime which reveal the watermarked portrait of one of the Tsars when you hold them up to the light. There is a premium on this and it is hoarded like so much gold, for it alone is known to have value outside Russia. Then there were the smaller notes — one, three, five and ten rubles — still printed from the old plates and almost equally respected. A long way after them came the strips of twenty and forty-ruble notes issued under Kerensky with

no reserve or guaranty behind them. But they are legal tender and, though disdained and sometimes refused with the excuse that they can not be broken, the Bolsheviki have made refusal a criminal offense. To the Russian, the ruble still looks like fifty cents, just as our dollar still wears the aspect of one hundred cents in spite of its buying power of little more than half. And so, although the twenty and the forty-ruble bills no longer represent large sums, they are almost as difficult to change as they were before the descent of the coinage. Often you have to stand at one side of the *kassa* until enough small bills come in to make change for your *dvadtsats* and your *soroks*.

Finally, at the end of the monetary scale come the postage stamps issued in sheets, without gum on the backs, in ten, fifteen, and twenty-kopeck denominations. Only the shawl-covered women who collect fares on the tramcars take the trouble to count them. Elsewhere, they pass by the handful!

The coupons clipped from the interest-bearing paper money, though, are the most treacherous possessions one can have to-day. The notes from which they have been severed were a form of war loan or bond. Many of them are still legal tender, but they are accepted at few stores. In a little vegetarian restaurant in the Arbat they gave me a coupon in change one evening. The next day I handed it back to pay my bill, and the cashier refused it.

"But I got it here at your own counter yesterday!" I protested.

A long conversation ensued, growing more heated all the time, — she talking in Russian and I in English; for the sympathetic Muscovite yields more readily, I had discovered, to the unfortunate foreigner who seems not to know his language.

The proprietor came up and entered the fray. "*Nietchevo nyet syevodnya!*" he exclaimed. I understood that. The coupon was good yesterday but not to-day. But I pretended I didn't and went on talking English. By this time a crowd had gathered, and one by one I found them taking my part in my debate with the *restaurateur*. Why they were so generous in coming to my rescue I couldn't understand, until I saw one and then another reach into his pocket, draw out a bundle of coupons and wave them angrily in the face of the proprietor. It was their contest as well as mine to defend the good name of the coupon, and in the end we won by maintaining the passive strike which I had learned from the Russians themselves. Sometimes I think it is their greatest invention.

My own financial problems brought me all the closer to the Russian form of living. I had sent ahead of me a small fund. Then when I found out how long I would remain, I would have more sent from home. Letters of credit were useless, and gold, I thought mistakenly, would be confiscated at the frontier on the way in. By the time I reached Moscow, though, all private banking relations with America were severed, and I had to make my slender deposit suffice for the entire

period. To extricate it from the branch of the National City Bank was no simple matter, and after assistance from the consulate for a part of the sum, I withdrew the remainder by giving my check to a Russian friend who preferred that piece of paper to the Russian paper notes in his bill fold. In fact, I know of a number of checks on American banks, written in some cases without knowledge of the existence of a deposit to back them up, which are more readily accepted than the most genuine Russian notes. No one who takes them expects to collect from America. They have simply entered into the floating currency of the country.

The point, of course, with Russian money to-day is that you accept whatever you can pass. That is the only explanation of the ease with which I got rid of four two-hundred-and-fifty-ruble bills of a series which had been stolen from the state bank and which thereupon had been outlawed. That, too, is the only explanation of the continued circulation of the uncounted millions of forged rubles which Germany sent over the border. Any one can tell the distinguishing marks of the counterfeit bills, but there are so many of them in circulation that it is not convenient to refuse them.

A few sporadic attempts have been made to stabilize the currency, but they have been futile. Secret banks have been organized among groups of business men in order to avoid the maelstrom. But any single expedient is helpless in the face of such a growing web of financial disorder.

Nowhere is the toll of war and the confusion of revolution more dramatically apparent than in the collapse of the Russian army. Twenty millions it numbered at the height of its mobilization, — more than all the armies on the continent of Europe put together. By the autumn of 1917 it had lost three million dead and five million more hopelessly wounded or prisoners. For a year it had been filtering back home, and neither the Tsar nor Prince Lvoff, in the early days of the Provisional Government, nor Kerensky in its later hours could stop them. I remember reading before I started for Russia how certain classes were to be demobilized in order to make a more wieldy army. But that was only a subterfuge to cover up the appalling gaps made by desertion.

The Russian army had sacrificed itself prodigally in the early years of the war. Often there had been only one rifle for twelve men. There was no ammunition at all at the Dvinsk bridgehead where the Russians turned at bay after the long flight through Poland in the summer of 1915. And so these men broke the butt end of their rifles over the oncoming Germans and literally beat them off. Finally, munitions came, — from England and America and their own reorganized factories. But they came only to be sold to the Germans before their very eyes by treacherous generals. The soldiers knew the Court back in the capital was disloyal. At the front they were withdrawn by their commanders from impregnable positions without a shot. The only reason they

had ever gone to war was because the Tsar said they had to. For three years they knew nothing about the struggle for democracy, nothing about the rights of small nations, nothing about the professed purposes of their allies. If they heard of those aims later, they suspected their honesty and sincerity because so little had been made of them before. They simply felt that they had been sent out to do a dirty job, and they had sickened and tired of it. When they got rid of their Tsar, they saw no reason why they shouldn't get rid of their Tsar's war, too, and they proceeded to do so without waiting for the order to demobilize.

From the Bolshevik viewpoint, the remnants of this crumbling army were worse than useless. They could not be trusted to fight either Germans or Russian White Guards or invading forces from other countries. It was a wanton gamble Trotsky made when he decided in the darkest hour of the Russian nation and the most hopeless, too, of the Proletarian Revolution, to send even the remnants of the old army home and organize a new Red Army on which he could depend for the defense of the Bolshevik power. Swopping horses mid-stream wasn't a circumstance to this gamble, but for the moment it achieved its grim purpose. Only time will tell whether it was conceived for a far distant future.

The whole sweep of a dying world passed in stupendous pageant as that army surged through Moscow on its way home from the front. There was hardly a day from December, 1917, to Feb-

ruary, 1918, when its motley procession did not pour out of the Bryansk station, throng the Arbat and then break fanlike for the stations that led to the north and the south and the east. Day after day I watched these heterogeneous hordes tramp Moscow's cobblestones smooth, their rifles over one shoulder, their camp tools in gunny-sacks over the other, and their teakettles rattling down their backs. Sometimes the lines were unbroken from dawn until long after dusk as they swung along in an easy, individual gait. There were no orders, no plans, no preparations. They were demobilizing themselves, and they were doing it with better grace and less friction than the tenderly nursed armies of the west. Here was no pattern of humanity, no faces or figures run in a mold. Even their uniforms and their gray wool turbans they wore with an air that stamped them as individuals. And in their countenance, in spite of the rack of war, was the light and the hope and the vitality and the faith that will make Russia in the years ahead one of the spiritual leaders of the world.

CHAPTER V

ORDER IN DISORDER

THE borderland between order and disorder in a land aflame with social revolution is narrow and precariously guarded. But it is guarded, nevertheless. The force and persuasion of new governments are naturally directed toward the maintenance of order for the sake of their own authority and their tenure of power. The inertia of human institutions is another assurance of continuing regularity in human intercourse, and instinctive right-mindedness will go even farther in preserving the remnants of order and system in the midst of growing disorder. But a conscious faith in a clear-cut vision, the faith of the artist and the philosopher in human destiny, is the surest guaranty of a firm anchorage at which a nation's soul may ride through the storms of a world in rebirth.

I have already indicated the motives of the proletarian dictatorship in its insistence upon order and obedience to its own commands, even at the expense of a ruthlessness toward all opposition which has the appearance of gross disorder. Machine guns in the streets of Moscow and Petrograd at times of tense anxiety were there as engines of order, not the opposite. "Obey us,"

was their message as they stood in threatening silence, "and there will be peace." If the opponents of the Bolsheviki were honest and sincere and single-hearted in their plea for order, they could easily achieve it by surrender. But the order they wish is *their* order. The peace they pray for is the peace of submission to *their* will.

One of the reasons why Russian railroads have carried on in spite of their enormous handicaps is the inertia which keeps all institutions running long after the original guiding hand is gone. Groups of men accustomed to coöperative effort find it easier to continue their effort than to cease it. The newspapers, the coöperative societies, and the agencies for food distribution likewise hold to their course. And so does the Church.

Newspapers in the early days of the Bolsheviki were good examples of order in disorder, — institutions persisting despite tremendous physical difficulties, inability to gather accurate news, and constant friction with the Soviet authorities. The paper supply was almost exhausted; the wires to the outer world and those connecting the several parts of Russia were broken and rumor took the place of news; governmental interference either suppressed numerous articles at press time, leaving white columns to stare at the reader, or suspended journals for a limited period or closed them altogether. The result was that newspapers under the Bolsheviki came and went like elusive criminals. Outlawed under one name, they appeared a few days later under another. Their power to come

back seemed wholly out of proportion to the satisfaction their publishers received from their circumscribed freedom under the proletarian censorship. It was only after my departure, in the summer of 1918, that the official antagonism became so great as to discourage permanently any attempt to publish the conservative journals.

Inertia, too, has played a part in the survival of the Russian Church. Hostility to its authority has been met by the inherent faith of the Russian and also by the ponderous mechanism of its intricate hierarchy. Cut adrift from the autocracy which sustained and corrupted it, and divested of much of the superstitious power it wielded over a submissive people, it has been set free to find an honest place in the new social order, — a place which it must win by its ability to minister to the spiritual needs of the people and by its eagerness to see visions with them. It is rather curious that the Church has been used by partisan visitors to Russia since the Revolution as an illustration of their biased viewpoint. Proponents of the Bolsheviks insist that it has completely lost its grip on the masses, while their opponents declare that it is stronger than ever before and is destined to play a major part in the rebuilding of the nation. As long as countless thousands pass its portals and bow and cross themselves reverently before the icons and the shrines, it hardly seems that it has lost its grip. And as long as its priests pray for the restoration of the Tsar, as I heard them do on numerous occasions, I am somewhat skeptical

of the Church's regeneration and its power to lead the nation onward and upward. The truth, lying as usual between these two extremes, seems to be that the Church is still a powerful institution but one which has to do much self-cleansing before it can assume the spiritual leadership of a free people.

The visitor to Revolutionary Russia in its early period, even after the social revolution reached its pole of class strife under the Bolsheviki, seemed to be most astonished at the placid progress of life under an authority which had not yet established itself. Men were behaving and going about their tasks not because they had to, but because their instincts and their habits and their motives were sound. The new authority was consolidated in the cities first. In many of the remote villages, men and women are still dependent on their native gifts to preserve order among themselves.

The course which the simple peasant mentality followed in the face of the new-found freedom is well illustrated by two reports from the estate of my Moscow host. About the time of the first Revolution he had sold his estate near the city and had purchased a new one of ten thousand acres out near Smolyensk. There had been no opportunity, therefore, to establish personal relationships between landlord and tenant. Nevertheless, when the Bolshevik Revolution came and the peasants throughout Russia seized and divided the land, this report came from the estate:

The peasants had taken orderly possession of



CLOTH REMNANTS ON SALE IN THE SUHAREVSKY MARKET, MOSCOW.



A DEAD HORSE IN THE SNOW NEAR THE TROITSKY BRIDGE,
PETROGRAD.



SNOW DUMPED INTO PETROGRAD'S SLUGGISH CANALS TO BREED
PLAGUES AND EPIDEMICS.

all the buildings and all the supplies. Among the live stock on the estate were a number of hogs which the peasants thought were ready for the market. They delegated some of their own number to make the sale and then, instead of dividing the proceeds among themselves, they entrusted the sum to an intelligent peasant to keep pending developments.

"If it turns out that our new possession of the land shall be confirmed," they said, "then we shall divide the money. But if we find that we have to give back the land to its former owner, then the money will be safe and it will be returned to him, too."

That was too good to last, though. For in February came the report that hunger had broken out among the peasants. Those who had grain and the money with which to buy grain had been robbed by those who had none. First one had been killed and then another, until the total lives lost on this single estate were five or six.

The most stalwart guardian of the borderland of order within disorder, however, is not the power of government or the inertia of railroad, press, or temple. Neither is it the essentially good and simple heart of the average Russian. The best of hearts under stress loses control of itself. Not to these forces but to the dauntless artists and writers of Russia must we look for calm, assured leadership in these days of national testing. It is they who cling to their craft, blindly, tenaciously, holding their light aloft in the tempest.

With all my faith in the vitality of Russian art, I was not prepared to find all the exhibitions open, the artists all at work and the theatre practically in its normal state. Here were no crumbling ruins of an elder glory. Much of the elder life had disintegrated — all of it that was false and much that was neither true nor false but merely fragile. But while art and the theatre were dependent in a way upon the old régime, drawing upon its coffers and its patronage to pay their bills, they had their roots deeply embedded in the Russian soul and drew their inspiration if not their material support from honest sources. Unlike the Church, they did not have to overcome the stigma of superstition and connivance at the political aims of the autocracy. Russian art stands clear and unsullied to-day, preserving the spirit of known beauty and truth until the sky clears and the way appears to the truth and beauty of a new time.

Of course, no more than the Church reborn or any other single institution or agency, will Russian art and the Russian theatre be able alone to solve Russia's problems. There is no panacea for political and social upheaval. Order and dependability return to the human fabric only when all of the differences that tear it open have been consciously adjusted. Russia must learn the difficult problem of self-government through bitter experience. She must create her own peculiar mechanism to embody the spirit of her political, social and industrial life, regardless of the sugges-

tions of other nations and the selfish desires of outside interests.

A nation's art, nevertheless, if it be genuine and vital, may do a great deal to preserve the national spirit, to keep the will unbroken, the faith firm and the vision clear through the days of trial and self-finding. Best of all, its persistence is proof that the imagination still survives, and with the imagination yet alive no people can wholly lose its soul.

It is this quality of fresh, eager imagination, unconscious often of its own existence and its power, that distinguishes the Russia of to-day from the other nations of the western world and places her art and her theatre in the vanguard of our time. I say "unconscious of its existence", for not only is the untutored peasant unaware of his native gift and possession, but even the creative artists, desperate from hunger and heartsick at the sight of the destruction of so much that they regard as beautiful in the relentless maelstrom of revolution, have moments in which they doubt the artistic vision of their race.

I remember one day while we were gathering up with scrupulous care the crumbs of a luncheon which had required several days to piece together, Merkuroff, one of Moscow's leading sculptors, and I were talking of the intuitive imagination of the Russian peasant and the hope it held for the regeneration of the race.

"The Russian peasant is not a potential artist," he declared, and then he went on to tell how the

peasants on seizing the manor house frequently cut up the rare canvases and passed the pieces around as souvenirs.

"But," I said, "that only goes to show that they don't understand a sophisticated and esoteric art. Give them time and they will understand. Listen to their folk songs, watch their folk dances, examine their native crafts in the Museum of Hand-made Wares right here in Moscow and then doubt if you can their artistic instincts."

I found more faith in another artist, Henri Forterre, a French composer who has renounced his native country and has become a Russian. Intimate friend of Debussy and passionate lover of the fruits of French genius, he prefers, nevertheless, to live and work in the artistic atmosphere of Russia. "The French peasant," he said, "is stolid and indifferent to the imaginative texture of life. He is practical and industrious and frugal and a good citizen, but he has ceased to see visions. For him there is no longer any wonder in life. With the Russian peasant, on the contrary, every day is a new mystery. There are no deadening traditions and conventions. He will listen to new beauty and create it himself with an eager curiosity and judge it with an unspoiled imagination."

This creative power of the Russian peasant is unmistakably evident in an exhibition of needlework, held annually in Moscow, executed by peasants from the designs of the futurist and other artists of the radical group. Each year the peasants are permitted to show some of their craft made

from their own designs, and where the peasant mind has been unspoiled by the attempt to imitate others, it has succeeded in contributing to the exhibition some of the most naïve and simply beautiful items in the catalogue.

Something more than this blind urge toward artistic expression is necessary to explain the persistence to-day of the galleries and the exhibitions and the theatres in the cities. But in the cities, in Moscow and Petrograd especially, something more does exist, a more conscious development of the artistic instinct and desire. In the days before the war, the cheaper seats at the Moscow Art Theatre and at the opera and the ballet were fought for by long queues of students and workmen in blouse and belt. The only difference to-day, with the ascendancy of the proletariat, is that the workman's greater comparative wealth has enabled him to move down into the parterre. And to-day, just as in days past, the peasant costume is thoroughly at home in the long halls of the Tretyakovsky Gallery, the rich storehouse of Modern Russian art south of the river in Moscow.

There have been many misgivings, some of them roused by malicious class lies, concerning the fate of the great galleries which used to be one of the chief magnets attracting tourists to Moscow and Petrograd in spite of the difficulties of travel and of language in the Tsar's realm. But there need be no misgivings. Russians of all classes and all ranks and all political beliefs revere these treasure houses far beyond our power to conceive,

used as we are to the public indifference to such subjects in America. And so after the fall of Riga in the autumn of 1917, when Petrograd seemed in danger of the Germans, the Hermitage and the Alexander III Museums in the capital were closed to the public, and their most priceless possessions were carefully packed and sent for safety to the vaults of the Kremlin in Moscow. And there they remain to this day under the care of the special committee of artists and professors headed by the painter Vassily Nikititch Myeshkoff, entrusted with the protection of the Kremlin art treasures by the Bolsheviki through their *Kommissar* of Education, A. V. Lunatcharsky.

Moscow, confident in its safety, has kept its galleries open, notably the Tretyakovsky, long a municipal pride as the bequest of the brothers Tretyakoff in 1892 and therefore requiring no interference with its management by the Bolsheviki in the course of their nationalization of all institutions and collections of significance to the public. The case has been somewhat different with the private gallery of Sergei Ivanovitch Shchukin — dear little white-haired Shchukin who, until war broke the contact with France, vied with his fellow Muscovite, Morozoff, for the possession of the masterpieces of the French futurists before the last stroke of the brush was dry. It seems rather strange that you have to go to Moscow to see the best work of Matisse and Picasso and Gauguin and the rest! Not to be outdone by the city's earlier benefactors, Shchukin,

too, had made a will by which on his death Moscow was to fall heir to his priceless collections in the quaint old home in the Great Znamensky Pereulok. While I was in Moscow he still admitted only those who satisfied him personally of their genuine interest in art. Probably since then he has been compelled to anticipate the provisions of his will and admit the general public. I do not know.

Just as normal as the permanent galleries have been the annual exhibitions of the painters and the sculptors. The Society of Russian Artists still hangs its canvases in its quarters in the Myasnitskaya in Moscow. *Mir Iskusstva*, or the World of Art, a little freer than the conservative Society, opens likewise during the Christmas holidays. And *Bubnovy Valyet*, or the Jack of Diamonds, counts its futurists and cubists conservative to-day in the presence of its "suprematists", a group headed by Casimir Malyevitch which renounces all attempts at representation and uses colors and forms for their own sake. It was in this latter exhibit that I found the most impressive and the most eloquent canvas evoked by the sufferings of war and revolution. "The Angel of Peace Who Came Too Late" was its title, and Russia's leading futurist, David Burliuk, a strange genius of Cossack blood, was its artist. In the deep, restless blues of its coloring and in the gaunt, emaciated forms of the pleading human remnants as they hold out their hands in supplication to the pitying but helpless angel, is written the whole appalling tragedy of Russia to-day.

It is the theatre, though, which affords the most heartening example of the survival of Russian art and its power to serve as a beacon for groping millions. Alone of all Russia's institutions, it preserves the major portion of its former glory. But why bother with the make-believe of the play actor when daily drama in the raw and in deadly earnest is more certain and plentiful than daily bread? Why, indeed, if your drama is a mere matter of pastime and commerce! Even pastime palls under the Terror, after affording a temporary relief. And commerce is forgotten of men. But if your drama strikes deep into the heart of life, plumbing its sorrows and its joys with equal honesty and with the sincerity and the vision of the artist, then perhaps you will hold and cherish that drama through the darkest hours of social strife. At least, that is what the Russians have done. Their theatre is the most normal of all their institutions, almost the only one which has not been undermined by the Revolution.

Sometimes the artists connected with its fascinating life feel that they are merely marking time, for the descent in the buying power of the ruble and the utter disappearance from the markets of the materials from which scenery and costumes are contrived have prevented all but the smaller, experimental theatres from making new productions. But, thanks to the repertory system which prevails throughout the Russian stage, each theatre has a storehouse of pent-up truth and beauty on which it can draw endlessly for its changing

programme. The artist, however, is chafing under this restraint and his explorative instinct will reassert itself at the first opportunity.

Half a dozen theatres in Moscow are presenting play, ballet and opera to-day in a way to shame the stages of the rest of the world, and twice that number in addition are doing work only a little less remarkable. The theatres of Petrograd have suffered more keenly, just as every phase of life there has been more difficult and constrained, but even Petrograd can give lessons to the safe and smug capitals of the western world. Wherever I roamed in these astonishing precincts, however, I always returned to the Moscow Art Theatre and its counsel and practice of dramatic thoroughness and perfection with an increased respect for its kindly leader, Constantin Sergeievitch Stanislavsky, and for the institution which in twenty years by its stimulus to emulation and opposition has brought the Russian theatre to its present pinnacle.

Even after intimate contact with it, the persistence of the Russian theatre under the Revolution seems almost incredible. A few months ago, while I was testifying before the Overman Committee of the United States Senate, I outlined this picture of order within disorder, and Senator Sterling interposed the remark that at a time of stress and anxiety one might expect to find the theatre still surviving as a relief and a means of escape from the turmoil of the day.

"Yes, Senator," I replied, "that would seem to

be the explanation according to our psychology. But the strange fact about the Russian theatre, the fact which eliminates that explanation, is that the theatre of mere pastime and amusement has practically disappeared from the Russian scene. It is only the sober theatres and the most sober and substantial plays in their repertories that are demanded by the Russian audience to-day. Evidently, then, we must look elsewhere for our explanation."

And we must, for the explanation lies in the earnestness and honesty with which the Russian practices his art. Into it he has poured all the yearnings of his spirit, and to it he returns for consolation and guidance.

In Russian letters these are lean days. Unlike the theatre, which has survived the ravages of revolution in Moscow and Petrograd with head high and perseverance dogged, the contemporary literature of Russia has suffered an eclipse, the duration of which is not recorded in the calendar. The authors have been silenced by anxiety born of chaos, or, if they have been able to shut themselves off and keep their pens moist, they must rest content to have their dreams locked up until returning order once more provides the white paper of which books are made.

That is in the nature of the case. It may be difficult at first to understand why the theatre should persist and at the same time literature, equally vital and significant in the Russian past, should slack. But under the repertory system

which prevails in Moscow and Petrograd, the theatre can draw endlessly on its bounteous and varied storehouse, although it is unable to make new productions. Literature, on the contrary, lives but poorly on its past. In it there is no counterpart for the actor who may conceivably be happier in a revival of "Twelfth Night" than in the première of "Hunting the Hun." And when there is no paper for replenishing exhausted editions of the classics, literature lives not at all.

In this occultation of Russian letters, what has happened to the writers themselves, especially those outstanding figures like Gorky and Andreieff and Artsuibasheff to whom before the war we had learned to look for the continuation of the tradition of Dostoievsky and Tolstoy and Turgenieff and Tchehoff? In almost any other country, where the artist and the writer are less appreciated than in Russia, they would all have been swallowed up in the morass of political controversy, engulfed by the bitter suspicion of social revolution. But in Russia they have a word for one who is neutral in politics, one who takes no side in any controversy and who is permitted by all sides, therefore, to go his way unmolested. To this group — which is small in spite of all its manifest advantages, for the Russian likes dialectics as well as the next — belong most of the artists and writers.

Russia's living master in letters, Maxim Gorky, has followed a different course under the Revolution, a course in keeping with his bold indepen-

dence and his flaming spirit of revolt. Not for him the safety and seclusion of a neutral in politics! He had fought for the Revolution from those childhood days of poverty when he emerged from his birthplace, Nizhni Novgorod. He had fought for the 1905 Revolution. For his fighting he had been exiled, and in the course of this exile he visited the United States in 1906. It was probably in order to be on hand for the new Revolution which he saw impending that he returned to his native land in 1914 and enlisted in the army.

By the time I reached Russia, in the fall of 1917, Gorky had so spent himself that he was almost a living dead man. He had seen fifty years in the flesh, but three times that in the conflict of the spirit. His photographs taken since the Revolution reveal a face tragically furrowed, a chin limp from struggle and eyes scanning wearily a long and hopeless future. Ever since the Bolsheviki came into power in November, 1917, Gorky has been a man ill and under par as a fighter even with his pen. He has seen and been seen by almost no one. But as a resolute Menshevik, opposed to the violent methods of the Bolsheviki and to their determination to remake the world here and now, he still fought for his views, using what little strength remained to direct the newspaper in Petrograd identified with his name, *Novaya Zhizn*, the New Life. His recent agreement to work with the Bolsheviki seems to indicate the disappearance in Moscow

and Petrograd of the middle parties which are joining the radical rather than the reactionary extreme, — a situation which may mean the tempering of the Bolshevik programme through this accretion of calmer blood.

Like Gorky, Leonid Andreieff, born in Oryol in 1871, has been unable wholly to abstract himself from the currents of the Revolution. A revolutionist, too, in the old days, he has been more moderate in his public utterances than his elder friend. While I was in Russia, the only word that came from him was that he was safe in his secluded home at Terioki in Finland.

Even more remote from the political scene than Andreieff, but living right in the midst of its stirring moments, is Mihail Petrovitch Artsuibasheff, the novelist-playwright whose story "Sanine", written in 1909, was projected into American fame a few years ago partly by its literary worth and partly by the prudish campaign against its frank naturalism. Artsuibasheff is ten years younger than Gorky, in his physical and literary prime, and his maternal great-grandfather was the turbulent Kosciusko, but he has chosen to live in Moscow, detached from the welter of politics and devoting his time to the writing of stories which must wait the revival of the paper mills before the world can see them.

A remnant of the old literary life survives in Moscow, but only a remnant. It is the poets who manage to find a scrap of paper now and then, sufficient to circulate their verses but un-

equal to the demands of a single chapter of a novel. And it is the futurist poets, chiefly, who have ingenuity and cheerfulness enough to seek print. Of the conservative poets, Constantin Balmont continues to compose his sonnets in Moscow, but he seldom publishes, and Alexander Blok, too, is at work. But most of the small amount of published verse is from the futurist group — from Igor Severianin in Petrograd and from Vassily Kamyensky and Vladimir Mayakovsky in Moscow, whose stanzas appear on news-print paper or even on the coarsest kind of wrapping sheets. I brought back several volumes with insert illustrations printed on the backs of color pages and on maps torn from left-over copies of earlier works.

Nobody can predict the future of Russian letters any more than he can the future of Russian politics. Most of my friends in Russia, however, have scant hope of work of the first rank from those who have given up their art to live in the fire of new times. It is not to Gorky or Andreieff that they look for the rebirth of Russian letters. In fact, as some one has written, "in 1905 Gorky was already antiquated." He had done his best work as the literary prophet of a new epoch. Henceforth he was to record the arrival of that epoch and work as a journalist and propagandist for its detailed realization. Andreieff, less deeply concerned with contemporary problems, and Artsuibasheff, wholly aloof from the political maze, may still produce major work. But it is the new

Russia, the Russia unchained in body and in spirit, the Russia still unknown and still knowing only vaguely its own powers, it is the Russia of to-morrow which will renew and revive the tradition of Russian literature.

CHAPTER VI

RUSSIA DEMONSTRATES

AMERICA celebrates; Russia demonstrates. In that formula lies not only an explanation of one of the fundamental differences between Russian character and our own, but also a key to the understanding of much that is happening in Russia and much that is still to unfold in the panorama of revolution and rebirth.

Any country, I suppose, reveals its national characteristics most truly and most unmistakably in its group action, its mob psychology. Individuals may be chosen as typical of their race, and their mental and emotional reactions may be attributed to the stock from which they sprang, but it is when great numbers of individuals gather together and express their thoughts and their feelings collectively that their national traits are most clearly defined. It is when men and women come together in crowds to express the ideas and the passions pent up within them that we see what they really are.

America celebrates. That is to say, we pool our individualities in public only when we have something over which to rejoice. We talk out our grievances in private or we air them through the printing press, but we save our parades for

the day of victory or for the harbingers of victory. All our national holidays are holidays of thanksgiving and joy, — tender joy on Memorial Day, it is true, but joy even then that those whose graves we decorate did not give their lives in vain. All through the war our parades marked the hopeful inception or the gratifying completion of some phase of preparation. And surely nothing is better proof of our national idiosyncrasy for celebration than the roaring whistles and the clanging bells and the spontaneous parades which greeted each succeeding German peace note with its indication of exhaustion, all of them culminating in a universal uproar at the signing of the armistice which outdid all of the manifestations of the rest of the world put together.

In Russia, however, when people foregather, the chances are that they have met to petition for something or to protest against something. No matter what the purpose, there is always one name for such a conclave, *demonstratsia*. Russia demonstrates. The threatening outpourings from the factory suburbs of Petrograd may carry on their banners the demand for higher wages or for work or for what not. The hungry crowd of shawl-covered women marching up the Nevsky may be on their way to the fount of authority to beg for food. A solemn procession down the Myasnitskaya and through the Theatre Place in Moscow may voice the popular displeasure with some action the Government has taken, or it may express the popular appeal for action the

Government has refused to take. Russian demonstrations, though, are not always so pretentious or so methodical. From the vast concourse of two or three hundred thousand people in the great Red Square in Moscow, summoned according to a carefully prearranged programme to speak the city's will and heart, they vary as far as the disorganized forays of hooligans at dead of the dark Russian night, the leading motive of which seems to be to frighten bourgeois victims into an appreciation of their new station in life and incidentally to prove the point by relieving them of their money or their clothes. Always, however, the sense of something staged, the sense of drama, is present. And always the spirit of dissatisfaction rules the day or night, — a dissatisfaction which usually seems unable to kindle its smouldering unrest into decisive action and dissipates its emotional urge in words and a gesture.

Just how much of this difference between Americans and Russians is due to the political and social and economic conditions of the two countries might be hard to determine. Certainly a great deal of it can be traced to that source. A country which has developed under political freedom for over a century and a quarter is not likely to express its discontent in public pageant. We have other and more effective channels, other safety valves for our wounded feelings. And, too, we have less discontent to express. Slowly as we progress toward full political and industrial freedom, we do progress, and with no more powerful

drawback than our own inertia. Russia, on the other hand, sprang overnight from the most reactionary autocracy to complete political and widespread industrial freedom, only to lose that freedom after a few brief months to an industrial tyranny. Circumscribed for ages in such a way that the demonstration was the only permissible means of protest or petition, a means which was sometimes crushed as ruthlessly as the more vigorous expressions of dissatisfaction, the Russians continue under the new dictatorship to use the accustomed channel for crystallizing and projecting public opinion. Russia still demonstrates under the Bolsheviki as she did under the Tsar.

When Russia demonstrates, she reveals some of her most representative traits, — traits which are both the cause and the symptom of the *demonstratsia*. Always, as I have said, there is the aspect of the dramatic. Life is extremely dramatic for the Russian, from his cradle to his grave. If all the world's a stage, Russia is the playhouse of continuous performance. And nothing in life is so dramatic as a mass of tens and hundreds of thousands of human beings marching with a single silent but mighty purpose. In the *demonstratsia*, too, there is a sense of helplessness. Impotence knows no other outlet. Fatalism is written all over its face. Russia is, indeed, helpless, to-day, but she has that curious Oriental strain of resignation in her character partly to thank for her prostration. In the *demonstratsia*, also, emerges that most Russian of all characteristics, the endless

patience which has enabled these people to endure a thousand years and which will carry them through whatever the Revolution still has in store to add to their already grievous burdens. Unless we know the Russian, unless we know the Russian in Russia, we find it almost impossible to conceive of this spirit of resignation and long-suffering. Why will he tolerate the Russia of to-day? Why doesn't he do something to change it? There is only one answer. His will to action has been dulled by the processes of centuries. "Time is long. *Nietchevo* — it doesn't matter! Russia will find herself some day."

Violence is often the *dénouement* of the Russian demonstration, though not always. Sometimes it is violence on the part of those who demonstrate, sometimes at the hands of those who oppose the demonstration and seek thus to break it up. The bloodiest demonstration of the entire Revolution was the Bolshevik *coup d'état* in Moscow of November, 1917, my baptism by fire into the Russian scene. Before it was many hours old, it had overreached the proper bounds of the *demonstratsia* and had become civil warfare of the most bitter kind, but it had started with many of the earmarks of the less sanguinary ritual. It was the last and greatest protest of the proletariat against Kerensky and compromise.

Except for the desultory shooting that made the day nervous and the night ominous, Moscow was fairly quiet after the Bolshevik upheaval until after the middle of January, when the approach

of the Constituent Assembly brought the seething unrest once more to a head. The day for the meeting of that long-deferred congress had been set, but it was generally understood that unless the Bolsheviki found themselves in the majority, they would dissolve the body stillborn or never permit it to come to a roll call. All the believers in the Assembly in Moscow, therefore, planned a monster demonstration in its favor on the day of its convocation in Petrograd, Friday, January 18, 1918. The Bolsheviki gave warning that they would not permit the proposed demonstration, but preparations went forward, nevertheless.

All day Thursday, the crowds in the Moscow streets were tense and ready for trouble. Toward evening the provision stores were jammed to the sidewalk with people buying food for another siege. At the American consulate they put on an extra strong guard. I got an inkling of how they felt about affairs when late in the afternoon Randolph paid over to me without the usual formalities a large sum of money which Mr. Summers had been able to get out of bank for me. He preferred that I take the responsibility! After dinner I walked across the city with Giorgi to the Second Studio of the Art Theatre over near the Telephone Building in Miliutinsky Pereulok. It was a stiff, cold night, and on the way home I was for taking a short cut, even if it did lead through dark and narrow streets. My companion trailed along timidly, regaling me with stories of

holdups and robberies and murders he had read about in the evening paper. It wasn't long before we came through safely to Skobelieff Square, the open space facing the Bolshevik headquarters, the palace of the former Governor General. But the first thing we knew, we ran head-on into a heavy fieldpiece planted at the entrance to the Square to rake the hill down the side street into the Dmitrovka. Out the other entrances to the Square, up and down the Tverskaya and west toward the American consulate, other fieldpieces poked their smooth new noses. Evidently, the Bolsheviki were running no risk of being dispossessed of their home! I stopped beside one of the guns to look it over, but I was suddenly warned that this was no museum by the words: "Move on, *tovarishch!*" The sentry was not insolent, but he was firm as he paced back and forth within range of the wood fire he had built on the pavement. And so I obeyed.

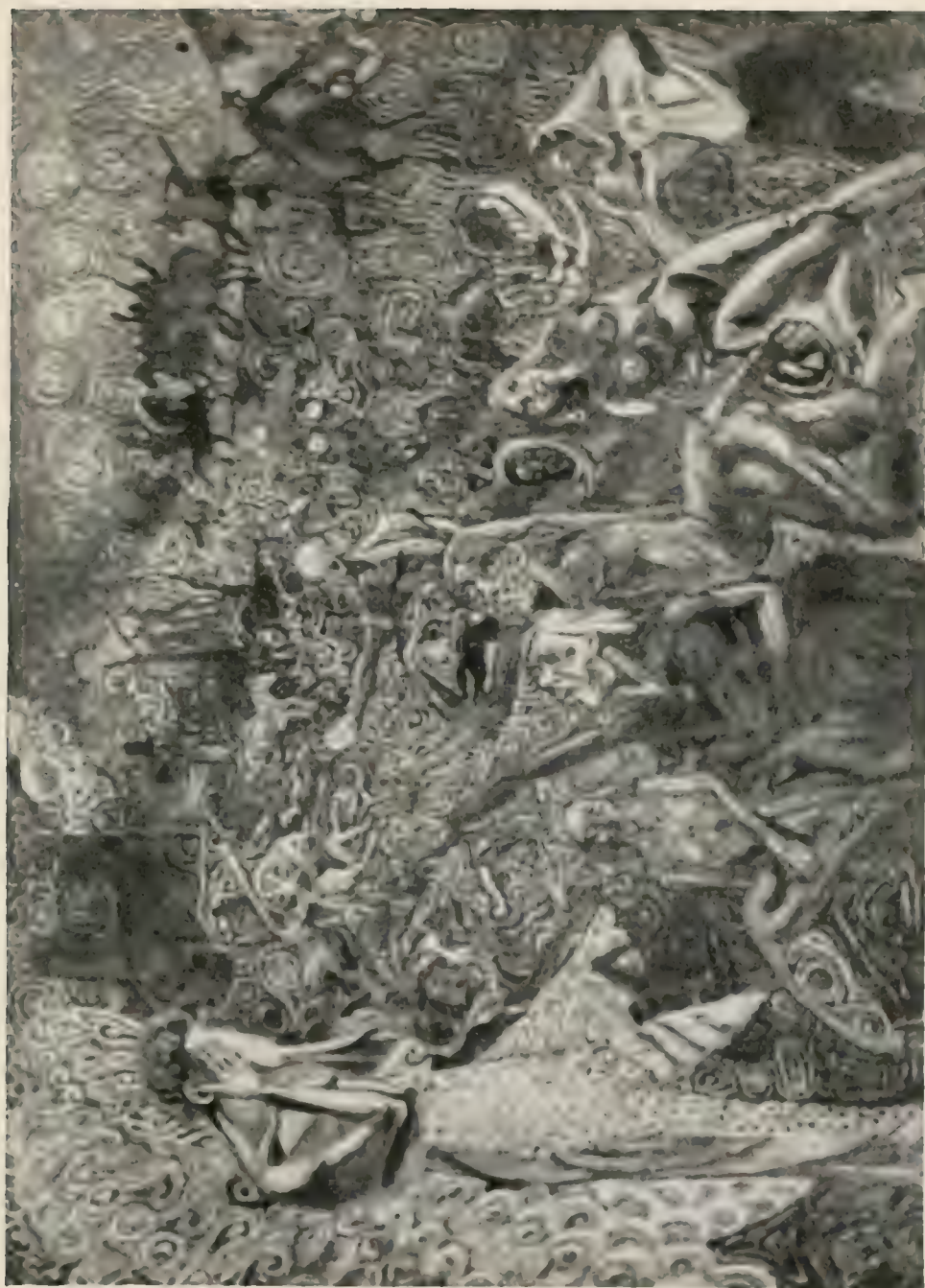
Next morning, Andrei joined me in a search for bread and butter in the open markets. The streets in the outskirts were fairly normal, and a general gathering had apparently been averted. On our way back from the Saratoff Station, far south of the river whither we had gone in a fruitless quest for soldiers or peasants with bread or flour from the country, we passed through the Red Square outside the Kremlin and saw a number of heavy armored trucks manned with machine guns and Red Guards ready to dash at a moment's notice to any part of the city. Excited crowds

were collecting in the Voskresenskaya Place, a block from the National Hotel, but three shots into them scattered them quickly. Up the Tverskaya we walked and into the Skobelieff Square once more, where the fieldpieces still stood guard. On the north side of the Square a knot of people was growing into a crowd. Suddenly a shot rang out, and the group unscrambled itself like shrapnel. It was one o'clock now and the air was becoming more tense every minute, for if there were to be a demonstration, the attempt to start it must come soon. There were only two of us — hardly a crowd — and we risked crossing the open space at a brisk pace. A few minutes later, even that would have meant death, as half a dozen unfortunate experimenters discovered, for the Bolsheviks had the guns to prevent a demonstration, and they weren't afraid to use them. The day passed and the hopes of protest with it, just as the Assembly itself died "a-borning" in the same hours in Petrograd while Lenin and Trotsky sardonically fell asleep on the platform. But the fieldpieces mounted guard in the Square another day just to make doubly sure!

Four days later, it was the turn of the Bolsheviks themselves to be nervous. They had planned a demonstration in memory of Bloody Sunday, January 22, 1905, when the pioneers of the Revolution went to their death in Petrograd under the leadership of Father Gapon. Would the forces they had so strictly suppressed the previous week permit them to carry out their

plans in peace? How could those forces prevent it? Down the streets leading into the Theatre Place, a concourse only less favored for demonstrations than the Red Square by the Kremlin, came the Red Guard cavalcades. Into the Square they marched, banners flying, until the parks and the pavements were dense with humanity — a mass of olive-drab set off by flaming red.

Some one hadn't counted the guns, though, or a brace of them had been kept in hiding since before the November Revolution, for as soon as the vista was jammed with mingled demonstrators and spectators, a pair of machine guns opened fire from the top of the Hotel Metropole. Immediately, as if from ambush, other machine guns replied distractedly and hundreds of rifles added their confusion to the massacre. Friend shot at friend and foe alike. Those who were unarmed threw themselves flat on the ground or, if less experienced in revolutions, broke and ran. One of the American boys from the National City Bank was one of the latter sort. Scurrying over the slippery pavements, he lost one of his galoshes, quickly remembered that it was worth its weight in gold, clutched it in one hand, for there was no time to stop and put it back on, and started off again, only to fall sprawling in the snow. With bullets whizzing over him and around him, he regained his feet and went on. A few steps more and he realized that the other galosh had vanished in the excitement, and in disgust he hurled the one he held in his hand as far as he could. Skin



"THE ANGEL OF PEACE WHO CAME TOO LATE", BY THE FUTURIST PAINTER, DAVID BURLUK.



THE HOME OF MY MILLIONAIRE HOST IN MOSCOW.



THE INTERIOR OF THE HOME AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

and bones were more precious than a single overshoe, even in Moscow!

The tattered remnants of the demonstration wandered aimlessly about the intricate streets of the city all the rest of the day, like wisps of smoke in a heavy atmosphere, hovering over the embers of the smothered fire, unable to rejoin it and unable to disperse. Late in the afternoon I saw one of these groups miles from the blood-stained snow of the Square, clinging to its banners and trailing a few faithful behind them, while curious citizens peered from side streets and high windows at their discomfiture. Knots of people gathered at corners and in doorways, talking excitedly and ready to duck at a moment's notice but anxious to see whatever there was to see. At the Nikitskiya Gate, an impromptu orator hurled defiance at the Bolsheviki, declaring that they should all be arrested, while in the crowd peacefully listening to him was the Bolshevik Red Guard set to preserve order at the Gate! Down the Tverskoi Boulevard a moment later a minute man out of uniform careened on horseback, Browning in hand and his eyes on all sides at once. We stopped to look at him, and he trained his eye quickly on us to see that we didn't make any suspicious move, and then off he went clattering on his excited errand.

Dusk came early, as it does in Moscow in January, but before night fell, my host and one of his sons walked down to the Theatre Place to see the scene of bewildered tragedy. It was

vacant now except for a few soldiers on guard. Father and son were well dressed, unmistakably not of the proletarian order, but like all Russians when it is a case of man to man, they stopped and talked freely with one of the Red Guards, asking him about the afternoon's bloody events.

"Well, you see, *Barin*, they shot at us first," said the soldier. *Barin!* A term of the highest respect — "My Lord" you might translate it — used in the old days by the servant in addressing his master! And this in the midst of profound social revolution, with the blood of his comrades in social conflict under his feet! I know of nothing more eloquent of the great wide heart of the Russian, of his essential good will in the midst of civil strife. In any other country that afternoon's tragic miscarriage would have resulted in bitterness of feeling, in stern repression, and hideous reprisal. There is something that shames our crude and half-hearted Christianity in this Russia which forgives before it can forget!

The bloody commemoration of Bloody Sunday was the last of its kind for many weeks. The opponents of the Bolsheviki knew only too well that they lacked the power and the guns to make effective protest, while the Bolsheviki were somewhat sobered by their experience and contented themselves with exercising their power without flaunting it in the public face.

If the Russian *demonstratsia* accompanied by violence is an intensely dramatic and exciting pageant, the one conceived in peace and per-

mitted to unfold its mute plea without hindrance is also dramatic, but in a deeper way, a way more eloquent of the real Russia. Here is the pity and the pathos of helplessness. Here is the restlessness which is Western, the resignation which is Oriental; here is the brotherhood which is democratic, the submission which is the inheritance of cruel repression. Here is all that is Russia, all the conflicting motives and ideals, all the paradoxes of character. If you have seen a Russian *demonstratsia*, you have seen Russia; if you have seen and have understood, then the keys to all the mysteries of Muscovy are yours.

For these soul-revealing powers, no demonstrations in the whole course of the Revolution have been more notable than the public funerals held in Moscow after the conclusion of the truce which left the Bolsheviki in control. Each side was permitted by the other to bury its dead without anxiety, without molestation, in the high solemnity and the deep pain of tragedy. Each cortège, as it moved like a human glacier through thickly-thronged thoroughfares, was something more than a funeral, something more than a *demonstratsia*. Funeral it was in outer aspect; demonstration in its revelation of the flaming heart of bitterly contending classes. Each told its spiritual story from its own pole of the social scale, a story of pride and irreconciliation — an upstart pride on the part of the conquerors, it seemed to me, yet a fresh and virile pride, not overweening; a pride of aristocracy and breeding in the vanquished, all

the more mute and self-contained because of their humiliation.

The morning of Friday, November 23, 1917, was brisk and cold, but dull from clouds. A spit of belated snow whirled down to add its mite to the scant fall of a tardy winter. Exactly a week had passed since the final formal shot of the second Revolution, and this was the day the victors had set for the burial of their fallen comrades. All the preceding night and for several days before, a small army of soldier workmen had cut deep into the earth between the rows of trees on the far side of the Red Square from the Trading Rows, just under the looming northeast wall of the Kremlin. Here, under the shadow of the storied battlements of Russia's ancient fortress and holy place, they would lie, — these men who had helped bring the Russian Revolution to its final phase.

Morning's at nine-thirty in winter Moscow, and so, long before dawn, from the outlying quarters of the city, rivulets of men and women, bearing in their human current plain bright-red stained wooden coffins, started on foot through side streets to the great radiating avenues that run out like spokes from the hub of the Kremlin and cut across the concentric circles of the boulevards. There they joined other rivulets and became vast living rivers converging in one cortège which moved solemnly through the Lubyanskaya Place and the Theatre Place and on toward the waiting grave.

I had an appointment at eleven with a friend in his office in the Spaso-Glinishchevsky Pereulok over to the east of the walled city, of which the Kremlin is only a part, and a short cut through the Red Square would save me almost a mile. So I started to take it, mounting the short hill between the Historical Museum and the corner of the Kremlin. But I had underestimated the public interest in the Red Burial; instead of thousands, there were hundreds of thousands, packed in so tightly that you couldn't raise your hand to your face, and all of them with their heads bared reverently to the winds. I had not seen such a concourse of humanity since the old days before the war when the citizens of Venice used to gather Sunday evenings in the Piazza of St. Mark's for the announcement of the Government lottery. But the Red Square is at least ten times the extent of the Piazza, and maybe a dozen, and every inch of it was jammed.

Before I realized the situation, I was caught up in the blind ocean currents of the crowd and carried along against my will. There was no opportunity to use my camera. I clutched it in one hand, my hat in the other, pressing them against my pockets to protect my meager money. There wasn't much use for that precaution, for although all Russia seemed to have been drawn to this strange magnet — its thieves and its honest laymen and its saints — there was only one motive, one thought reflected in these myriad faces: to do honor to the Russian dead. When my friends

tell me with so much assurance that the Bolsheviks have no hold on the popular imagination and sympathies and that they control their following at the point of a gun, I wish I could take them with me back into the heart of that proud and triumphant but heart-broken assemblage. There were Russians, too, and foreigners in Moscow that bleak Friday who just as bitterly cursed and denied the fact of the popular allegiance. Furtively they peered down on the cortèges from upper windows. And though their tongues denied what their eyes saw, their actions in turn belied their words, for they were uncomfortable, but they were wise when they restrained the hand of opposition.

Giving up any idea of crossing the Square, I resigned myself to the unseen currents of the crowd and managed to edge my way slowly to the left toward the main entrance to the Square. There, under the archway by the shrine of the Iberian Virgin, the repository of Russia's most famous and sacred icon, the procession was still pouring its added hundreds into the dense throng. Coffin after coffin was borne in on the shoulders of the comrades of its silent human freight, each box stained brilliant red to match the flaming banners of the proletariat which flaunted in the same ranks their demand for land and power and peace. Five hundred of those plain pine boxes passed that day under the Arch on their way to the common grave. And in between them were snatches of song. There were no priests. But the Russian heart breaks forth in song when it

is deeply touched. After a patient struggle I shouldered my way out through the Arch, cut across the procession while it was halted momentarily, and soon shook myself free again in the Theatre Place. There, as far as the eye could see, the cortège kept coming — the olive-drab of soldiers, the humble, shawled heads of women, a strain of triumphant song from cathedral walls, a plaintive melody from peasant fields or prison cells, the waving banners of protest and proclamation and demand, and the red, red silent boxes of forest pine!

Three days later the conquerors permitted the dead past to bury its dead. In the ten days that had elapsed since the Revolution, many of those who had fallen in defense of the Provisional Government had been laid to rest quietly and in private. No one will ever know what was the toll in lives of the Second Revolution in Moscow. Certainly it was the most bitter and bloody of all the chapters of the Russian upheaval unless it be for the cruel days in Kieff later in the winter. For days the Moscow streets were dotted with private funerals, and there was hardly a church in the city's four hundred and fifty without its white car and black-draped horses standing in front of it. Scores of non-combatants were killed in the street firing and in the various conflagrations. Even the common funeral for the five hundred in the great Red Burial did not fully represent the Bolshevik sacrifice. And their opponents had not so much incentive to combine the

record of their loss and grief. Only the military students, the young boys from the high schools and the universities who sprang to the assistance of the Kerensky troops, decided to make common cause in their funeral rites, and of the two or three hundred comrades whom they lost, the bodies of but forty were carried in the cortège that Monday afternoon. Still, it was a tremendously impressive ritual, — a funeral first of all, solemn and sad and heavy-hearted, but hardly less a demonstration proclaiming eloquently but mutely the tenacious aristocracy of Russia's finer minds.

It must have been about one o'clock when I came away from the office of the newspaper, *Outro Rossie*, The Morning of Russia, into the Strastnaya Place. I looked down the gently sloping vista of the Tverskoi Boulevard and saw that it was black with people as far as the Nikitskiya Gate over half a mile away. At first I could not think what this assemblage meant, and then suddenly I remembered the announcements in the papers of the Student Funeral to be held that day. And this was the crowd, waiting patiently, with a submission only a Russian knows, for the cortège to move up the boulevard through double lines of black. I took my place in one of these lines, trying to learn the patience so foreign to my blood. Once in a while the sun peered forth, but in between were squalls of rain, and I did not look forward any too confidently to the time when all our hats must be doffed.

In the interval of waiting I had time to study

the temper and the mien of the faces around me. Here was a different Moscow, a different Russia from the one which had gathered three days before in the Red Square. It was the Moscow which had builded the splendid structure of Russian art and music and letters. It was the Russia of culture and refinement and imagination, the Russia of keen sensibilities, the Russia of reserve and reticence. Here was a boy of finely chiseled face, deep thoughtful eyes and sensitive mouth, with his school uniform buttoned close round his throat. There another, with features no less expressive, clad in the black oiled leather coat of the engineers. Here were men of dignity and poise and character who might have been judges or lawyers or teachers in an elder day. Here were women with unmistakable marks of gentility, clinging pitifully to apparel of choice material, frayed now and irreplaceable in the depleted shops. Here, in a word, was the Russia which had passed with the ascendancy of the proletariat, — not the Russia of the bureaucracy and the Tsar, for these men and women and boys touching my shoulders had suffered as much as any under the autocracy, had suffered in spirit if not in the flesh. They were the Russia of the *intelligentsia* and the bourgeoisie, misunderstood and misunderstanding. Herein lies the tragedy of Russia to-day: that they whose minds and whose souls fit them for fine deeds are the victims of an industrial system which punished others in their name and which, in crumbling, has carried them down in the ruins.

Finally, the ceremonies were completed in the Church of the Ascension between the Great and the Small Nikitskaya, and word spread up the lines that the boys were coming with their sorrowful burdens. The dense throngs were edged back from the pavement all along the way by still other comrades of the silent dead. It seemed that the heavy double-breasted uniform of the military cadet and his firm gentlemanly presence were everywhere. It was his day, his ceremonial, his sacrifice for unhappy Russia. And so it was fitting that the cortège should be led by a solid row of almost a score of the elder students, walking arm in arm, a linked chain of proud grief spanning the boulevard. As they drew nearer, I held up my camera to fix this heart-breaking scene on my film, but the tears came in my eyes, and when I released the shutter I felt a sensation akin to shame and chagrin at such an intrusion upon a sacred moment. The faces, — it was the faces of these boys that loomed up before me, faces such as no other country but Russia could show, faces of splendid youth where fineness of character and knowledge of life were already deeply graven. Back of this front line came other students and other mourners and the priests, rich and pompous in their gold and silver robes and miters. And after them the coffins, one by one, each hedged in jealously by the dearest friends of the dead. Not red, these coffins. Some of them of unstained pine, borne by cloth ropes slung over soldier backs. Others resting directly on patient soldier shoulders. And others

still, in white and silver, buried under a mass of flowers on the strange open funeral carts of Russia. No flaunting banners here. It might not have been safe, but that was not the reason for their absence. Those who could understand at all the hearts and the motives and the dreams of these marchers could understand without those visual emblems.

It was two or three hours now I had been standing in line, and the fitful rain on my bared head had chilled me through and through. As it turned into snow, I tore myself away reluctantly, working a path backwards through the crowd until I reached the broad walk in the parkway in the middle of the boulevard. There, in the fringes of the multitude, I passed bowed figures wandering aimlessly, ghosts of a swiftly vanished Russia living on into their country's newer incarnation. From the throng where the pageant still filed on came the solemn, dignified, anguished measures of Chopin's *Marche Funèbre*. In it no note of triumph, no dallying with the spectacular, instead, the aristocracy of feeling with which trained minds and calm hearts and chosen blood encounter the vision of death. As the proud melody died away in the distance, I choked a sob and closed my eyes. Somehow the entire scene appealed to me as more sincere than the Red Burial, cutting deeper into the heart of life, — human feeling stirred to its foundations but held in the leash of human understanding. Perhaps it was because these people,

after all, were my people and their sorrow my sorrow!

I sometimes wonder what would take the place of the *demonstratsia* in Moscow and Petrograd if that safety valve of the emotions were denied to the Russians. One very potent reason why they demonstrate instead of celebrating is that they have nothing to celebrate! I doubt whether we would act far differently from them if we found ourselves in their place. Probably we would not stop with the demonstration. That is the only difference. But the Russians themselves do not always stop with the demonstration. After numerous parades of protest which were repeatedly underrated in their importance by the Russians and by those who sought to interpret Russia to the rest of the world, the Bolsheviki suddenly determined to translate their gesture into action. Therefore, as long as the *demonstratsia* is the normal expression of the crowd instincts of Russian racial psychology, it would not only be dangerous but unwise to suppress it. It is a sure and facile barometer by which to measure the pressure of public opinion, but a barometer which must be read dispassionately, with caution, with intelligence and with foresight.

CHAPTER VII

THE KREMLIN TO-DAY

WHAT would the Kremlin think of Russia to-day if all its storied brick and stone, all the bones of its saints and its patriarchs and its Tsars could rise up and give voice to the verdict of the past on the present? Would they understand how the commission and the permission of a great mesh of wrong and injustice woven through the centuries had warped the souls of men and brought them into selfish and deadly conflict? And understanding, would they hold their tongues in shame and in penitence, saying, as few among the living will say, that it is not for man to judge? Or would they persist in the pride by which they had lived and turn back untouched with pity to the dreams of their vanished pomp and glory?

Whatever the buried and guilty past of the Kremlin thinks of the present, the present still reveres the Kremlin and its sacred memories, still stands in a kind of awe before its imperial relics. "There is nothing above Moscow except the Kremlin," runs an old proverb, "and nothing above the Kremlin except Heaven." The peasant soldier returning home through *Matushka Moskva*, Little Mother Moscow, stands before its red-brick battle-

ments, disillusioned by the passing of the legend and the fact of the Little Father, but still impressed by the magnificence which that legend fashioned for itself while it endured.

Nowhere, except perhaps in the Forbidden City in Peking, did empire build for the living and the dead more magnificently. Palace and temple, tomb and shrine and palace, are grouped here in mute and perpetual record of Russia's patriarchal and feudal past. The Kremlin is the citadel not alone of Moscow but of all Russia. Blot from existence all the other cities and towns and all the archives of the far-flung realm, and the Kremlin will tell the whole fascinating story of Russia. In it are wrapped up all her chronicles and her arts, her struggles and her aspirations, temporal and spiritual. The Kremlin is Russia in microcosm.

Occupying a hill one hundred and thirty feet above the Moscow River, the Kremlin is not only the highest but the most central point in the city. Its area is roughly triangular in shape and it is circumscribed by a brick wall, a mile and a quarter in length and sixty-five feet high, with nineteen towers and five gates. Its architectural inhabitants include nine or ten churches or cathedrals, five palaces, a convent, a monastery, the courts of justice, the synodal treasury, the arsenal, barracks, stables, and a monument to Tsar Alexander II. And yet, with all these structures, the Kremlin is not crowded. There are open spaces for parade and drill and splendid perspectives down ample avenues. From any point on the opposite bank of

the river, the golden domes and the massive contour of each building can be individually distinguished. As you walk along, the sky line changes, but the panorama is always perfect, as if the whole had been planned at a stroke by a master imagination instead of by the patient accretions of the centuries. The wonder of the Kremlin is the wonder of the slow-growing cathedrals of western Europe, but on a far vaster scale.

A volume as large as a history of Russia would be required to tell the complete story of the Kremlin. The vague and ancient realm of Rus became tangible and powerful only with the rise of Moscow in 1156 A.D., from the wooded hill where the Kremlin now stands. And the Kremlin rose with Moscow. The Kremlin was Moscow until the spreading city burst the bounds of its mud walls and left it as citadel and refuge in times of danger. Numerous Tatar invasions broke their force on its palisades. Dynasties rose and fell in its royal halls, and the patriarchs and metropolitans of its cathedrals extended their sway over three fifths of the continent of Europe and two fifths of that of Asia. Twice it fell before the Western invader, — once to the Poles when they seized it in the Time of Troubles in 1611–1612, and once to the exhausted hosts of Napoleon's Grand Army. But twice it was regained and restored, just as the Russian nation was restored. Likewise, the individual structures by the aid of the indomitable Russian spirit have defied the ravages of time and invasion and fire. Uspyensky

Cathedral, where the Tsars were crowned, built in 1475-1479, was devastated and rebuilt in 1493, 1547, 1682 and in 1812.

Even with the removal of the seat of imperial power to St. Petersburg two centuries ago, the Kremlin of Moscow still remained the ritual and spiritual head of Russia. Here the Tsars were crowned and married and buried and the high churchmen were consecrated. The palaces, the largest of which was erected as late as 1838-1849 by Nicholas I, were occupied or neglected, according to the personal whims of the several rulers. But the churches never for a day yielded their supremacy to the newer, more spacious, and more costly Cathedrals of Kazan and St. Isaac's in Petersburg.

To-day, the Kremlin seems to stand hesitant at the birth of a new era. Its sacred edifices continue their normal functions so far as that is possible in the constrained life of the present hour. But the imperial structures, for the first time since they were erected, have ceased to have practical significance. Like the relics of imperial China and other fallen empires, they seem doomed to the lot of museums and monuments to a departed age.

As museums, the palaces and the galleries and all the imperial precincts have been jealously guarded by the Bolsheviki. You have to show a pass, properly countersigned, for which you stand hours in line at the Soviet headquarters in Skobelieff Square, before you are permitted to enter the



THE RED GRAVE BY THE KREMLIN WALL WHERE THE BOLSHEVIKI
BURIED 500 SCARLET-STAINED PINE COFFINS.



A LINKED CHAIN OF PROUD GRIEF SPANNING THE BOULEVARD; THE FRONT LINE OF THE CORTÈGE
OF THE MILITARY STUDENTS WHO FELL IN DEFENSE OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

more cherished corners of the Kremlin. On many days the pass is required even for mere entrance within the outer walls. We who love the venerable monuments of Russia's storied past readily join with many Russians who deeply deplore the wanton bombardment during the Bolshevik Revolution of the churches and the shrines which make the Kremlin the sacred heart of Holy Russia. But we must not forget that from the days when the populace of Moscow sought shelter within its mud walls from the Tatar torch, the Kremlin has also been a fortress, the citadel of the community and of all Russia. To-day, it is still the last line of defense and the first of attack, and it will continue to be so, no matter what class or what party holds the power.

In the days just after the Bolshevik Revolution, sullen Red Guards with bandaged heads stood watch at the Spasskiya Gate on the east and the Troitskiya on the west, the only two portals then in use, to keep out the suspicious and the merely curious. Foreign passports they waved aside in disdain. Only the little scribbled *propusk* or permit from Soviet headquarters interested them. Officials had these permits, and the priests who lived within the walls. But I wished to see the Kremlin as a vital, functioning thing — as the ordinary Russian would see it — and so I bided my time.

One morning late in January, Giorgi and Andrei came home from school with the news that the east and west gates were open and unguarded,

and they had cut through instead of circling the outer wall as before. And so next morning they took the two younger boys and me for my first view of the outside of the inside of the Kremlin. After five days of soft melting weather and the first use of my galoshes, the frost had come again, though the sky was red and foggy with a sun you could look square in the eye. The haze threw a strange mysterious cloak over the scene, and the white stone walls of the palaces and cathedrals seemed to start out of a dream. In the area facing the barracks where the cannon captured from Napoleon in 1812 stand useless and neglected in bronze array, there were hundreds of packing cases stacked in the snow. In them were rifles of the latest design, made for the Tsar's armies in Japan. They were not useless, but they, too, had been neglected. Now, however, the Bolsheviki had determined to use them, and Red Guards were digging the cases out from under the snow-drifts and loading them on heavy armored trucks.

There was little relief from the biting cold as we entered the Church of St. Alexei, connected with the Tchudoff Monastery, the only one open to the public. The shells had shattered the brick walls in several places, had crumbled the stone frames of the windows, and had broken the glass, and so it was almost as chill indoors as out. Still the more or less continuous service of the Russian Church went on without interruption. Men in unshorn beards and long hair performed their tasks and swung their censers and read their

liturgy in an atmosphere aloof from the outside world. And priests stood watch over the bodies of the saints exposed for public reverence.

The opportunity to see the Kremlin more thoroughly came a few weeks later, unexpectedly and in a setting which heightened its naturally vivid significance. On February 10, 1918, the Moscow churches organized and carried out a great Religious Demonstration against the Bolsheviks. For a pure specimen of the *demonstratsia*, unclouded by other aspects or other motives, the Revolution has brought forth nothing so impressive, nothing so spectacular. The Executive Committee of the People's *Kommissars* had expropriated for governmental use the premises of the Alexander Nevsky Monastery, the seat of the Metropolitan of Petrograd and, after the famous Lavra in Kieff and the Troitsko-Sergeievskaya Lavra near Moscow, the third most important monastery in Russia. And this was the remonstrance against that act, a vast public gesture of disapproval and dissatisfaction. In the ranks of the three hundred thousand who plowed their way to the Red Square through the slush of a midwinter thaw that February Sunday, there were people of all classes and all parties: bourgeoisie and proletariat, Bolsheviks and Imperialists, and every shade and shadow in between. If any one doubts the hold the Church still has in Russia, that Sunday's panorama would have convinced him.

But why, you ask, did the Bolsheviks permit this wholesale insubordination, this incipient revolt

against their authority? Why not post their guns in the streets and prevent it, as they had prevented the demonstration in favor of the Constituent Assembly? There were several good reasons. One was that they had outraged so many of their own adherents by their action at the monastery that it might have been dangerous, and it would surely have been unwise to back up that action by force. More important than that, however, was their memory of the way their own propaganda had thrived in the old days under persecution. It would be better to let the remonstrators demonstrate to their heart's content and thus eliminate the unrest from their minds than to suppress them and drive the fire under cover to smoulder and break out unexpectedly at some new point. It is true they had not so argued in January, but that was a matter of political life and death for them, whereas this *demonstratsia* could not readily spread outside danger bounds. At any rate, it did not so spread, partly because of the fact that it was not molested and partly because this time, just as so often before, the Russian "will to change" reached thus far and no farther. The *demonstratsia* was the limit of its momentum.

The air was vibrant with the big bells and the little bells and all the bells of Moscow that morning as I started with a friend down to Shchukin's private gallery of modern French artists. On our way we passed numerous groups of marchers led by their priests and the icons, all on their way to

the rendezvous in the Red Square. At each of the churches throughout the city, the congregations met and started on their individual processions. Most of the icons were the huge metallic ensigns mounted on long poles and looking for all the world like mammoth battle-axes. Silver and bronze, some of them, and others solid gold, the most precious and revered possessions of the Russian churches next after the bodies or the bones of the saints. As I came out an hour or two later after my parley with the canvases of Picasso and Matisse and found the massive grotesquerie of the icons leading the way back to the scattered churches, I could not avoid the feeling that the futurists are not so new, after all, and that their inspiration traces back to the medieval, to the naïve simplicity of Giotto, — and the icons.

It was only a step from the Znamensky Pereulok, where genial little white-haired Shchukin lives, to the Neglinnaya. The conclave in the Red Square had registered its disapproval and now it was breaking up. Down the pavement by the Alexander Gardens came the congregations from the churches to the south and west. At the corner of the Znamenka, the procession divided, sending a constant stream of priests and laymen up the path to the seldom-used Borovitskiya Gate of the Kremlin and on inside the walls to the great cathedrals of the citadel. Over these ranks, as I stood watching, again with bared head, the ponderous metal pennons of the icons waved heavily.

It all seemed barbaric and ostentatious rather than reverent. I could imagine a vast ancient host of minions of some Tatar Tsar surging back inside the Kremlin walls after a victorious foray into the western marches. Yet I knew it was not so. Those around me bore faces grave and sad. Reverence finds many channels and many languages for its expression.

When the procession thinned a little, I joined it and made my way through the gate and up the hill in front of the Great Palace. Closed and darkened now, its huge doors and its row upon row of windows. The crowd seemed almost to have forgotten it, as it tramped through the snow on up to the living part of the citadel. Following one of the currents in the throng, I soon found myself inside the Cathedral of Ivan Veliki, begun by Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch, son of Ivan the Terrible, and completed in 1600 by Boris Godunoff. Its bell tower, refusing to hold the broken Great Bell of Moscow, which lies outside the entrance, still has room and strength for thirty-three bells, the largest of which weighs sixty-five tons. The tower rises in five stories to a height of three hundred and twenty feet, the loftiest pinnacle in Moscow, from which the surrounding country can be seen for twenty miles on a clear day. I dropped my postage-stamp kopecks in the hat of the waiting priest, the same modest toll of the old régime, and joined a motley line of soldiers, students and citizens, men and women and children, on the damp stone stairway. The line progressed slowly,



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW, FROM THE MOSKVOVORETSKY BRIDGE, SHOWING THE TOP SHOT OFF THE
NEAREST TOWER.



THE RELIGIOUS DEMONSTRATION PASSING THE BOROVTSEVA GATE OF THE KREMLIN.

for others had preceded us, and another line was descending at the same time, though the passage was barely wide enough for single file. After a few steps, we were in complete darkness except for a slit of light through squint-eyed windows in the stone at long intervals. But the crowd was patient and good-natured and honest. I held my camera and my purse firmly as I had during the Red Burial in November, but just as then it was a useless precaution.

A little more than halfway up, we emerged into a kind of circular gallery where bells were hung between the stone pillars that supported the rest of the tower. Out through the window-like openings, the scene below us appeared as if cut in pictures with stone frames. Through one of them I saw the damaged center dome of Uspyensky; through another the red tower of the Spasskiya Gate, with its great clock stopped by shell fire some night or noon at 1:35, and the tortuous, bulb-like domes of Vassily Blazheny, "the Pineapple Church", just outside the Kremlin walls in the Red Square.

Another interval in the dark brought us up to an open parapet whence the city and its suburbs and the silver thread of the winding river spread out beneath us like a living map. The Kremlin structures seemed even more grotesquely beautiful than they had from the ground. Over the dark paths worn in the snow by tramping thousands, the lines still moved on, bearing the icons back to their sacred resting-places. Here and there a knot

of people had gathered for the eternal Russian discussion, and one of them tempted my camera as I hung over the battlement and looked down on the snow-spotted roof of the Tchudoff Monastery and the five gold domes of the Voznesyensky Convent. It was all very near, but I felt as if I were looking down from another world on the restless populace and the seething issues of holy but unhappy Russia.

Somehow, I had seen enough for one day, but when I reached the ground once more, I joined another line which moved through a narrow passageway to the side door of Uspyensky, the most revered of the great Kremlin cathedrals. I had not expected such a privilege, for the shell that crashed through the center dome in November had weakened the entire structure and shattered the solid silver chandelier hung by the Cossacks as a gift to the church in commemoration of their restoration of the damage suffered during the Napoleonic occupation. Russian churches are nearly always as dark and somber on the inside as their exterior is bright and cheerful. But Uspyensky is particularly cavernous, for its windows, set high in the walls, are hardly more than slits. At the far end from the door, the *ikonostas* rises unharmed almost to the ceiling, with its five rows of weirdly painted saints thickly encrusted with precious stones. Around the walls under flickering tapers are ranged the tombs of the saints and the metropolitans and the patriarchs, vying with the catacombs of Kieff as a holy resort for the pil-

grim. That day, the jeweled covers to the tombs had been removed and pieces of gauze had been placed over the lips of the sacred dead. And as the procession moved slowly from tomb to tomb, each worshiper leaned over and kissed the gauze until it was wringing wet from the tribute of thousands of the faithful! Suddenly, in the midst of this scene, I realized how utterly I was not a part of it, and I departed as quickly and as quietly as I could.

With all its grievous wounds, the Kremlin to-day is probably less hopelessly scarred than it was in the successive Tatar invasions or by the desecration of Napoleon. The buildings on its outskirts, like the Cathedral of Vassily Blazheny and the shrine of the Iberian Virgin at the entrance to the Red Square, are only scratched by passing bullets. No single building is destroyed or hopelessly damaged, unless it be Uspyensky, which rests its weight on massive timbers placed under the domes while experts examine its condition. The punishment of a week's bombardment was scattered by poor aim and careless firing. It is almost a miracle that some badly directed shell did not explode in the arsenal and wipe the entire Kremlin and half the city off the map.

In addition to the wreckage at the Tchudoff Monastery and the damage to Uspyensky Cathedral, which I have recounted, half a dozen other points bear tragic witness to the clash of arms. The most evident from a distance, but of little moment, is the loss of the peak of the tower at

the southeast corner of the wall. The Spasskiya Gate, under which no man dared pass in the old days without doffing his hat, is damaged, especially in the vicinity of the clock, but not beyond hope of repair. The walls of the Courts of Justice are pock-marked from bullets and shells, but their massive white stone resisted more serious harm. One of the most deplorable wounds is that suffered by the portico of Blagovyeshchensky Cathedral, the church where the Tsars were christened and wedded and one of the oldest in the Kremlin, dating from 1397. On this portico was one of the most cherished icons in all Russia, and an evil-minded shell seems almost to have deliberately sought it out, for the destruction is complete. Nowhere throughout the Kremlin, though, has the work of modern artillery been more thorough than at the Nikolskiya Gate, the northeast entrance to the citadel. It was here that the Kerensky forces stormed their way back into the Kremlin after the Bolsheviki had seized it by unexpected attack. It was here that the contending forces continued their struggle throughout the bloody week that followed. The paneled wooden planks of the gate itself are shot in holes. At each side, the brick walls of the tower are crushed and battered. But the most irreplaceable loss is the destruction of the icon over the gate. The Russians had a tradition that nothing could damage this holy picture painted on the masonry, and the tradition survived Napoleon's attack, for although the gate was stormed, the

icon and the lantern hanging before it and the canopy over the lantern were all untouched. It has remained for Russian arms to deny this Russian tradition and destroy the beauty of this Russian holy picture.

The future of the Kremlin depends altogether on the further course of the Revolution. If Russia White rides back into power through Admiral Koltchak or some other dictator, the Kremlin may be restored as the seat of imperial power. After two hundred years of absence in Peter's city, the political center of the nation has been brought back to Moscow, and whoever rules Moscow rules Russia. If Russia Red consolidates its position, retains its control and tempers its practical programme to meet the conditions of a less violent world, or if a middle group comes to the fore, the Kremlin is likely to continue its present dual function of museum and religious capital.

Throughout my days in Moscow, I failed emotionally to reconcile the vanished Russia, recorded in the red brick and the white stone of the Kremlin, with the hot and passionate Russia of to-day. Intellectually, the explanation of the connection is easy and inevitable enough, but my feelings refused to admit it. Whenever my footsteps carried me within sight of its domes and spires and battlements, all the rest of Moscow became unreal. And when I roamed the depleted shops along Kuznetsky Most, or listened to an orator haranguing a crowd on the boulevards, the Kremlin in turn withdrew into the land of illusion. I suppose

it is because the folly and the injustice and the cruelty of men die out of the stones they have erected, and in their stead only the imagination and the inspiration of the builders live on to speak their message to succeeding generations.

CHAPTER VIII

“THE GERMANS ARE COMING!”

PETROGRAD was a city distraught and dazed during its last days as capital of the realm of Rus. The fires of revolutionary passion which had burned for a year had raged most fiercely the last four months and had warped the feelings and the will of the city's inhabitants until they were no more natural or trustworthy than steel girders twisted in a huge conflagration.

Like the poor, Petrograd had the Revolution always with it. Under Lvoff and Kerensky and Lenin, Moscow and the other cities had done just about as their local officials pleased, honoring decrees from headquarters when they wished and defying them with equal independence and impunity. When the order came from Petrograd in January closing the higher preparatory schools so that the young men could be sent out as teachers among the villages, the local *Kommissar* of Education in Moscow, although a good Bolshevik, refused to comply with it.

“Why should we close our schools if we do not wish to?” he said to the delegation of anxious parents and headmasters. “An order is only an order, and we can use our own intelligence about obeying it.”

But in Petrograd, apparently, orders were more than orders, and the populace had been intimidated so often that its power of resistance or even of protest had been dulled.

For almost four months, the Moscow theatres and exhibitions and the kaleidoscope of its other arts had held me in pursuit of one phase of my Russian errand, while the intimate texture of life under the Revolution and the panorama of political events on the near horizon had satisfied my desire to be in the most interesting place in the world. I must see Petrograd, though, — its theatres and its arts and the aspects of life under the immediate glare of the political furnace. My host had gone up to the capital on business early in February and we had told him good-bye as if he were starting on a journey to Central Africa, but he had returned with nothing worse than the hunger which is the special gift of Peter's city. In the meantime, however, Trotsky had broken off the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk, charging Hoffmann and von Kuehlmann with duplicity. There could be no peace on the German terms, he reported on his arrival in Petrograd, but neither would there be any more war; and he proceeded with the orders that finally scattered the worthless shell of the old army.

"Neither peace nor war?" asked the newspapers. "What then?" Trotsky was playing to the German proletariat and to the rank and file of the German army on the Russian front, which he had plied with a ceaseless stream of revolutionary



USPYENSKY CATHEDRAL IN THE KREMLIN, WHERE THE TSARS WERE CROWNED, SHOWING SHELL HOLE IN MIDDLE DOME.



THE TICHUDOFF MONASTERY IN THE KREMLIN FROM THE TOP OF THE BELL TOWER OF IVAN VELIKI.

propaganda from the moment the armistice was signed in December. Revolution would break in Germany, the Kaiser's hosts would refuse to move, and Russia and its Revolution would be saved. Smolny Convent, the headquarters of the Bolshevik Government in Petrograd, desired this consummation so ardently that their wish reassured their thought, and most of the foreign correspondents in daily contact with Smolny caught the contagion. Aloof in Moscow with its consequent perspective, we had no faith in such an outcome, although we eagerly purchased the papers each day to see whether there was any substance behind the rumors of a cracking Germany.

In the midst of these trying times, the Bolsheviks had poise enough to carry out the long-discussed reform in the calendar, and on Saturday, February 16, they brought the tardy Russian almanac forward thirteen days to the Gregorian schedule. Obviously an act of common sense, but one which all previous governments had feared to decree in the face of clerical opposition, it was perversely condemned because of its Bolshevik origin by many of its former supporters!

On Monday, February 18, one suspense came to an end and a much keener one began. The German generals answered the question of "Neither peace nor war — what then?" by ordering an advance farther into Russian territory, and their men obeyed. In a few days Dvinsk and Minsk and Reval and Pskoff fell to them almost without opposition. Bolshevik newspapers and Soviet circles

in Moscow flew into a panic, while some of the bourgeoisie openly welcomed the prospect of German invasion in the hope of temporary relief from the proletarian dictatorship, although they realized that any such poison taken into the national system would have to be cast out with great effort at some future time. One afternoon at the home of a Russian friend, the guests in sardonic humor revived their memories of "Where, oh, where has my little dog gone?" But I continued my preparations in spite of warnings from my host and rumors in the papers that the Germans had cut the main line of the railroad at Bologoye. My friend, Vladimir Tardoff, of *Outro Rossie*, predicted that the Germans would threaten Petrograd and possibly Moscow, but would not take them as a gift, for the responsibility of feeding two million hungry people in either metropolis would make the gift a liability instead of an asset. And in such cases newspaper men are better prophets than military strategists.

In the shops I bought a few crackers where I could find them, gathered together the remains of my dried-out bread, and checked out from my larder a few cans of my emergency food supply. I had resigned myself to the third-class suffocation of the post train, but at the consulate Thursday morning, when I told my plans, they arranged to send some money and mail up to the embassy in Petrograd and gave me courier papers which might get me a place on the express train. The express had little advantage over the post train

unless a special car happened to be attached to it, for its greater speed lured an even denser crowd into the coaches, — third class, too, for that was all that the railroad officials trusted to the crowded and destructive traffic.

A little after seven that evening, Leonad, my host's head servant, packed my canvas roll and my typewriter into a sleigh, and we started off through a blinding snowstorm to the Nikolaievsky station, next door to the Yaroslavl terminal where I had entered Moscow. Russia and the world had traveled far in act and in thought in those ten weeks! Once inside the raw and dripping waiting room, Leonad ran off to the ticket window with my papers. In a few minutes he came back, downcast.

“Only third class,” he said.

I knew what that meant, but we started for the platform. The gates weren't open yet, and we stood jammed up in the passageway. Evidently another Russian saw I was a foreigner and began to talk about me to my guide, for suddenly Leonad asked me for my courier papers again, listened to his informant for explicit instructions, and then darted off to another part of the station. He was gone so long that I feared I would miss the train, but at the last minute he dashed back through the crowd with a second-class ticket and a numbered place. Out on the platform we fumbled through the dark and the escaping steam but found no second-class car. Rather than be left behind, I squeezed my way into a third, but I

could get no farther than the vestibule door, for two hundred soldiers had preceded me while the train was still out in the yards. Leonad had gone for a further search, and just as I had braced myself in a corner and settled down for the night, he came back beaming. He had found my place in a second-class car which had been attached to the train that night for some railroad officials. There was a struggle to get my baggage out through a score more soldiers who had crowded in after me, and then in another moment I was comfortably stowed away for the trip in an upper berth all to myself.

I don't know that any of us lost much sleep through fear of seizure by the Germans, for taking risks becomes second nature in Russia to-day. The process loses its anxiety and even its zest by constant repetition, just as it must with the successful burglar. At any rate, we awoke next morning to find ourselves at Vishera, well beyond the dangerous junction to Pskoff, and by one o'clock in the afternoon we were in the Nikolaievsky station in Petrograd.

Mr. Weber had a living room attached to his business offices in Petrograd where he stayed whenever he went to the capital. Ivan was a kind of caretaker for the whole establishment and I carried a note to him which opened the living room to my use and bespoke for me attention to my comfort and safety. I took a sleigh from the station up to Sergeievskaya, 3, and found it near the river Neva, northeast of Mars

Field and rather awkwardly distant from everything of interest and importance except the American embassy in the near-by Furshtatskaya. But Ivan welcomed me cordially and I found him a happy type of the Russian servant who had been well treated by his employer and who saw little to challenge his sympathy in the later course of the Revolution. Here, at least, I would be spared the misleading and unnatural heckling which foreign guests at the great hotels had to share with the traveling Russian bourgeoisie. I would see the capital more as the average Russian saw it.

I soon found that Petrograd was several months nearer the danger line in food than Moscow. Even potatoes were rationed at two pounds a week. The single thin slice of daily bread had sawdust in addition to Moscow's sand and straw, and sometimes the proportion of chopped straw ran as high as fifty to seventy-five per cent. Scientists who took the pains to analyze it declared that never in a civilized nation had such poor bread been baked. One morning I bit into a piece of wood as large as the end of my thumb, and one didn't bother to extricate the splinters. In the restaurants in many weeks there had been neither sugar nor butter nor milk nor eggs nor bread to eke out the official allowance. The only dependable meats were an occasional veal cutlet and a kind of wabby fish. Chopped meat cakes of various kinds were available but uncertain as human food. Ivan helped me scout for some assistance to the meager restaurant fare and

brought in some stale dried fruit and about twice a week a shriveled *ryabchik*, a small fowl similar to our quail, and on this, together with my ration of potatoes and the tins I had brought from my Moscow pantry, I refreshed myself after my hours in the turbulent streets and the quiet theatres.

The city was plastered these days with decrees and posters, a new one every few hours, calling the populace to the defense of the Revolution and of Russia. Lenin cared not a whit about Russia as Russia, for his first and only interest is the international proletariat. But for the moment he was working his will through Russia, and so he took advantage of the average Russian's lingering patriotism and love of home. The results were congruous to the intense situation, but grotesque and pitiably ineffective. Motley groups of men, women, and children, with odds and ends of firearms over their shoulders, tramped out of step through the hummocky snow with the passionate enthusiasm of a college rout after victory but with far less menace to the oncoming enemy. One day a requisitioned tramcar, with red flags flying and an odd instrument or two from a brass band, bore an eager but harmless handful of the Red Army across the city to one of the stations leading to the front. What could their red fervor hope to accomplish against the sullen but obedient gray of Hoffmann's ranks? There was something at once comic and tragic in these spontaneous demonstrations: children marching to a Pied Piper's heaven; the hordes of the Crusaders led

by an ecstatic monk to whiten the roads to the east with their bones.

On the corner of the Nevsky Prospekt by the Hotel Europe, just across from the old city Duma, was a huge board where hand-written bulletins from the front were displayed. The Germans were coming on. Neither these bulletins nor the newspapers were required to tell us that. There was nothing to stop them. They could occupy Petrograd within a few hours. Would they? The Allied embassies thought that they would or at least that they might, and on Tuesday night, the twenty-sixth, some of them packed the baggage they had had ready for days on a special train and went east along with the weekly Trans-Siberian express, while the rest started north the next day through Finland. At the American embassy where I had delivered my mail from Moscow on my arrival Friday, I was warned to take the next train out. "But I have just arrived," I protested, and they washed their hands of such an intractable individual. The Bureau of Public Information remained behind when the embassy fled, and through Guy Croswell Smith, an old friend of mine, I kept in touch with their sources of news, telephoning him each night at the Europe just before the electric lights went out at twelve. I made his room at the Europe a kind of downtown headquarters from which we sallied each afternoon to a little Italian restaurant just off the Nevsky on the Yekaterinsky Canal. One day our dinner was delayed by a Red Guard raid

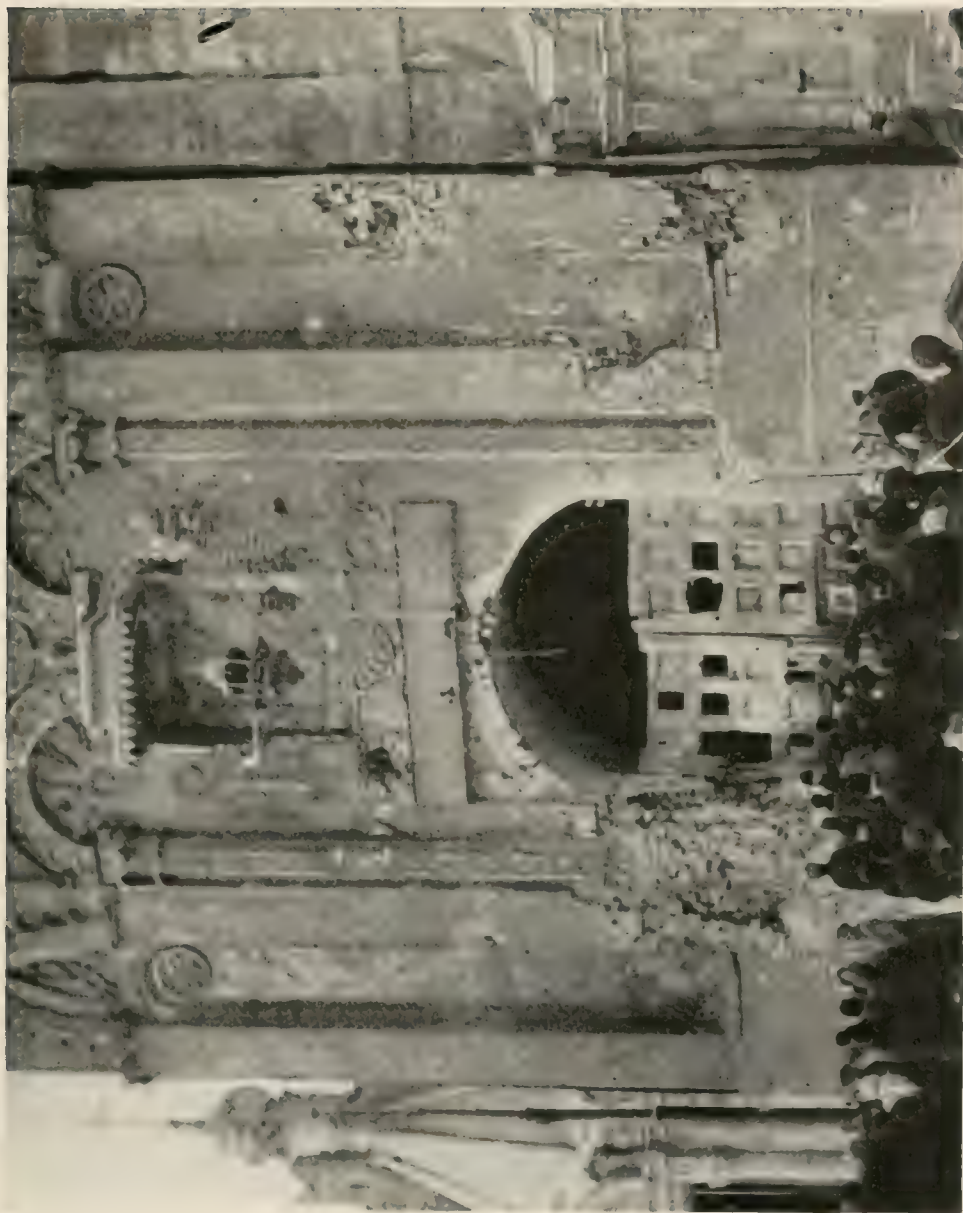
on the Europe which was suspected of hoarding supplies, for G. C. S. had to stay behind to watch over a white elephant in the form of several packing cases of photographic supplies bequeathed to him by the Red Cross. If it hadn't been taken so overseriously both by the heckled and the hecklers, the inquisition might have been a scene from comic opera. Why should any one fret about being searched when the Germans were knocking at the door? And, too, why search at such a time?

By Tuesday, I had made connections with Meyerhold, *régisseur* at the Alexandrinsky Theatre, and Golovin, designer of his scenery and one of the leading living Russian painters. All the theatres were open and almost as normal as in Moscow, though the anxiety of life had made inroads on their audiences.

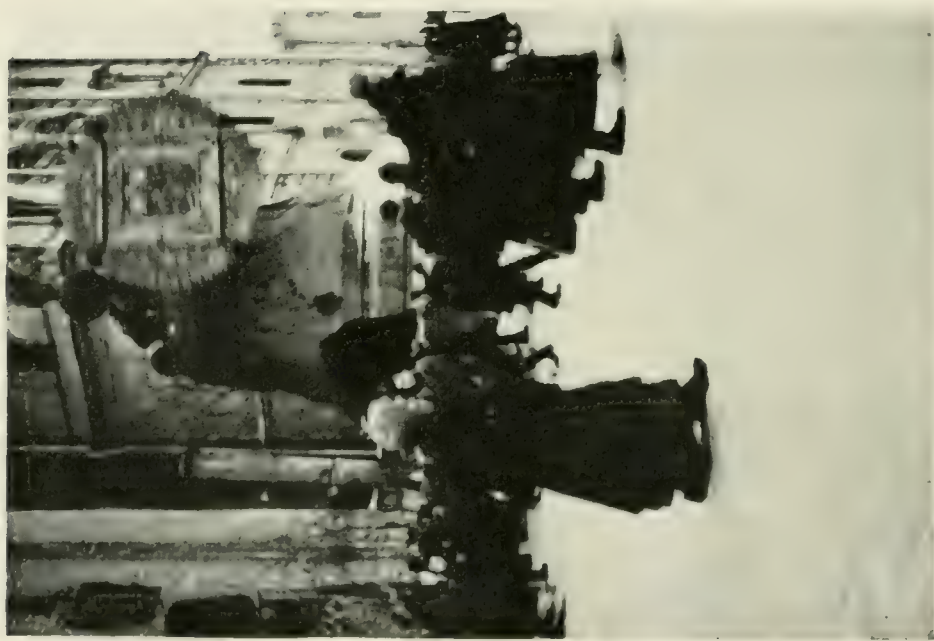
"Of course you must stay," said Meyerhold, "long enough at least to see some of my productions. Alexander Yakovlevitch and I will dress you up as a Russian if the Germans come and keep you safely in hiding for two years if necessary!"

Still, I had some misgivings each night as I left the theatre and went out to bargain for a sleigh to take me home, lest the gray legions might be marching unannounced down the Nevsky.

There were other correspondents in the city and they took the situation in varying mood. Arno Dosch Fleurot, of *The New York World*, could no longer get his cables through to America,



RUINS OF THE NIKOLSKIYA GATE TO THE KREMLIN, DAMAGED DURING THE
BOLSHIEVIK REVOLUTION.



THE RELIGIOUS DEMONSTRATION PASSING
THE GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW IN THE
KREMLIN.



VASSILY BLAZHENY OR THE PINEAPPLE
CHURCH, JUST OUTSIDE THE KREMLIN IN
THE RED SQUARE.

and he used up his energy in wondering whether the Pavlovsky regiment next door to his home was an asset or a liability, and also in planning an escape by sleigh if the Germans should come. Fred Gray, formerly of *The London Daily Mail*, was more composed, for he knew Russia by long residence and he combined British poise with a very un-British sense of humor and an understanding of the mad vagaries of revolution. I found similar calm in another Briton, Albert Coates, head conductor of the opera at the Marinsky, with whom I dined one night before going to see Karsavina in the Glazunoff ballet, “Raymonda.”

But the coolest nerve of all belonged to another American correspondent, Harrison Smith. Unsatisfied with the nerve-racking uncertainty of the capital, Smith had gone down to Porkoff near Pskoff in the very teeth of the German advance and had seen the front melting away like so many scared cattle. He had returned on a shelf in a freight car, and on Wednesday I found him at the consulate, an encouraging offset to the Norwegian flag which had taken the place of the Stars and Stripes. His plans and his mood, I found, were similar to my own. He had about reached the point of revolutionary saturation, and I had almost completed my own errands. He hadn't seen Moscow yet, and I had to go back there to gather together my possessions and draw in the loose ends of my observations. And so we agreed to pool our programmes and our resources

for the remainder of our stay in Russia and through the long trip out.

The next week in Petrograd was strange and uncanny but fascinating. Material things and people, too, seemed to take on an unnatural, distorted mood. The sun set each evening in a peculiar haze that seemed to rise out of the snow. The soft air still had a raw sting to it, although the back of winter was broken. The whole population seemed to be out in the broad streets, in the Nevsky in particular, all day and long after dark, as if walls were too confining to their restless spirits. And yet I knew of others who had yielded to their depression and had refused in their morbid introspection to leave their rooms in many weeks. There was order here, too, in a more demoralized disorder. Several times I walked home alone all the way across the city from the Marinsky Theatre and once over the Troitsky Bridge and along the silent Neva after an evening with Shaliapin in "Boris Godunoff" at the Narodny Dom. But no one addressed or molested me, though here as in Moscow I never reached home a single night without hearing shooting across the city or around the corner. Desultory firing in the daytime, too, was frequent. About noon each day it usually broke out in the long and patient queue extending for blocks along the Nevsky, waiting for permission to leave the city. But you get used to street firing, just as you do to anything else that is repeated often enough, and you don't take the trouble to turn out of your way to avoid it.

Of a Sunday, the poles of Russian life met in common prayer before the icons in somber St. Isaac's or in the more military atmosphere of the Kazan Cathedral with its Napoleonic relics, while at the same time shawl-covered peasant women and men in cast-off soldier uniforms chopped the packed snow from the public squares, indifferent apparently as to whether the goose-step of the conqueror or the careless tread of the Red Army passed over the cleared areas. On the other hand, anxiety became an obsession with some, and private individuals took up the abandoned burden of public watchfulness. One day on the Nevsky, as I finished taking a picture of the Memorial Cathedral of Alexander II, a stranger came up beside me and began asking questions and making protestations about the use of a camera at such a time. I wasn't quite sure of his earnestness or his authority and I walked on, holding him off and pretending I didn't understand. I didn't wish to give up my camera as the price of ridding myself of him, but I didn't care for his company. All at once I realized that the Singer Building was about thirty yards ahead and in it, on the third floor, the American consulate. And so I dragged out the conversation until we reached the door, when I dashed to the right and lost myself in the familiar corridors from my self-appointed guardian of public safety.

Life went on through all these days, — hurried and frenzied and nervous, or dark and brooding, or passive and blunt and dead to the seething scene.

At the French Institute of Petrograd, whither I went to obtain a work on the early Russian theatre by one of its members, Monsieur Patouillet, I found a group who in their agitation talked to me in a weird mixture of French, English, and Russian. The author inscribed his work for me "in honor and as a souvenir of a meeting in Petrograd on the eve of the flight", and then proceeded to carry out the preparations for the act he had forecast in his inscription.

Natalia Nikolaievna Yevreynova had been a lawyer until the Bolshevik Revolution made that profession temporarily unnecessary. Her brother, Nikolai Nikolaievitch Yevreynoff, is one of the three leading figures in the Russian theatre, but he had gone to the Caucasus for peace of mind, and Harrison Smith and I went one afternoon to her home to hear her talk about him. Trim and piquant in her tailored suit, she seemed equal to any occasion, but a glance at her wan face told us how fineness and breeding disarm a human being for participation in the stern realities of social upheaval. Even if she had believed passionately in the proletarian cause, she could not have worked for it, because her sensitive nature would have rebelled against its harsh and unmannerly practices. It was one of her moody days. We talked of her brother, whom she worships, and of life and its grim meanings. The room was cold, and we sat huddled on the divan with a glass of tea from time to time to cheer us. Once for relief we turned to a file of the comic journal,

Novy Satirikon, with its sardonic and blowzy humors. And then back again into the dreary realm of despair and foreboding. Russian melancholy has nothing of self-pity in it; it is not sentimental, for it is of the intellect. And it is so much the more devastating in its gloom. Where could Natalia Nikolaievna look for relief? What, indeed, did Russia hold for this sentient child of its elder life?

And what did it hold for one of the strange sisterhood, a slip of a girl whom Smith asked to come to his room at the Angleterre one afternoon? She had lived with one of his acquaintances, an American business man, through the winter, and when he had taken to his good heels for safety a few weeks previously, she had been left to shift for herself. Down to her last rubles, she had been selling newspapers on the street corners, and when Smith found it out, he had asked her to come and take some of his old clothes which she could sell to advantage. While she was with us the hour, she made tea and washed the dishes and was cheerful and happy. But what lay ahead was appalling.

Some there are who live aloof and cloistered, even while old worlds die and new worlds are born around them. It was so with a patriarchal Jew with whom I sat for two or three hours the day before I left the capital. Sherling, a gifted photographer-artist, had some negatives from which I desired to obtain prints. After long inquiry I found his address and walked far down the Ligovs-

kaya, back of the Nikolaievsky station. He wasn't at home, but his venerable father in skull cap and long robe assured me he would be back soon. He didn't return, but I waited. The old gentleman talked to me for a while, but the room was cold, and we withdrew into a kind of closet with a big window where we could sit with our backs to the stove. The heat soothed him, and he soon fell asleep. Once in a while he would return to life, draw a thin paper cylinder over his cigarette holder, fill it with tobacco from a box, and then smoke himself back to sleep again. I stayed twice as long as I had intended, fascinated by this picture of contented exile in a world aflame.

Rumors got in each other's way as March came in and the delegation which had gone to Brest-Litovsk on Sunday, February 24, failed to report the progress of the renewed negotiations. "They will defy the Germans yet," said some, "for the Revolution is breaking in Germany." But Germany was never more solid and certain than on the eve of the great March offensive in France. "They have signed the peace," said others, "but they are keeping it quiet so that they will not put a stop to the recruiting of the Red Army." "The Germans will occupy Petrograd, sign the peace here and then withdraw." "They will not take Petrograd, peace or no peace."

Saturday afternoon, March 2, brought the famous telegram asking for a train to be sent to meet the returning delegation. There was no word as to the outcome of the parleys. Tension reached the

snapping point. Was it peace or not? Did they really wish peace — or not? At last the delayed telegram came, filed previously to the cryptic request for the train, with the announcement that the delegates had signed the German terms “without reading them”! Petrograd was aghast at the terms, just as the world was aghast. Half of Russia handed over to the German will! Even Batum, down Black Sea way! It was no peace, — only a desperate kind of truce. Would the All Russian Congress of Soviets two weeks hence in Moscow ratify this bludgeon treaty? It was inconceivable. And yet — it was inevitable.

Sunday afternoon, Russia, 1918, came pitifully knocking at the heart in terms of Russia's past. The National Orchestra in its hall by the Moika Canal gave a programme from Tchaikovsky, and the symphony was the sixth, the *Pathétique*. The pride and the despair of the earlier movements were grave enough, but as the violins dragged into the terrifying dying strains of the Adagio Lamentoso, I felt sick at heart as I had never felt before. That day of all days to hear such a prophecy repeated, the day of its desolate realization! It was incomprehensible that this great country could reach such abasement. The climb must be as high as the fall had been low. But it would take time — time and a new heart in men the world over.

CHAPTER IX

HUNTING A LOST EMBASSY

BEFORE the peace was signed, we had obtained our railroad tickets by the help of Brackett Lewis, of the Y. M. C. A., thus avoiding the tedium and the danger of the queue in the Nevsky. We had decided to go first to Vologda, three hundred and seventy-one miles to the east, because of the uncertainties of the main line to Moscow. From there to Moscow was a somewhat shorter distance, as the three cities form roughly the points of an equilateral triangle. After the peace we held to our original plan, partly to avoid the frightful congestion of the main line to the south and partly for the sake of a consultation over the situation with the American ambassador who had halted his train at Vologda after his flight from the capital ten days before.

Petrograd, somehow, lost its interest after the peace. Already the Soviet Government had decided to move the capital to Moscow for the approaching congress called to ratify the treaty. And so Smith and I set Wednesday, March 6, for our departure. At noon Ivan prepared for us a *ryabchik* and a large plate of fried potatoes, taking from his own ration, I am sure, to do it,

and about one-thirty we took our bags, expanded in number by a heavy parcel of books I had purchased and by a camp kit Smith had bought for use on the dinerless Trans-Siberian, heaved them in two sleighs, and started off for the Nikolaievsky station.

Outside, there was a long line filing slowly in under Red Guard supervision. As we paid our *izvoshchiks*, I got separated from Smith for a few moments, and when we joined again, I found he had been spending the time in resisting a hold-up in daylight. The man had his hand inside his victim's pocket before the crowd tore him away, rebuked him for his ill manners, and let him go free. That excitement was hardly over when we discovered that the yellow camp kit with our small stock of food was missing. A thorough search of the front of the station failed to disclose it, but, after a frantic five minutes, some one casually walked up and restored it to us. Where it had been in the meantime or who was our benefactor, we never knew.

Next task was to enter the station. My porter had taken his place in line as a good white apron should, and I passed in with him without difficulty. Smith had hired a soldier who didn't know the ropes so well and he was far behind. My man, with the pride and jealousy of an honest craftsman, had grave doubts whether I would ever see my friend and his porter again, but the soldier had a frank and boyish face and I was sure he would catch up with us in time. Through the

station I went, therefore, determined to establish a footing where Smith could land when he came along later. The train was just backing in when we reached the platform, and a great crowd was lined up to catch it on the fly. My man tried one second-class car in that manner but failed, and then made another nearer the head of the train. A jam of all kinds of people, over half of them soldiers, pushed their way in, regardless of whether they held second-class tickets or not. Close on my heels came Smith and his soldier porter. My white apron smiled in relieved doubt when he saw them and took the ten-ruble note I held out. Smith asked me how much I had paid and when he offered the same amount to his porter, the boy became red with confusion, took off his hat, and only after repeated proffers accepted what was a day's wage in his estimation.

As usual, the compartments had been filled, to the number of twelve or fifteen apiece in the space for four, by those who had smuggled their bags into the yards and had run the risk of camping on the wrong train before it backed into the station. There were only forty or fifty in the corridor, and we settled ourselves there the best we could. It didn't seem so bad at first, but we had a tight fit getting a bite to eat out of our box a while after the train started, three hours late on its schedule. While we were still in the station, we saw the Moscow train pull out past us with human beings swarming over it and clinging to every foothold. The roofs of the

coaches were crowded, and twenty to thirty were courting death on the couplers between each pair of cars. Crowded as we were, we had evidently made the better choice of route.

Soon after dark, the discomforts of our situation began to appear. Corked up in a quarter the space of a grave in a potter's field, we tumbled down on our own or some one else's luggage for what rest and sleep we could snatch. There were no lights, not even a candle, and no place to put the stump of one we had brought along. Once in a while, some one would light one and put it up on the jutting edge of a compartment door frame, but in an instant a greedy hand would snuff it out and pocket it. This was no place or time to waste such a precious article as a candle! Every station where we stopped, the soldiers clambered out along the corridor over ours and others' bodies, rattling their *tchainiks* or teapots behind them. Then in they stumbled in the dark, dripping boiling water over us or poking the hot teakettle in our faces if we had happened to drop off to sleep in our sheer weariness. I managed to keep off the floor by anchoring myself on the corner of my wardrobe suit case, back to back with Smith, but the soldier next me, with no baggage to support him and consequently none to worry about, happily stretched himself flat, his face less than three inches from my heavily shod feet. The endurance of the Russian *tovarishch*, or comrade, as the soldier and those he deems his equals have been called since the Revolution, is matched

only by his equable temper and his good nature under trying circumstances. And where common charity abounds, mere physical discomforts lose their power to annoy.

Morning came with the swollen eyes and the gray taste of the ardent celebrant. There was no place to wash, but at a station stop we forced our way outside for a breath of crisp air and watched the men and women track-workers chopping ice from between the rails. A little after noon, the Russians in the nearest compartment took pity on us and invited first one and then both of us in to share their cramped quarters. We made numbers thirteen and fourteen. The original shareholders were an entire family on trek into a new home in Siberia where they could live instead of just existing as they had been doing in Petrograd. An intelligent young man who had given up his last year in the university to make the trip was in charge of his mother and several other women and children, and with them they were taking all their earthly possessions done up in several great sheets and wicker baskets.

It was after midnight when we pulled into the station of November memories in Vologda. As usual on Russian railways, the town was a mile or two distant, and it was no time of the clock to strike off across country in search of a hotel. So we had our bags "toted" into the brightly lighted waiting room, stacked them to serve in lieu of the chairs which were all occupied by others keeping vigil for uncertain trains, and took turns on guard

and in an attempt to snatch a wink of sleep. During my watch hour I got into conversation with a major general of the old army. His shoulder straps were gone now and all other marks of rank. He was waiting for dawn to come so that he might hunt for his private car, his supplies and his division, which he had been ordered to demobilize.

"A hundred years," he said, "for Russia to get back on her feet!" He was not bitter and he seemed to hold neither personal nor class resentments, but disappointment had disheartened him and had broken his spirit.

The first streaks of dawn brought the baggage master to his office, and we checked our things for the day. We were undiplomatically impatient to find the lost embassy in the new diplomatic capital of Russia, and as soon as it was fully light we frightened an *izvoshchik* by offering him unwittingly a city price for the ride into town. Village horses were different, too, from the hungry animals of Petrograd and Moscow, and we were off at a reckless clip over the snow. At the first hotel, the *Zolotoi Yakor*, or the Golden Anchor, a sleepy attendant glowered at us through the glass and turned away without unlocking the door. It looked like worse luck at the Eremitage, for we ran into a line of peasants waiting to answer a "Help Wanted" sign, and our knocks were mistaken at first for theirs and ignored. We finally roused the janitor, though, but to no good purpose, for there were no vacant rooms, and the American guests, whose names we could make out

with difficulty on the blackboard register, were still asleep. After we had thawed out a bit from our sleigh ride, we went out again in the streets and visited one or two of the town's myriad churches, wonderful white edifices against Vologda's rambling background, where we heard the priests read morning service, pray for the deposed Tsar and all his family and call down curses upon the Bolshevik dictators.

It was after nine by this time, and we were hungry. At the Anchor we encountered the same glum and hostile doorkeeper, but the place was open now, and in spite of his protests we entered and made such a racket in our discussion with him that we roused the proprietor, who suppressed his human watchdog, invited us to a tap of water and a dirty towel, and showed us the way to the dining room. Tea and black bread in double portions soothed us, and we struck out again to the Eremitage, where we found Rennick, of the Associated Press, and got the address of the embassy.

First we spent another hour or two in the streets and the markets. Vologda hardly looks its age. It was founded in 1147. And it certainly doesn't betray its size, for instead of a district metropolis of over forty thousand, it resembles more nearly an American county seat of an eighth that population. Off here in the country, even, bread was on cards, a quarter pound a day, and the queue extended for several blocks. The booths in the open meat market were bare, and in one of them was a horse's head — an uncanny

sight. Milk and eggs were plentiful, though, and peasant wares of every description were on sale.

A little after noon, we sought out the embassy and found it housed in the Municipal Club House, a rough frame building such as our early western settlements might have boasted. On his arrival, the ambassador had lived for a few days in his private car in the railroad yards, but the mayor of Vologda had graciously given him the freedom of the city, and here he was, comfortably housed, with the handful of his staff remaining after he had sent the bulk of it home across Siberia.

David R. Francis was probably not the last man to send to Russia to represent the republic of the United States, but certainly he was not the first. His qualities and his conception of the situation I shall consider later in the chapter, "Russia Looks to America." The ambassador wished to see us, his secretary said, to find out what had happened in Petrograd since he left, and so we followed him into the library of the club house. Ten days in the carefree atmosphere of a quiet Russian country town had worked remarkable changes in Mr. Francis's countenance. The day I arrived in Petrograd I saw his worn and haggard face framed for an instant in a doorway. From time to time all winter he had been compelled to appear on the balcony of the American embassy and reassure a gang of rowdy sailors that Tom Mooney was still alive. The strain had told on him, but its effects were beginning to wear off already.

Instead of being curious regarding the situation in Petrograd, we found the ambassador more eager to tell us what had happened to him since he left and why he had assumed the responsibility of establishing a new diplomatic capital. And inasmuch as the latter incident is one of the few common-sense, constructive acts in our relationship with Revolutionary Russia, I shall let Mr. Francis tell it in his own words.

“When the approach of the Germans made it unwise for the embassies to remain longer in Petrograd,” he said, as he sat by the table in the library of the Vologda Club, “I realized my responsibility as dean of the diplomatic corps, and so I called together all the representatives of the Allied Nations and I said to them:

“‘Gentlemen, I for one don’t propose to stay here and get caught like a rat in a trap, and I don’t suppose you do, either. Now, here is what I plan to do, and I invite you all to stay with me and coöperate with me. I am going first to Vologda, four hundred miles east on the main line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. There I shall stay until the Germans advance and threaten my safety again. From there, if I have to move, I shall go to Viatka and from Viatka to Perm and from Perm to Yekaterinburg and so on across Siberia, step by step, until I am forced to board an American ship at Vladivostok.’

“The *chargé d’affaires* of the British embassy was greatly disturbed, and the French and Italian ambassadors were equally horrified.

“‘What!’ they exclaimed, almost in one voice, ‘you suggest that we go out of Russia by way of Siberia! Why, we’d be getting farther and farther away from home all the time!’

“‘Well, gentlemen,’ I said, ‘I don’t wish to dictate to you. Do whatever you think best. If you wish to come with me, you are welcome. I have no intention of letting any one chase me out of this country except the Germans, and I shall remain on Russian soil if I have to move the American embassy around on cart wheels!’”

True to their limited visions, the British and the French and the Italian embassies and their staffs started off toward home across Finland. No one heard what had happened to them for weeks. They had simply vanished among the lakes in the No Man’s Land between the Red and the White Guards of Finland’s own social revolution. A month or two later some of them managed to escape into Sweden, while others drifted back like belated prodigals to the court of the American ambassador in Vologda.

Meanwhile, the Chinese and Japanese ambassadors, once well started eastward on the same train with the American embassy, never stopped off at Vologda, but cut for home by the straightest route. Two diplomats alone elected to remain in Russia with Mr. Francis. Two countries among all the Allied Nations were represented in addition to the United States. They were Brazil and Siam! The *chargé d’affaires* of the South American republic didn’t have enough money to go farther, and the

Minister from the strange kingdom in the South Seas didn't know how to get home if he had wished to! And so they remained in Vologda and played pool with the ambassador of the United States.

There was nothing in particular that Mr. Francis could accomplish by remaining in Russia. The United States had not recognized the Bolshevik Government, and whatever negotiations were necessary to protect American property were carried on through the consulates. In his lonely glory, all that he could do was to recuperate from the anxieties and the intimidations of Petrograd, and let the Russian people know by announcing his continued presence in Russia that the United States by that symbol had not given them up.

Friday's Vologda newspapers reported a strict ban on entrance into Moscow. We did not take this news very seriously, for such orders had been issued several times in the past but had never been enforced. Before we left the embassy, though, we obtained papers which might help us in an emergency, with a good red seal at the bottom to impress the common sentry. Mid-afternoon we had lunch at the Anchor, the best food we had tasted since we entered Russia in the fall, and then we returned to the station to see about our tickets to Moscow.

Fortune favored us now for a while. In the waiting room we found that one of our fellow passengers was to be Thomas Whittemore, an American archaeologist who had made many trips

to Russia and knew the country and its people intimately. He had arrived that morning on the Trans-Siberian express from the east on a private mission for the Red Cross. Then, too, just before the train pulled in from Archangel, we discovered a peasant woman with a basket of bread cakes on her arm and took her breath away by purchasing basket and all at her first price without bargaining. And finally when the train arrived it had a first-class International sleeping car attached, wherein we stowed ourselves in a compartment all to ourselves, and a dining car to complete the picture of order in disorder! Thus does extreme follow extreme in a land of revolutions.

Next day was beguiled by the sensitive and esthetic Whittemore and by the thought that we were steadily approaching Moscow. All day and especially after Yaroslavl and the towns I had passed in November, I felt as if I were going back home. Moscow had really become my home in the four months of my residence there, and I didn't realize how much it meant to me until I had known the bleak and repellent atmosphere of Petrograd. In Moscow I had dozens of friends, very dear friends. In Moscow I had a home and my own bed and books. In case of difficulty in the station, I could telephone to a score of people for assistance. And then, above all, Moscow was Russia — the heart and mind and spirit and soul of Russia!

The train arrived late in the evening and there

weren't many *izvoshchiks* at the platform. The streets had lost most of their snow, but sleighs were still in use and the surly drivers were determined to get all the fare they could. The old fellow I picked out demanded forty rubles, and I would have had to pay it, except for the intervention of a young Red Guard with a good face and a pleasant manner who beat the driver down to twenty and started him off with a shove of his bayonet. Instead of taking the short route round the boulevards, my driver went out of his way down the Myasnitskaya, through the Theatre Place and up the length of the Nikitskaya. There were no lights on any of the other streets, though, so it was the part of safety. That proved out next day, for Smith's *izvoshchik* had hardly taken a short cut down a dark street to the National Hotel when he was held up by a dozen armed men. Protestations of American lineage, however, saved him from harm.

A real welcome awaited me at Number 14 Kalashny Pereulok, for the Webers had heard all kinds of stories about Petrograd in my absence and the newspapers several times had reported its occupation by the Germans. It seemed months since I had driven with Leonad to the station on my way to the capital. And now Moscow was the capital. Many grievous things had happened to Russia in those days. And many more were destined to be her lot in the days just ahead.



A SANDWICH MAN ADVERTISING SHOES IN THE NEVSKY PROSPEKT
PETROGRAD.



BOLSHEVIK RED GUARDS IN FRONT OF THE NIKOLAI VSKRYVSHCHIOV STATION.
PETROGRAD.

CHAPTER X

LAST DAYS IN MOSCOW

IN less than three weeks, life in Moscow had become perceptibly more intense. An occasional omelet at the restaurants, the crowded theatres and exhibition halls, and a general air of self-possession among the people marked the city off from persecuted Petrograd. But a tightening of the Revolution's grip had carried the new capital a step farther toward the suspicious state of the abandoned seat of government. My room at the Webers' was untouched, but the family had moved their sleeping and eating quarters downstairs into the spacious parlors; Mr. Weber had transferred his office with its desks and typewriters and counting frames from down in the Petrovka to his home, and he had let the second story to a meek and penniless general of the old army, — all this in anticipation of new demands and requisitions of superfluous living space. On Sunday, the day after our arrival, the high officials of the Soviet confiscated the National Hotel, dispossessed the guests, and on Monday began to move in their own paraphernalia and supplies. Thus deprived of a home after a single night, Smith easily persuaded Mr. Weber to take him in as a second American bodyguard, and we were together once more after a brief separation.

The Peace Congress of the Soviets was to meet Thursday, the fourteenth. The Germans had set the seventeenth as the limit for the ratification of the treaty. On Monday, Moscow began again to bristle with guns, — the first show of force since the bloody commemoration of Bloody Sunday early in January. Sometimes in the intervening weeks, an armored car had dashed madly through the streets like the fire department on a false alarm, but for the most part there had been little stern display. Now, however, in the Arbat Square and in other open places, heavily armored motors and big guns fresh from the arsenals were parked. The immediate problem of the Soviets was to protect themselves from their own disaffected minority rather than from the Germans, and they took no chances. A few units of the new Red Army were fairly well organized and disciplined, and so these were brought into the new capital to stand watch over the Peace Congress.

Monday afternoon we saw a batallion of these bodyguards with their machine guns rattle up the hill from the river by the Kremlin. When they reached Vassily Blazheny, they let off a volley in the air just for the fun of it, but the huge black and slate crows of the Red Square weren't so sure, and they fled to their perches in the pineapple towers of the protecting cathedral. Before the Red soldiers took up their positions in the Dmitrovka in front of the Club of the Noblesse, where the sessions of the Congress were to be held,

they broke ranks and scattered through the Square to inspect its landmarks. The new army belies its substantial fighting qualities by its aversion for drill and regular formation. And besides, wasn't this one of the cradles of Russian history and tradition and liberty? What would you expect of a free peasant-soldier who had heard of Moscow all his life but never before had seen its storied bricks and stones!

The pressure and strain of the last few weeks had told on my strength, and when the Congress opened on Thursday I had to forego the effort to attend its sessions. But each evening Smith brought home to my room the story of its passions and its mental processes and the vivid picture of the enslaved, forgotten dregs of a world, finally freed and placed in the pinnacle of power. Peasants from the soil of remote corners of the empire crowded into the former haunts of gentility and refinement alongside begrimed and sweat-stinking workers from the factories. Each night Smith had to hang his greatcoat outside in the hall, for it was saturated with the foul air which the *sansculotte* had brought with him from his industrial and feudal dungeons. And there, in the sumptuous playground of his former oppressor, he stood huddled with his kind to listen to the tedious, close-knit, dispassioned logic of Lenin and at the same session to acquiesce in one breath in the temporary enthrallment of his country and in the next to devise means to defy and nullify the extorted bond. The impotent temper of the

Soviet Congress was not unlike that of Germany to-day, but it was inflamed and dignified by a righteous, not a guilty, wrath. The Bolshevik leaders knew better than some of their supporters and many of their opponents how powerless Russia was to continue a formal struggle. They knew, too, that a condition of formal peace would only increase their opportunities for spreading revolutionary propaganda in Germany. And so they hammered through the resolution of ratification by an overwhelming vote.

These days, Moscow was going rapidly through the process of becoming the new capital. Crowded already to the stifling point by refugees from the west, the city had to make new adjustments to meet the new requirements for government offices and for living quarters for the clerks who had come down from Petrograd. On my return, I found the National City Bank of New York obediently evacuating its rooms in the National Hotel, unnecessarily commodious in a time of social conflict, and taking up more modest lodgings in the International Harvester Building off the Myasnitskaya. Heretofore, the poorer neighborhoods, none too ample in a city of Moscow's rapid growth, had borne the brunt of the immigration. Now, however, the homes of the wealthy and the great apartment houses, equal in convenience and equipment and modern construction to those of any other world capital, were invaded. There are no structures in the entire community corresponding to Petrograd's barrack-

like Departments and the palaces which had been used for offices since the Revolution, and so the preëmption of space was carried out piecemeal throughout the city. In one large apartment house where I had a number of friends, one entire half was ordered vacated by the Soviet authorities with the suggestion that its occupants could move over and double up on the half that had not been dispossessed.

My host was a canny man when it came to the exigencies of revolution. Occasionally in private conversation with me, his eyes would flash, and he would unburden himself of his indignation at the proletarian dictatorship. But in all his dealings with the dictators or their authorized servants, he was as suave and accommodating as a courtier. Once before my departure for Petrograd, he had bought off a proposed invasion, but he knew his respite was only temporary. The week I returned, another committee called on him, ostensibly with papers from Soviet headquarters. His new housing arrangements, they admitted, were more in keeping with the times, but still unsatisfactory. Two could share each room, they maintained, and his average was only one. As he led them on in conversation, Mr. Weber thought he detected an elusive but suspicious lack of confidence in their position. Many unauthorized bands were taking advantage of the situation to assume authority, threaten a householder with requisition of his premises, accept the invariably proffered bribe and pass on to the next victim. This time,

though, their victim suggested no payment for release. Instead, he went to the telephone, called up Soviet headquarters, described his visitors and asked whether they were duly qualified to act.

"No!" came the indignant reply from the Soviet. "And if they bother you again, call us up and we'll send some Red Guards down to protect you."

Meanwhile, of course, the impostors had been discreet enough to flee. Later the same day, a committee of the Anarchists met Giorgi and Andrei at the gate. No marauding, lawless brigands, these Anarchists of Moscow. As a definitely organized political party, they were so powerful that the Bolsheviki had not yet possessed the strength to suppress them, and they were permitted to carry out their will without hindrance.

"A fine house you have," said their leader.

The boys agreed.

"You must have a great deal of room. We should like to take over your extra space."

"But the Soviet has been here already to-day," said the boys.

"Oh, in that case," the leader of the band replied, "we shan't bother you. We'll go elsewhere."

Still, the menace of requisition hung over the house, and another attempt was made the morning I started home. Mr. Weber had begun negotiations with the Swedish consulate, with a view to leasing the property to foreign citizens temporarily, but I have never heard what success he had.

Ever since the armistice of November, 1918, the cables have been busy telling of the insane wave of riotous pastime which has spread over the Central Empires, — an orgy of dancing and gambling and prodigal spending of money for costly food only a little more vicious because of its wider scope than the same indulgences among the privileged classes before the armistice. Herein appears the most vivid and the most eloquent contrast between the soul of the Teuton and the soul of the Russian. For the Russian in his time of trial turned not to dissipation and debauch but to the things of the spirit. Perhaps the thoroughness of the Russian Revolution left the old idle, pleasure-seeking class more completely outside the scheme of things. Certainly the wealthy Russian, while his funds lasted, lived as well as the depleted markets would permit. But when he gathered with his kind in public he faced the facts of eternity rather than those of the fleeting and deceptive present.

The cafés of Moscow the month before I left for home presented a picture which illuminates vividly the Russian character. The peace of Brest-Litovsk had been ratified, a humiliation deeper than any which Germany is trying vainly to forget and escape to-day. But the Russian did not try to deceive himself with momentary escape. Instead, he sat round the marble-top tables with his friends over numerous glasses of very bad tea and talked of such things as the immortality of the soul or the decline of Maxim

Gorky as a literary force. One night I sat in the most frequented café in Moscow with some Russian friends. American literature was our subject, and I had recounted the names and the forces that had arisen since the war had shut off all news except the bulletins from the battle fronts. After a while the evening's programme began. Some one recited a few stanzas of verse and another played several numbers on the violin. And then came the major attraction of the evening: a thirty-minute critical essay on Moscow's leading contemporary poet, Constantin Balmont, read by its author to a crowd that was not only patient but eagerly attentive!

Sunday, March 24, was the date we set for our departure, and the route across Siberia was the path we chose. The way through Finland was hopelessly blocked and the long trail over Asia was the only outlet. In Petrograd and Vologda we had seen how impossible it was to get accommodations on the main line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. If we went south and east through Samara and Tchelyabinsk and struck the main line further on at Omsk, we thought the congestion on the trains leaving Peter's city might be somewhat relieved.

Ever since my return from Petrograd, I had felt free to use my siege provisions, for the time of departure was at hand. The baked beans and the tinned meats, though, we saved for the trip out, and to this nucleus we added a pound of sugar at fifteen rubles and two loaves of black bread at forty

rubles apiece, both commodities obtained, of course, through a speculator.

Through the winter, in our talks round the open fireplace which Mr. Weber had constructed according to the observations he had gathered on his trips to America, I always had a sensitive feeling when we spoke of the future. I had an orderly home country and a comfortable home in it to which I expected in time to return. Except as I became something more than an American, the demoralizations of Russia were only temporary aggravations which I could easily endure when I looked forward to a future not so very distant. But for Giorgi and Andrei, — what was their future? They, too, could shrug their shoulders at the present if the future revealed any promises. But what could they hope to do for the country of their birth and blood? They had set their heart on helping Russia develop her agriculture. How could they give of their youthful eagerness? Although their father's wealth and conservatism had kept him in the Constitutional Democratic Party, the boys had been moderate Socialists after the Tsar fell and until the social conflict assumed its uglier aspects midsummer. With the rise of the Bolsheviki, the entire range of classes and parties with whom they could have worked generously and unselfishly was dispossessed. They could put no heart in any work they might agree or be compelled to do under the new dictators. What they and thousands of others like them needed — young men from all the Russian high

schools and universities with the zest of eighteen and the poise of thirty — was a social order where they could release their enthusiasms in building and constructing, an order where all the appalling problems of an industrial society had been solved and their solution accepted of men. But that time was not yet for Russia.

Now on the eve of departure, however, the immediate future was equally uncertain for all of us. It was a risk to live on in Russia, as they must do. It seemed to be a risk to leave Russia, too. Even the conservative newspapers told of bridges out on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, of a million Japanese troops in Siberia, and of the possibility of friction between them and America.

Through the consulate, we were able to obtain places on an International sleeping car, starting Sunday noon from the Kazan station and bound for Tashkent in Central Asia. We could go no farther on it than Samara, for the line branches a few miles east of that city, with the road to Tashkent swerving sharply to the southeast and ours to the northeast. But Samara was nearly a thousand versts on our way, and a number of Americans were there who had fled from Moscow during the German advance and who were waiting to see whether it would be wise to go back. Besides, Smith had accepted a commission from Whittemore to deliver some surgical instruments to a private hospital in Samara.

It was hard to leave the winter's friends, to leave them behind with such a prospect! Leonad

had rounded up a pair of droshkies, for the snow had given way to mud and the sleighs had disappeared the earliest in years. In them we started off alone to the Kazan station, the third in the group that comprises the terminals from Petrograd and Yaroslavl. If it hadn't been for the war, the Kazan station to-day would be one of the world's most picturesque railroad terminals, for its outer walls, halted in mid-air, reveal an inspiration born of the barbaric magnificence of the Kremlin and the old walls of the Chinese City. A temporary structure of wood led to the tracks, and it must have been this which fell prey to fire, according to dispatches received in this country since my return.

Giorgi and Andrei broke the force of the departure by coming to the station about the time the train was scheduled to leave. They helped us get our too numerous bags past a watchful gatekeeper and out into the yards where the train was waiting. And there they left us, — with a smile through it all and a word of cheer!

The International promised comfort, but only charily. To begin with, the company in cold blood had sold three tickets for two berths. Now, the first-class compartment in an International sleeping car in Russia is a model of traveling convenience. The five-feet gauge of the rails permits an unusually wide coach and a long transverse lower berth. The upper is let down from the ceiling at right angles to it, and beneath it between the windows is a small table and a seat

for a single person by the second window. Between two compartments is a wash room which takes a corner out of each compartment. But the conditions which assure comfort in normal times only increase the discomfort when the car is overfull. Civilization strained beyond its proper usage becomes barbarous, and a crowd is happier in a freight car than in the lap of luxury.

Our first extra companion (he probably considered one of us in that light) was a citizen of Andizhan, another community in Turkestan not far from Tashkent. He wore the costume of his people, a dark, close-fitting robe, but he spoke very good Russian in addition to his native tongue. He had come up to Moscow as a delegate to the All Russian Congress of Soviets which had ratified the peace. Before the train left the yards, a wounded officer bound for Orenburg begged a place with us, for he had no reservation. And before the afternoon had passed, Smith in his mercy had rescued from the corridor a young girl of the provinces who had been visiting relatives in Moscow. By nightfall there were five of us instead of two, and the problem of our disposal was somewhat complicated. Now that we were under way and the strain of preparation was over, I didn't care what kind of arrangements were made. It was settled that Smith and I were to have the lower berth; Andizhan and Orenburg — Soviet and Old Régime — the upper; and the mademoiselle from Inza was to have the small seat by the window. Our combined baggage

overflowed the attic and the racks and littered the floor, and navigation was precarious, especially after dark.

The first night passed and Monday, and we progressed slowly. All I remember is that when we reached Arapovo in the evening, the officer went out and returned with the news that there was bread in the station — *skolko hotitye*, “as much as you wish.” About bedtime, I overheard a conversation at the compartment door which seemed to indicate a sixth inhabitant for our congested domicile, and my unhappy suspicion seemed to be coming true, for the officer soon brought in a collapsible cot which he proceeded to erect in the last remaining inches of floor space. My doubts and fears were groundless, though, for it turned out that he intended to use the cot himself, and the second night passed as the first.

Tuesday at dawn the mademoiselle left us. Mid-afternoon we reached our first large station, Suizran, and our first threatening dilemma. Would our car be permitted to proceed? There was a local rule that nothing but third-class cars could pass through Suizran. Long negotiations at the station by those who had more at stake than we, brought a favorable decision. Meanwhile we scouted in the station market, sampled the various cakes and bread and butter on sale, bought riotously of all and about made up our minds that we didn't care whether we went on or not. About dusk, though, the train started once more, skirted the left bank of the Volga for a few versts

and came to the great Alexander bridge across the river. Here there was another delay, with the cold ice-gray of the stream lit fitfully by the torches of watchmen on the shore, and then we moved slowly over the thirteen spans of the huge structure. With that landmark behind us, we settled to rest, for at our rate of speed Samara was a good seven hours ahead.



RED GUARD MACHINE GUNS IN THE RED SQUARE, MOSCOW, AT THE TIME OF THE SOVIET PEACE CONGRESS.



BOLSHEVIKI SEIZING THE NATIONAL HOTEL, MOSCOW, AT THE TIME OF THE SOVIET PEACE CONGRESS.



ANARCHIST CLUBHOUSE IN SAMARA, ONCE A MILLIONAIRE'S HOME.
NEXT DOOR TO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

CHAPTER XI

CONGLOMERATE SAMARA

SAMARA station was raw and cheerless enough at dawn after our awkward excursion. We seemed fated to descend upon communities after people had gone to bed or before they got up; and with the same impatience which made us conspicuous in Vologda we took a sleigh into the city. The two-mile drive with the rising sun at our backs was invigorating after the stuffy car. But depression followed once more, for the National, a new and rather well-equipped hotel, had no vacant rooms and would serve no food for another two hours. The Grand and the Bristol were even more inhospitable, for one of them, foreseeing no such international popularity for Samara, had been transformed into a motion picture theatre.

Returning to the National, we found our next-compartment neighbors of the train: a Polish gentleman on whose head the Germans had set a price and who was determined not to be caught in Moscow; his young and beautiful wife, of Swedish extraction, — we called her “the Countess”, with what justification I never knew, — and a friend of the family who was supposed to be a help, though he was oftener in the way. Together, we

set out once more to hunt food, found the Restaurant Central, the city's sole night haunt, still in slumber, and finally discovered a modest little lunch room in one of the side streets leading down to the Volga. Here we had all the bread we could eat and eggs and tea. Life looked up. A visit to the consulate followed, a branch headed by Orsen Nielsen recently established by Maddin Summers, who had wisely deployed his Moscow staff through the cities on the way out across Siberia. Before the day was old, I found a cot with some of the Y secretaries I knew, in the home of a prosperous Jewish family in the Panskaya, while Smith was rewarded for the delivery of the hospital supplies by a luxurious room in the home of a wealthy colonel who was interested in the institution.

I suppose this sleepy, unprepossessing city of two hundred thousand on the banks of the ice-bound Volga was as rife with speculation and uncertainty in April as any spot in all Russia. Here were the men of the Moscow branch of the American bank, wondering whether it would be safe or sensible to return to the city from which they had fled at the time of the German advance the month before. Here was the temporary headquarters of the Y. M. C. A., their ranks growing daily from the arrival of secretaries who had barely escaped being cut off in remote parts of the front. What was the future of the Y in Russia? That was their particular problem. Here were several regiments of Serbian soldiers who had

reached this point of safety and deliberation after their flight from the German expedition which took Odessa. Where on the face of the globe would they be welcome and who would help them get there? Here was a pitiful band of several thousand Serbian women and children and elderly men who had followed this military unit of their defenders from the south. Who would take care of them, keep them from starvation, and pilot them to some quiet corner in Russia or Siberia where food was not too scarce? Here were the harassed representatives of various American and British business houses and industries, wondering which one of them would be the next victim of confiscation and requisition. And here were the leaders and the outposts of the Czechoslovaks, deadlocked with Trotsky over the terms for their departure from Russia.

The rendezvous for the mobile part of this conglomerate citizenry was the Restaurant Central. The helpless Serbian women and children were living in freight cars at a neighboring village, whither the Y sent them daily provisions pending the decision of the American Red Cross to assume responsibility for their care. But all the other representatives of Samara's human kaleidoscope could be seen at one time of day or another in the Central. Food was good, varied, and plentiful, though the prices were high, for the ruble had fallen in value here as everywhere else in Russia. Festivities began about noon and lasted until after midnight with no greater incentive than an

ordinary orchestra in the evening and the opportunity for endless conversation, a native habit and pastime which strangers in Russia soon learn. Even in peaceful Samara and at the prosperous Central, the Revolution stalked apace. When we arrived, the waiters were employees, reasonably efficient and courteous, adding ten per cent to the bill for "service" — a custom which free and proud workmen early in the Revolution substituted for the menial tip. Less than a week later, the waiters had taken over the restaurant and were running it in their own name under authority from the Soviet. They were proprietors now and they stooped to the duties of servants only when they pleased, eating their own meals whenever they liked at the regular tables, heedless of whether their patrons were being served. And why not? Well, "it isn't done!" said an Englishman of the International Harvester staff one night.

The Bolsheviki were in complete control of the city, and the municipal Soviet worked in harmony with the Soviet of peasants' deputies of the surrounding countryside for the purchase and distribution of foodstuffs, for even in Samara, known to the Russians as a "breadly" city, the wheat supply was running low. Their régime seemed to be peaceable and orderly enough, and the sternest measure I encountered was the rule compelling honest pedestrians to walk in the middle of the street after ten at night. If you persisted in using the sidewalks or skirted the shadows, that was *prima facie* evidence that your motives

were sinister, and you were liable to be shot at sight. Crude justice, it may be, but there was order in Samara. Fear, nevertheless, possessed a large portion of the populace. Our own doors were double-locked and barred. And whenever I went to see Smith at the colonel's, I had to submit to an inquisition from the frightened servants through panelled wooden doors before the latch was lifted.

In spite of the novelty of Samara's cosmopolitan guests, the talk of the city on our arrival was focused on a proclamation pasted broadcast on bulletin boards and stone walls. Copies of this document were at a premium, and here and there corners were torn away as souvenirs. From a complete text, I had the following translation made into English:

DECREE

This decree is proclaimed by the Free Association of Anarchists of the city of Saratoff, in compliance with the decision of the Soviet of Peasants', Soldiers' and Workmen's Deputies of Kronstadt regarding the abolition of the private possession of women. (Saratoff, with a population of 250,000, lies 200 miles southwest of Samara on the Volga River.)

MOTIVES

Social inequalities and legitimate marriages having been a condition in the past which served as an instrument in the hands of the bourgeoisie, thanks to which all the best specimens of all the beautiful women have been the property of the bourgeoisie,

who have prevented the proper propagation of the human race — such weighty arguments have induced this organization to issue the present Decree.

1. From March 1, the right to possess women who have reached the age of 17 and are not more than 32 is abolished.

2. The age of women shall be determined by birth certificates or passports or by testimony of witnesses, and in the case of failure to produce documents their age shall be determined by the Block Committee, who shall judge them according to appearance.

3. The Decree does not affect women who have five children.

4. The former owners may retain the right of using their wives without waiting their turn.

5. In case of resistance of the husband, he shall forfeit the right bestowed in the former paragraph.

6. All women according to this Decree are exempted from private ownership and are proclaimed to be the property of the whole nation.

7. The distribution and the management of expropriated women in compliance with the decision of the above said organization, are transferred to the Saratoff Anarchists' Club. In three days from the day of the publication of this Decree, all women handed over by it to the use of the whole nation are obliged to present themselves at the proper address and give the required information.

8. Until the Block Committees are formed for carrying out this Decree, the citizens themselves will be charged with such control. (Each citizen who notices a woman not submitting herself to the Decree is obliged to inform the Anarchists' Club.)

9. Men citizens have the right to use one woman not oftener than three times a week for three hours, observing the rules specified below.

10. Each man wishing to use a piece of public property should be a bearer of a certificate from the Factories Committee, the Professional Union of Workmen, or the Peasants' and Soldiers' Committee, certifying that he belongs to the working class.

11. Every working man is obliged to discount two per cent from his earnings for the use of the Fund of Public General Action. (This discount is to be made by Factory Committees, Professional Unions, and Workmen's, Peasants' and Soldiers' Committees of the popular power, which are obliged to deposit these discounting funds with the specifications of the names and lists in the state banks. Other institutions shall disburse these funds to the Popular Progenerative Body.)

12. Male citizens who do not belong to the working class, in order to have rights equally with the proletariat, are obliged to pay 100 rubles monthly into the public fund.

13. The local branch of the state bank, as well as the savings bank, is obliged to begin to reserve the payments to the National Progenerative fund.

14. All women proclaimed by this Decree to be national property will receive from the fund an allowance amounting to 476 rubles per month.

15. All women who become pregnant are released from their direct state duties for four months — three months before and one month after childbirth.

16. The children born are to be given to an institution for training after they are one month old, where they are to be trained and educated

until they are seventeen years of age, at the cost of the public funds.

17. In the case of the birth of twins, the mother is to receive a prize of 200 rubles.

18. All citizens, men and women, are obliged to watch carefully the health, and to make each week an examination of the urine and blood. (The examinations are to be made daily in laboratories in the Eugenics Bureau.)

19. Those guilty of spreading venereal disease will be held responsible and will be severely punished.

20. Women who have lost their health may apply to the Soviet for a pension.

21. The Chief of Anarchists will be in charge of perfecting the temporary technical measures concerning the realization of the provisions of this Decree.

22. All those refusing to recognize and support this Decree will be proclaimed saboteurs, enemies of the people and counter-revolutionists, and they will be held to the severest responsibility.

(Signed) The Council of the City of Saratoff.

An astonishing document, inexplicable and incredible anywhere except in Russia to-day! And even in Russia the explanation was difficult and elusive.

In quest of an explanation, however, I dropped into the Anarchists' clubhouse in Samara one morning in company with Smith and Humphries of the Y. Not so very remotely, the luxurious and commodious building had been the home of one of Samara's millionaires, but the Anarchists had decided it would make an admirable clearing

house for their social and political activities, and by virtue of their imposing numbers and power they had been permitted by the Bolsheviki to dispossess the owner and move in themselves. And so here they were, flying their black flag at the front door, just a few feet away from the Roman Catholic church of the city! Russia abounds in paradoxes to-day, but I doubt whether a stranger contrast could be found in all that stricken land.

Inside, we found reading rooms and study rooms and dispensers of voluminous Anarchist "literature" and propaganda. In one room a group of the leaders, strange-eyed, alert men and women of the fanatic type, gathered to ask us the latest news of Tom Mooney and of America's arch-Anarchists, Emma Goldman, Ben Reitman and Alexander Berkman. Humphries volunteered the desired information, but I was too overwhelmed by this uncanny reversal of accepted social phenomena to do more than stand agape as I would at an engrossing drama. I had no fear. Instead of brutality, the faces of our hosts reflected a strange spiritual quality akin to madness. But I felt a considerable relief when we reached the street again.

Before we left, a copy of a Proclamation in answer to the one purporting to come from the Saratoff Anarchists was thrust into our hands in reply to our questions concerning the document quoted above. This "Reply", translated into English, reads:

FROM THE SAMARA FEDERATION OF ANARCHISTS

Regarding the "Decree"

The enemy is powerless. The enemy is falling lower and lower. And in his fall he is blaspheming. And in his fall he is slandering. And he makes use of the most repulsive provocative means.

The enemy of the oppressed — he thirsts for domination, and worst of all to him are the Anarchists who have raised high the banner of freedom.

And the enemy is spreading the vicious slander that freedom goes so far as to do violence to women. In our name they spread with their dirty hands "The Decree concerning the Socialization of Women."

What a gross, absurd provocation!

For centuries everywhere the Anarchists have been fighting against all decrees and laws of all powers, — could they, then, issue such decrees?

As enemies of all violence, could Anarchists demand or even admit forcible expropriation of women?

How many asses of Buridan will be found who will believe this provocation and join the ranks of these hissing reptiles?

No! No! Trying to incite against us the unconscious masses, the enemy did not think twice and only bared his own dirty little soul.

Alas! — he has not yet learned the sharpness of our swords — he will find out!

Death to the provocateurs! Merciless death! On the spot — without hesitation — by any method and by any weapon!

And everyone who will secretly or publicly spread this slander, feigning the befuddled lamb, will be declared an accomplice of this black gang,

or he will be declared a provocateur. The fate of either will be the same.

And everyone who is with us or not with us but lives and struggles honestly will help us to mete out punishment, will himself take revenge on these poisonous reptiles who are stirring up reaction.

For the punishment we shall have plenty of fire (weapons)!

And all means will be justified!

(Signed) The Samara Federation of Anarchists.

Two solutions of this astonishing situation emerge from a study of these documents and the conditions under which they were posted. It must be remembered that in the spring and summer of 1918 before the Bolsheviki suppressed them by force of arms, the organized Anarchists had grown in numbers in several cities to the point where they threatened the Bolshevik power. In Saratoff and Samara their strength was so great that the Bolsheviki did not dare openly oppose their desires. In Irkutsk, I found later, they had gathered a force of armed cavalry which they called the Black Guard in opposition to the Bolshevik Red Guard. Someone versed in English in the old Siberian capital suggested making one word out of the two and called them the Blackguards! Even in Moscow their desires and decisions were unquestioned by the Bolsheviki until in June and July the issue came to a bloody conclusion with the defeat of the Anarchists.

The most likely solution, of course, is that which is suggested in the "answer" quoted above:

that the Bolsheviki themselves devised and posted the original "Decree" in the name of the Anarchists in order to bring discredit and opprobrium on their most dangerous political opponents. But it is barely possible that a detached group in the city of Saratoff, calling themselves Anarchists, actually did advocate and promulgate this "Decree", without possessing the power to carry it out. What authority such a group imagined it had in the matter from the Kronstadt Soviet, I was unable to determine. In the course of six months in Russia I had never found record or other allusion to any such document, although it was generally known that the Kronstadt Soviet, a local body, rearranged human affairs periodically and not always seriously and never with the authority of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviets.

Out of this astounding episode, if the former solution be accepted, arises one conclusion of supreme importance in the effort to understand the Bolshevik frame of mind, far overshadowing the obvious and revolting inferences which result naturally from hastily assuming that the Decree is a part of the Soviet programme. In fact, I can think of nothing that would please the Bolshevik leaders more than for conservative and proper Americans to absorb their minds and waste their indignation in attributing to them these ideas concerning the socialization of women. If Lenin and Trotsky are aware of the interpretation which has been almost unanimously placed on this Decree

in the United States, they are probably laughing deeply in their sleeves. To the extent that men are dissipating their attention on shocking and incidental and misinterpreted episodes like this, they are playing directly into Bolshevik hands.

The only really significant conclusion to be drawn from the episode of the Saratoff Decree is that the Bolsheviks, emulating Machiavelli, are willing to take aid and assistance from any and every source in order to propagate their violent attack on the present world order. Such aid and assistance they turn without compunction against the giver when the time seems ripe. We still have among us altogether too many who identify the proletarian dictators of Russia with the German cause simply for the reason that German gold seems to have been discovered in their coffers or because for a time they accepted and executed German bidding. And all the while America was lavishing on them indignation for consorting with the enemy, they were undermining by revolutionary propaganda the same enemy, preliminary to a similar attack on the rest of the world.

Anarchist and Bolshevik have nothing more in common than Bolshevik and German Imperial power. Their ends are diametrically opposed. The Anarchist — the philosophical Anarchist he has been called to distinguish him from the ordinary law-breaker run amuck — looks toward the abolition of all law and government except the personal contract as his ideal social order. The Bolshevik, on the contrary, aims by violent

and immediate means at a powerful centralized government with the rights of the individual subordinated to the industrial state as Marx has conceived it. As long as the Anarchist can help him in the violent and immediate destruction of the old order, the Bolshevik will accept that assistance. But the time came in Russia, as it would anywhere, when he turned such assistance against the giver and used *provocalsia* in order to bring his enemy into discredit. It is an ironic *dénouement* that the reactionary enemies of the Bolsheviks outside Russia have used the same tactics against them in connection with the Saratoff Decree which the Bolsheviks sought to use against the Anarchists! I wonder, who is it who has come out of the episode with a clean shirt? It can not be the Anarchist, can it?

For a few days after our arrival in Samara, no acceptable means of continuing our journey presented itself. The only trains east carried nothing but freight vans and occasional third-class cars crowded beyond human endurance. Besides, they traveled only a few hundred versts, and then we would have to stop off and wait for another, with a prospect of an endless succession of such experiences for five thousand miles. On Saturday, March 30, though, a wire came through from the consulate in Moscow saying that on the following day a first-class International sleeping car would start east under the French flag with orders to proceed all the way to Vladivostok. The French party did not fill the car and there were four places

available for Americans. Smith and I signed for two of them and Story and Dewey of the Y for the other two.

The next task was to wait for the car and board it when it came through. There was no way of knowing the hour or even the day of that event. For data, we had the fact that our own train, starting at the same time, arrived in Samara at five A.M., Wednesday. But the Moscow train might make better speed this week. And so, after buying a few provisions to last us until we should reach Siberian plenty, we took our baggage down to the station check room Tuesday evening, set a young soldier who did odd jobs for the Y to watch for an east-bound International, and went back into the city for the night. It might seem like a mad risk to place ourselves four miles distant over bad roads from an uncertain train, for our sentinel would have to come the two miles into town to warn us, but trains in Russia now wait all the way from one to twenty-four hours in the larger stations.

At nine Wednesday morning we all went down to the station again, but there was no news. Several trains had come from Moscow but none with an International. Another was vaguely expected about midnight, and so we returned at eleven accompanied by Nielsen and several of the Y men. The first and second-class waiting room in the main part of the station swarmed with humanity lying asleep on the stone floor or huddled round the dirty tables. We watched our oppor-

tunity and slipped into some chairs, but the waiters wouldn't let us stay long unless we ordered tea or food. Outside on the platform the air was raw, especially after the suffocation of the waiting room.

In a detached building was the hall for third-class passengers. Classes don't matter much now, but the third-class quarters are even more unkempt than the first and second. We looked in to see whether there might be a vacant corner, but the combined odor of boot grease, Mahorca tobacco, indescribable filth and sweating humanity stifled us at the door. And on the floor, sprawling one on top of another, sometimes three deep, were hundreds of men, women, and children, unmindful of the stench and dead to the world in sleep. At first I couldn't understand this picture of misery. Trains arrived and departed, and no one seemed to pay any attention. In the morning came the answer, for with the first streaks of light the wretched forms untangled themselves, shook themselves awake and departed to their daily duties. The railroad station had become the free lodging house of the community's desperate poverty!

In our restless rambles, we found the door unbarred to the office of the *natchalnik* or commandant of the station. Any of the Russians could have entered, as we did, into its snug and comparative comfort. We were Americans, though, with a presumptuous lack of respect for custom, and they were not. We were Americans, and

when the *natchalnik* found us asleep in his chairs at dawn, he accepted our intrusion as part of the privileges due to foreigners!

The midnight train had brought no International and no word of one. Another at seven was likewise uninteresting to us, but Smith and I stayed on in hope until one, when we went back to the Central for lunch, leaving the soldier on guard again. Thursday night we repeated the vigil in the *natchalnik's* office, but our endurance and our faith were breaking under the strain, and at four in the morning we returned to the city for a snatch of honest sleep. We began to doubt the existence of the phantom car and even to lose interest in it if this were the price.

Friday morning at eleven, though, we were rudely awakened with the announcement from our soldier guard that the car was in the yards. Smith got away in advance and Story and I trailed after in a broken-down droshky, the best I could find at the moment. When we reached the station, we couldn't find Smith or the International and we walked two or three miles through the yards before we finally discovered it. I had the baggage checks and Smith was helpless, although he had showed the receipt for our tickets to the *provodnik* of the car. The train had been in the station now for more than an hour. Leaving Story and Dewey in their compartment and taking a brief and hungry glance at our own, I went back into the station with Smith to get our bags out of the check room. They had been there since

Tuesday and were hopelessly buried by the succeeding accumulation. They were heavy, too, and the white aprons at Samara weren't any too industrious. But we induced a soldier to help us shoulder them and started for the platform.

The train had gone!

CHAPTER XII

KIKASS TAKES US OUT

WE stood and stared incredulously at the last car, — our car, already a mile down the track. Our only civilized means of departure had slipped through our hands. By rights, we should have been keenly disappointed. But we weren't. The vigil had reduced us mentally and physically to the point where reaction was impossible. With our dulled and dazed senses we grasped at impractical straws, and then, while I watched the baggage, Smith went back to the station with Wheeler of the Y and presented our case to the *natchalnik*. Between them they persuaded that dignitary to telephone the *natchalnik* at Kinyel, the next station thirty miles to the east, and ask him to cut the International from the train if he could obtain the permission of the *provodnik* of the car. Then he sent one of his men to take us out into the yards to a freight train scheduled to leave in the same direction in about an hour.

As usual in these times, there were several cars on the freight devoted to passenger service. The first one or two we tried were crowded with soldiers who resented volubly an addition to their ranks. At another door, the protest was equally

loud but in a strange tongue and therefore ineffective, for our guide overrode the objections he couldn't understand, forced the door open and boosted us into a carload of Tatars bound for Central Asia. There were twelve of them, and each had his own claim to space staked out in the shelves at the ends of the car or on the straw-covered floor. We were content with a few square feet in the middle, for our journey under these conditions would be short unless we wished to go on to Samarkand with our Asiatic comrades.

By degrees, the full force of our situation dawned on us. Never an hour passed more slowly, but it passed and the train started. On one point we were determined: we were not going back to Samara, International or no International. We hadn't eaten since the night before, and so we opened our food kit as the first act in the acceptance of our fate. With the last chunks of the bread we had bought in Moscow two weeks before, we made our peace with our unwilling hosts. The key to one of our boxes of tinned meat we cast aside, and after one of the Tatars had spent a half hour extricating it from a crack in the floor, he carefully put it in his pocket and thought all the more of us. Time passed quickly as we watched the Tatars at their games and conversed with them simply in crude pantomime, and before we knew it we were in the outer yards of Kinyel. Smith scoured the tracks on one side of the car and I poked my head out of the small window high in the corner on the other side. And there,

a quarter of a mile ahead, was our runaway home!

We didn't stop to think of our baggage, but raced down the track and announced our arrival to the astonished occupants of the International, some of whom hadn't figured out yet why their journey had been broken. Story and Dewey knew, but they didn't expect to see us so soon or even at all. And *Gospodin* Kikass, the *provodnik* of the car, knew, for by good fortune he had seen our tickets and our faces.

"Do they take car from train in your country when one gentleman misses car?" he asked in slow, deliberate, and difficult English, and with a twinkle in his gray eye. And when we assured him they did not, he beamed with self-satisfaction.

Meanwhile, our Tatar hosts remembered the baggage we had neglected, and five of them in procession were staggering under its weight down the track. We paid them generously and bade them a farewell not unmixed with regret, despite our relief at the rescue which for a while was as incredible as our misfortune had been three hours before. By dusk we were hitched to another train and were on our way, luckier than wise.

The story and the pedigree of our phantom car we learned by degrees. The tricolor was pasted on the door, and in the white bar was written the legend, "French Mission." Anything is designated a "mission" in Russia which wishes to get into the country or out of it in safety. The French part of the legend was justified by the presence among the occupants of two Parisian

demoiselles of vivacious age. Their "mission" was to escort to a haven beyond the border two wealthy Russian gentlemen, brothers. They had gone to the French consul general in Moscow, presented their case and through him received the necessary papers and permits from the Soviet. They provided the protection and the entertainment for the long and dangerous and tedious trip, and their masters contributed the funds. In no other country but Russia to-day and with no other sanction but the French could such a proceeding have been accomplished.

There was never a more discreet excursion. Everything in the car had been arranged with forethought and taste. Kikass and his assistant occupied the *provodnik's* quarters at the head of the coach. Next to them came Dumont, a young Belgian who had been an officer in the Russian navy, and Riley, of the American Y. In the third compartment was one of the Russian brothers and his secretary, a man of few words and restrained eyes; while the fourth with connecting wash room sheltered the brunette protectress. Number five belonged to the other brother and number six with similar connection to our blonde guardian. Two compartments remained, and with true French frugality, in order to cut down the expense, they had been offered to the American consul general and by him to us. Smith and I, therefore, were stowed away in number seven and Story and Dewey in eight. That completed the roster, although there were three compartments with only

a single occupant in a country where thousands were crying and begging for an endurable means of escape. The "Countess" and her party had watched as faithfully as we for the International in the hope of finding refuge in it, but their pleas had been coldly denied.

Over this amiably selfish clan and ourselves, its incidental attendants, Kikass presided with plenary powers. The *provodnik* on a Russian car is combined conductor and porter, and on the coaches of the International at times like these he is something more, for he is intrusted with the safe-keeping and the welfare of the company's property and where telegrams are carried as ordinary mail he must use his own discretion in an emergency. Under these circumstances, the *provodnik* has often abused his responsibilities and his privileges by extorting from his passengers large fees to induce him to do his manifest duty.

But we were fortunate, for Kikass was not only scrupulously honest but cordial and warm-hearted and patient. He was hardly more than five feet tall, and he had difficulty in reaching the upper berth to lower it at night and make it up in the morning. Sometimes he had great provocation, for his French and Russian protégés were imperious and exacting, and the water and fuel crews in the stations weren't any too eager to serve such a "bourgeois" institution as an International car. But he always kept his temper and exacted the services he desired by his persistence and his good nature. In some cases he

knew the station officials personally, for he had grown gray in the service and he knew every foot of the main line. Many were the celebrities, Russian and foreign, who had traveled under his care.

“*Hotitye spat?*” he would say every evening about nine as he poked his close-cropped head inside our door. And when we pretended not to understand, he would set his face very anxiously, think hard and pronounce very carefully, “Are gentlemen ready go to bed?” Usually we weren’t, for the night was long and there wasn’t much to do through the day but doze and keep one eye open for the stations where we might buy food or rush out with our *tchainik* for boiling water to make our tea. *Kipyatok*, the Russians call it, and it is one of the native institutions which the Revolution hasn’t disturbed. At every station along every verst of Russian railroad there is a little oven house beside the main building where a peasant woman tends the fire day and night and keeps the water in her tanks at or near the boil. Seldom does a train arrive without finding the sign hanging out, “*Kipyatok gotoff* — boiling water ready.” Immediately a line forms a hundred yards long, made up of travelers from every part of the train. Sometimes the engine stopped so that the *kipyatok* was handy for us, and at other times we had to sprint the whole length of the train, only to hear the warning bells before the line had moved up far enough for us to get our share of the “kip.” On the second day out

from Samara I came near losing the train again in this way, and would have if Kikass hadn't reached down and given me a lift up the high steps of the moving car. After that, we took no chances.

The remainder of European Russia was uninteresting enough to please a Puritan. On Saturday we caught up with the original Moscow train, got hitched to it for twenty-five rubles, and rose thereby in the estimation of our Franco-Russian hosts who had been somewhat ruffled by the Samara experience. By Sunday, we were in the foothills of the Urals, which justify the name of mountains here more obviously than they do farther north at Yekaterinburg, where the road to Petrograd traverses them. There is something of the Blue Ridge about their outlines and a touch of Alpine thrift in their tourist baiting, for the platform at Zlatoust, the crest station which we reached Monday, is lined with shops stocked with curios carved from the semi-precious stones of the mountain mines and quarries. That evening, too late to do anything in the market, we arrived at Tchelyabinsk on the Asiatic side, — almost three days and a half to do the six hundred and twenty-five miles from Samara.

The Siberian plains now stretched ahead of us and on both sides. There was food again after the scarcity of the mountain towns: thousands of pounds of cheese at one station, quantities of the best butter in the world at another, roast fowls ready to be torn to pieces by hungry mouths

at a third, — each according to the specialty of the neighborhood. There was something disconcerting, something ominous in the way food products were thus localized. Siberia has never lacked food. Production may have lagged, but it had a long way to go to reach the danger point, for the rich plains of northern Asia fed Russia and the world before the war. Siberian butter and cheese were ordinary commodities in the London market. The trouble now is that the districts which produce are taking no chances. They keep what they make, rather than run the risk of exchange even with other producing centers. An intricate, far-flung sovereignty had broken up, at the time we passed through, into a dozen independent local governments. Since then, the railroad has been partially rehabilitated and the power of Admiral Koltchak's dictatorship at Omsk has been extended and consolidated. But the suspicions of the peasants in their desire to make sure of their own sustenance have made it extremely difficult to feed the Siberian cities with their populations inflated two and three times by immigration from the west.

That was the reason why at Omsk, which we reached late in the morning of Wednesday, April 10, we found nothing but black bread in the market. That was why in the mountainous country from Nizhne Udinsk to Lake Baikal there wasn't a loaf of bread on sale in the stations. That was why the Amur province, north of Manchuria, was rolling in wheaten riches, — that and

the inability of the new railroad in this territory to carry heavy traffic. And that is why every one in Irkutsk, rich and poor alike, was reduced to black loaves and glad to get them.

"We ask Omsk and Krasnoyarsk and the western districts for wheat and rye," said a citizen of the old Siberian capital in explaining the difficulties of getting grain, "and they tell us to obtain our supplies from Manchuria. When we turn eastward, we run against the snag of the border warfare between the Bolsheviki and the forces of General Semyonoff which has closed the path to China's grain reserves for months. So what are we to do?" The Allied expeditions have mitigated the conditions of Irkutsk since the summer of 1918, but Semyonoff with his border band is still a thorn in the side of all the parties and factions.

From Omsk on to Irkutsk, life on the train was about as exciting as on the Overland Limited. A stray copy of "Pickwick" and some of the Dumas romances whiled away the sunlight hours, and early candle lighting time usually brought a game of cards with *les Françaises* whose masters seemed glad to be relieved of their responsibilities for a while. On the morning of the fifth day out from Omsk, we awoke to find our car at rest, detached from either train or engine and on a side track a stone's throw from the Irkutsk station. Kikass informed us we might go no farther. At least, the *natchalnik* had refused to order us coupled to the next train east which left at nine. A journey across the river would be necessary

to take the car's pedigree to the Soviet officials in the city, but that concerned only the French *demoiselles* and Kikass. In any case, we were stranded for twenty-four hours, and so we took our own time to go over the river to see the American vice consul, MacGowan, and to buy food to tide us through the barren country east of Lake Baikal.

Irkutsk with its one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants is situated on the low bank of the Angara, the swift and turbulent stream which drains Baikal. The railroad station is on the high bank of the river in the suburb of Glazkovskoe, admirably placed for strategic purposes, for it dominates the entire city opposite. In winter, the crossing was made on the ice. Now, although the lake was still frozen, the river was free, but instead of constructing the summer bridge of pontoons, the community was indulging in the pastimes of social revolution. Irkutsk made the acquaintance of the Revolution late, for a month or two passed after the capture of Moscow and Petrograd before the Bolsheviki took time to travel this far east. And when they did, the guns from their armored train wrecked many of the buildings in the city opposite and precipitated a violent and bloody struggle in the community itself, from which the proletarian dictatorship emerged as it had farther west.

A mile past the railroad yards, down a long flight of steps and over a rickety wooden path, and we were at the ferry landing. The boats

made great awkward lunging circles to combat the current, but we were soon over and on our way to the consulate through streets resembling nothing so much as those of one of our mushroom western communities. Most of the structures are of wood, even the more pretentious, but the Cathedral of the Virgin of Kazan and several of the government buildings stand out in solid contrast. Unpaved streets and a busy informality are other marks of its frontier function, and although it is nearly three centuries old, it might have been built, from all appearances, since the Russo-Japanese War.

MacGowan, the vice consul, had been a delightful cynic back in Moscow, but here responsibility had sobered him too much. Still, we blessed his carefree past for the sake of the sugar he gave us and for the directions by which he made us acquainted with the city. A wretched lunch at the Restaurant Modern of Hotel Central was a relief from the bread and tea meals of the car, and from it we went to the provision stores to stock up our pantry with a few cakes, sickly sweet with sugar substitute, and a kind of dry toast made from slightly shortened white bread. With these we returned to the train in time to make the trip back to the city again for dinner at MacGowan's. Doctor Huntington, commercial attaché of the embassy, sat down with us and so did the consular hostess, a member of the propertied class who had welcomed the American flag in her home for the sake of its protecting power.

After dinner we heard how the Revolution had come to Irkutsk, — more desperately, perhaps, than in Moscow, for the Siberians of to-day are the sturdy and determined sons of indomitable pioneers and of criminal and political exiles. But the best story of all was one which concerned Semyonoff and his Cossack-Buriat band who had cut the main line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad and were operating on the Russian border into Manchuria.

The general and his staff frequently traveled to Harbin over Chinese rails and otherwise made free with Chinese privileges. A few weeks before, Bolshevik representatives from Irkutsk had waited upon the Chinese officials and had protested against their action in harboring a counter-revolutionist.

“But what proof have we that you represent Russia and that General Semyonoff does not?” asked the Chinese. “The general has told us that he represents Russia. He is our guest. We must believe what he says or offend him.” And so the matter stood. Chinese diplomacy is naïve but irrefutable.

Eleven o'clock came and time to depart, for Irkutsk streets at night had the reputation before the war of being the most dangerous in the world. MacGowan and Huntington walked down to the ferry landing with us, but either their concealed revolvers stood off intending robbers, or the flash light by which we picked our way round mudholes frightened them, or else Bolshevik order prevailed now in the community, for not a single soul crossed our path.

The ferry plied at long intervals after dark, and I had almost dozed off to sleep in the cramped little cabin of the night boat, waiting for it to start, when I was aroused by the voice of the boy next me.

"You are American?" he asked timidly. When I assented, he took courage and said, "I live in America once." He was dressed in ragged, non-descript clothes, and his face wore an air of baffled perplexity and resignation. He had come to San Francisco all the way from Central Asia the year before the Revolution. After nine months on our shores, the news from Russia lured him back in the summer of 1917 to the new paradise. By the time he reached Siberia, though, the paradise turned out to be a kind of limbo between the old inferno and a new but distant heaven. He was working his way slowly west, disillusioned but not disheartened, on the long trail to his waiting mother in Tashkent.

Mid-afternoon in the city we had run across Kikass wreathed in smiles, for he had obtained permission for the International to proceed with next day's train. All our hopes of going through on the main line were shattered, though, for Semyonoff's forces still blocked the way, and we would have to take the far northern route through the Amur province over rails laid wholly in Russian territory by Austrian prisoners in the later months of the war.

Tuesday morning, April 16, we started eastward again. As far as Irkutsk, we had been going

farther and farther away from home the wrong way round the world. Now, from this antipodean turning point, every verst was carrying us nearer home, and we felt as if we were making better progress. Our engines made better time, too, and the waits at the stations were only a fraction of what they had been. The Trans-Baikal lines of the Russian state railways had always been under separate management, and evidently it was more efficient than the control farther west. All day Tuesday, the glory of Baikal's ice and the snow-capped mountains rimming the lake spread in late winter panorama on both sides of the train. Wednesday in the night we passed through Tchita, and by daybreak we found ourselves beyond Karuimskaya, definitely committed to the Amur route.

With all our network of interlocking railways, it is hard for Americans to conceive of the vast extent of the detour we were compelled to make. It was like the gesture of a giant reaching beyond the clouds. Perhaps it will be clearer if the map of far eastern Siberia is superimposed upon our own. Asia's Pacific coast line helps this conception, for it closely resembles our own Atlantic boundary. If we take New York for Vladivostok, then Denver will be Irkutsk, with the main line of the Trans-Siberian running west through St. Louis. Before the war, the only other railroad in all northwestern Asia was a line running from Vladivostok four hundred and seventy-eight miles north to Habarovsk, a city on the Amur River corresponding

relatively in position to Montreal. With a keen sense of the importance to Siberia and to Russia of Vladivostok and the Maritime province and the outlet to the Pacific — an importance analogous to the regard we would have for Washington and Oregon if Mexico still held California — the Tsar had pushed to completion the Amur Railroad, running about fifty to seventy-five miles north of the great river that separates China and Russia and terminating at Habarovsk whence the railroad previously built leads on to Vladivostok and the sea. Henceforth, Russia would not have to depend on Chinese friendliness to reach her easternmost acres and the Pacific. The sweep of this detour may be understood if we imagine it leaving the main line about two hundred miles east of St. Louis, running north through Chicago and Milwaukee and the State of Wisconsin, making its way across the Soo Straits and thence through Canada to Montreal and New York.

Time was of little importance to us. We had surrendered to the lethargy born of our snail's pace and our diet of bread and tea. Our disappointment lay in the fact that we had expected to leave the main line at Harbin in Manchuria and go south to Peking. And so one day while our engine was plodding through the passes of the Yablonoi or Apple-tree Mountains, we found our desires anticipated by the suggestion of Kikass that we authorize him to turn the car west on the main line to Harbin when we reached the junction point about sixty-five miles out from Vladivostok.

His own purpose was to avoid the congestion and the high prices of that crowded port while he was waiting to make the return trip. Of course, the decision lay not with us but with our Franco-Russian masters. Kikass couldn't very well propose the change to them, and so through the next few days we conspired to lay unobtrusive siege to the *demoiselles* and their Russian consorts, painting for them a disagreeable but truthful picture of Vladivostok's discomforts and the annoyances of the trip across the Sea of Japan, and the superior convenience of the route through Manchuria, Korea, and the narrow Straits of Tsushima. In the end, they were more determined partisans of the plan than we!

Meanwhile, we had been threading the mountains, and on the fourth day out from Tchita we emerged from them into an unbelievably fertile plain. The snow was gone and the grain was up in many of the fields. Hundreds of huge loaves of white bread stood stacked in the booths of each station market—a vision of paradise for the hungry refugee from starving Russia. For a few days we bought twice what we could eat for fear the dream would vanish. Men and women showed each other their purchases in childlike glee and buried their entire face in the rediscovered treasure.

The marks of an old country appear side by side in the Amur province with the evidence that it has been newly opened up for through traffic. Blagovyeshchensk on the river, forty or fifty

miles from the railroad on a branch line, is one of the oldest communities in eastern Siberia, and there are others which show long use and slow development. But the pocket was a secluded one until the railroad came through, and the station is often the town's newest structure. In many cases there are only the stations, clean ample buildings, around which new settlements will rise as they did in our western country a generation ago.

Of all the vagaries of this pioneer railroad, the most distinctive, I think, are the "nervous prostration" bridges. Russia has had no steel for permanent construction since the war began. And so over all streams and rivers, no matter how broad or deep, the railroad track proceeds on piers made of ties piled loosely one on top of another. Sandy bottoms and the uncertain course of the rivers in the flats add to the excitement.

"Look at that bridge, will you!" somebody shouted one morning up in the Amur country.

I poked my head out of the window to inspect the feat of engineering we were approaching on a curve. I had been sure from the way we had strained and lurched over some of the previous specimens that they had never made eyes at a plumb line. But this one had a double wave effect like a measuring worm on quick retreat. Whenever the engineer spies one of these serio-comic spans, he proceeds cautiously until he gets the engine across, and then he puts on full steam to whip over with him as many of the cars as

possible! Fortunately, we were next to the baggage car and reasonably sure of accompanying the engineer all the way!

Habarovsk we reached in due and deliberate time; and while we waited for a new train to take us south, we pretended we were already back home by buying roasted peanuts from the Manchu peddlers, solemn, stolid fellows who have learned to speak Russian just about as badly as their Chinese coolie cousins who have come to America speak English. Another day brought us to Nikolsk and another train carried us westward again on the main line toward Harbin. A little after dark, our last Red Guards made a blithe and blustering inspection of the car, and a few miles farther on at Pogranitchnaya we departed Soviet Russia and passed under the Chinese flag. Huge Manchu soldiers in black paced the platform, for in the Russian confusion the Chinese very quietly but very effectively had asserted their original rights and in a week's time had cleared from Harbin and the other Russian settlements along the railroad the nests of robbers and thieves and murderers who had held revel in this No Man's Land ever since the Tsar fell. It was good to see the Chinese coming into their own after so many years of intimidation by nearly every foreign nation!

On the far end of the platform, a glimpse of khaki appeared. Was it khaki, after all? About as soon as we spied it, its wearer saw the Stars and Stripes we had carried across Asia in the corridor window opposite our compartment. Out

of the dark, other khaki forms seemed to spring. And then and there America reached eagerly through the car window in both directions, for these were the men of the United States railroad service who had gone over at Kerensky's invitation to straighten out the kinks in the Russian red tape. By the time they arrived, Kerensky had fled and the United States Government refused to deal with the Bolsheviki. And so they were simply marking time, reading the disastrous bulletins from the Western Front in France, and growing bluer every day. All the way to Harbin we found them, almost pathetic in their enforced idleness off here in the ends of the earth. They had volunteered to give everything to their country, and apparently their country had sent them as far as possible from any opportunity to give anything to anybody. I can imagine them leaping to their task of restoring bridges and rolling stock and reorganizing inefficient management when the Allied expeditions arrived later in the summer. But I can understand, too, how they wonder now why they are still kept on the other side of the world with the peace signed.

A day in Harbin, the thirty-fifth from Moscow, brought us perceptibly nearer the outer world, for although the names in front of the stores were in Russian and the resplendent uniforms of Russian officers, exiled and unashamed, brightened the streets, still the shops were stocked with the commodities of the five continents. Kikass took us down to Chang Chun in his International, the

outpost of the Russian gauge, and there, while the American-made Japanese express waited on the tracks of the South Manchuria Railroad, we told him good-by with a strange, poignant grip of the hand. We could hardly persuade ourselves that we were safely out of Russia, though, until next morning when we sat down at the breakfast table in the Japanese station hotel in Mukden. And then we knew. For the bill of fare began with rolled oats and it ended with ham and eggs!

CHAPTER XIII

THE CZECHS CROSS ASIA

IN the course of the world war, more than one small nation has been used and abused by one side and the other to cloak its aims and its motives. Germany made Serbia and her easily adjustable dispute with Austria the excuse to precipitate the European conflict she had been contemplating and devising. She hurled Belgium into hell and used her as a pawn in the larger game she was playing. Belgium in turn became the sentimental torch by which the British first and then other peoples including our own were lashed by their Governments and their newspapers to the point where they were willing to declare war. But no nation, no group, has been used for an ulterior purpose more brazenly than the Czecho-Slovak regiments in Russia.

This husky and determined band of fifty thousand exiled soldiers is one of the strange racial anomalies of the war. When the armies were mobilized in 1914, they were drafted from their Bohemian cities and fields just like all the other inhabitants of Austria-Hungary. And just like the rest, they were sent against the Russian hosts to protect the frontiers of the Dual Monarchy. But unlike the rest, at least in their greater hatred

of the Austrian yoke, they deserted in a body to the Russian lines at their earliest opportunity. At first the Russians did not know what to do with them. They had too many Austrian prisoners. But that question soon settled itself. The Czechs so thoroughly despised their former masters that they were willing to turn right round and use their guns on them. And so it came about that there were several divisions of former Austrian soldiers, now dressed in the olive-drab coats and the gray Astrahan hats of the Russian army, doing their bit of the fighting against Austria on the far-flung Southeastern Front.

But although the Czechs were regularly organized into divisions of the Russian army, they did not fall prey to the demoralization and disintegration that began to sap the life of the Russian hosts long before the Tsar fell. They knew what they were fighting for, even if the Russians did not. They were fighting for the downfall of Austria and Germany, so that at the peace conference they could assert their claims for an independent Bohemia. Moreover, they were far better educated than the Russian peasant soldiers. They could read and write and take care of their trenches and their dugouts at the front so as to make them habitable outdoor homes instead of the filthy unkempt wallows of the Russian soldiers. In every way they retained their spirit, their organization, their morale.

Their troubles began, though, with the Bolshevik upheaval and the orders to demobilize

the army. They were not Russians and the orders did not apply to them. They had their own officers, their own organization, their own equipment. Much of the latter had been supplied to them by the Russians, and later it became a chief bone of contention in the problem of their departure from Russia. To depart from Russia, — that seemed to be the only way out of the dilemma. They were a formidable fighting force at large in a nation which had made peace. They were not in sympathy with the dominant force in that nation. They were not interested in the social revolution. They had not gone Bolshevik. Whether or not they were as bloodthirsty and eager to get at the German and Austrian throats as some of their friends insisted, may be a point of doubt. They had had three years of fighting and they were tired and weary and war-worn. But they realized that the order of the day in the world's affairs was still fighting, and so they were ready to listen to any proposal which would restore them to the battle front and relieve them of their anomalous position in hungry Russia.

That proposal came from the Allied Nations in the spring of 1918. The Czechs were to make their way out of Russia to Siberia, across that endless territory to Vladivostok, and thence by way of the Pacific and America and the Atlantic to France and the Western Front. It is not yet quite clear who first made this suggestion. But the fact has been established that the French took the initiative and deposited funds in the

Russian banks to guarantee the payment of the railroad expenses on the long journey out of Russia. The good faith of the plan was doubtful from the start, and events since have made it even more dubious if they have not definitely branded it with hypocrisy and dishonesty. The result is that the Czechs are still in Russia, still used and abused actively and passively as a pawn by all the parties in the desperate political muddle of intervention.

The first I heard of the Czech forces in Russia was during the Bolshevik Revolution in November, 1917. One of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries at our Smolyensky Boulevard refuge was Atherton, an intense, earnest, sandy-haired American in his late thirties or early forties. Atherton was the original Czech — the Chicky Slav, they called him. In his more youthful days he had played professional baseball, but like Billy Sunday, he had turned to the kingdom of the spirit, and when the United States entered the war he had charge of a mission down in the East Side in New York, where his constituents were mostly Czechs, or Bohemians, as they are better known in this country. Atherton had picked up their language, of course, and so when he went to Russia with the Y and found a large unit of these men down on the Southeastern Front, he made application to be sent to Kieff to work with them.

The firing had hardly died away after the Revolution, when Atherton folded up his bed roll full of a thousand odds and ends, left the floor of the room where we slept strangely vacant,

squeezed himself and all his belongings into a compartment in a car bound for the south, and vanished from Moscow in the direction of his beloved Czechs. That was the last I heard of them from November until early spring.

Then one day about the middle of March, after I had returned to the shadow of the Kremlin in Moscow from panic-stricken Petrograd, I ran across some of the other Y men whom I had known in November and whom I hadn't seen all winter. They were sitting at the next table to mine at the little Bohemian restaurant down in the Arbat, the haunt of all the Czecho-Slovaks in Moscow and of a great many others, including Americans, who keenly appreciated Yakl's cleanly, orderly refuge with its reasonable prices, plumped right down in the midst of Russian disorder. An eager, animated conversation was going forward, something very different from the tone of prevailing gloom which enthralled the city on the eve of the ratification of the disastrous treaty of Brest-Litovsk. I listened, and then I joined in the conversation, chiefly as questioner.

The Czechs were going to France! By way of Siberia and America! And several of the Y men who had been left high and dry by the melting away of the Russian armies and the disappearance of the Russian fronts were going with them. That was the cause of all this enthusiasm. The Czechs were planning to do something at a time when every one else seemed to be planning how to avoid doing something.

I could not help wondering right at the beginning of this curious adventure why such a considerable body of men should be shipped more than twenty thousand miles over land and sea to a fighting front less than two thousand miles distant. Where were the ships in this ship-hungry world to carry them across the Pacific? Why burden the Atlantic transport service when we had all we could do conveying our own men to France? Why, in other words, not wait a few weeks until the Arctic ice broke, send the Czechs north over the best preserved railroad line in Russia, the one running from Moscow to Archangel, and thence to some French port on ships which could much better be spared for the comparatively short route through the White Sea, the Arctic Ocean and the North Sea? Why not indeed, if the Czechs were really bound for France?

On the other hand, maybe the Czechs were not bound for France at all. Maybe those who had assumed responsibility for their escape had quite other motives, quite other uses to which to put them. Suppose they should make their way by permission of the Bolshevik Government out of Russia and across Siberia to Vladivostok. Once there, suppose they should be armed and equipped by counter-revolutionary Russians. And then suppose they should join with Japanese and other Allied troops from various Oriental posts, set up an opposition government and work their way west to overthrow the Bolsheviks. What else could they be up to, taking that endless trail to the east?

But no one connected with them would admit any such purpose. The Czechs wished to go to France and that was the route they had been ordered to take. They had narrowly escaped capture by the Germans in their retreat from Kieff and the Southeastern Front, a retreat which took a northeasterly direction. The Bolsheviki did not wish to have such a formidable force in Moscow. And so the trains of box cars on which they traveled were routed up toward Penza and Suizran and Samara. A few advance guards had reached the latter cities on the Moscow branch of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, but the main body of the Czechs was still in or near Penza.

That was the situation when I went out to Samara from Moscow in April, 1918. A deadlock between Trotsky and their leaders held up a further advance. Well might Trotsky hesitate before making up his mind just what kind of a policy he would adopt toward the Czechs. If a statesman or a pirate ever had a white elephant on his hands, Trotsky had one in the Czechs. If he permitted or compelled them to remain in the country under arms, they would be a formidable nucleus around which the opponents of the Bolsheviki might gather. If he kept them in Russia and disarmed them, he would have to take some kind of care of them at a time when he had his hands full feeding and paying his own Red Guards, for if he did not feed and pay them, they would simply seize food and arms and add to the disorder and the confusion. On the other

hand, if he let them proceed in an orderly manner out of Russia, he would be ridding himself of a source of anxiety at home, but he would be running a risk on his frontiers. He could not pitch them out and slam the door on them. The frontiers were too far away. And he could not tell when they might join the enemies of the Bolsheviks and face about toward Russia again. In brief, he did not dare let them stay in Russia and he did not dare let them go.

As a matter of fact, Trotsky did not decide this momentous question emphatically and all at once. One day the Czechs might depart if they wished to. The next day the order was countermanded. Worse than this official vacillation, though, was the complete lack of discipline and responsibility in the Bolshevik Government out over the country. Every railroad station was a law unto itself, with the Soviet of the railroad employees dictating who should proceed and who should not. The Czechs would roll into one station where their pass from Trotsky would be respected. But in the next, their pass would be disregarded and their arms would be taken from them. And so they were handed around from pillar to post in those early days of April.

I was a bit skeptical about all the praise heaped on the Czechs as soldiers, until one day in the Samara railroad yards I saw a train they had rigged up to live in during their prospective journey of six or eight weeks eastward. The cars were only the sawed-off Russian box freight cars,

the same kind of little nursery vans our soldiers have laughed at in England and France. Knock a hole in the roof and put a small iron stove in the center and you have the Russian *teplushka* — the fourth-class cars on which the Russian soldiers used to ride before the Revolution. The Czechs had made *teplushkas* out of their bleak and barren rolling stock. But they hadn't stopped with that. Inside, they had divided the car into two stories, with shelving at each end. The floor of the car and the shelves in turn were divided up and a definite portion allotted to each man. The floors had been scrupulously scrubbed, and after that every man had to take care of his own bailiwick. If he didn't take care of it, the rest of the occupants of the car took care of him. On the walls they had pasted pictures and posters, while here and there were strips of red and white ribbon, the colors which the Czechs had adopted and which they always wear to distinguish themselves from the Russian soldiers attired in the same uniform. Invariably, when you meet a Czech, he has this badge of red and white, either in place of the Russian "O" device in the front of his sheepskin turban or else pinned on his arm or his breast.

Finally, after a lot of wrangling, some kind of a decision was reached. Trotsky had made up his mind that the farther away the Czechs were, the safer he would be. They were to be sent out across Siberia at the rate of about a train a day, a thousand men to the train. They might keep

enough arms to defend themselves. The rest of their equipment they would have to surrender, for it was the property of the Russian Government and it could not be taken out of Russia. Different station authorities had varying notions of how many arms you ought to have to defend yourself and minor clashes occurred over that point, but for the most part the movement got under way in a very peaceable and orderly manner, considering existing conditions in Russia.

Some weeks later on my own way out across Siberia I passed a number of these units of the Czechs working their way slowly toward the Pacific. Always the men seemed to be happy and cheerful, with the unending patience of the Slav but with a certain independence and ability to take care of themselves which had been crushed out of the Russian peasant by long centuries of oppression. Also, they had a keener sense of order and cleanliness and beauty. Why jog on day after day and week after week in these plain red unesthetic homes? And so when the trains stopped on a siding in the midst of the everlasting Siberian forests, the Czechs had clambered out of their cars, had broken off brave green branches of fir and spruce and pine, and had tied or fastened these cheerful plumes on and beside the car doors. Red and green wasn't so bad after the monotony of red alone!

Two bells and three bells from the station platform, the shrill whistle in the conductor's mouth and the blast from the engine never sounded

without catching some of the Czechs uncomfortably far from the train. They had to scout for their food, of course, just like every one else traversing Siberia. And they had to stand in line at the little furnace house beside the station for their *kipyatok*, — the boiling water for their tea. Sometimes there would be more than one train in the station and the line for the “kip” would be as long as a bread queue in Moscow; or in the lean districts the foraging parties would ramble too far away from their traveling home. Always, therefore, when the bells and the whistles began their cumulative warning, the Czechs would sprint for the train. Often I have seen a group of them several car lengths behind the last *teplushka*, running for dear life and gaining on the engine every step until they could reach a helping hand and swing up into the car. When I saw this athletic prowess I no longer wondered at their success in dodging from the Austrian to the Russian lines in the first days of the war. Occasionally, those who had ventured too far were left behind. But they had enough of the Russian carelessness in their disposition and enough knowledge of the Russian tongue to say “*Nietchevo!* — It doesn’t matter!” and prepare to wait patiently for the arrival of the next unit of their forces a day or two later.

Most of the first trains which passed eastward through Samara picked up there one of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries who had volunteered for work with the Czechs. There were not enough

for all the trains, though, because the entire original force of the Czecho-Slovaks numbered between forty and sixty thousand, enough for at least fifty trains, and as the various units moved eastward through the districts thickly populated with Austrian and German prisoners, they recruited their ranks appreciably by drawing to them individual representatives of their own and other oppressed nationalities of the Central Powers. Wherever a Y man was with a train, the Czechs had even more homelike conditions than they had created themselves. Sometimes an entire first-class car was given up to club and reading and writing and study rooms. One day up in the Amur country we passed a unit thus equipped and in command of Colonel Hurban, the naïve, fine-faced and finer-spirited young officer who has recently represented his nation in Washington. Under Hurban and the Y, the soldiers had been publishing a weekly bulletin printed on a mimeograph, and for diversion they had purchased an obstreperous bear cub back in the mountains. Farther on we passed another unit, and while the train waited in the station I had a long conversation with one of the Czech officers concerning their destination and their future. According to him, his troops had been given to understand that as far as Vladivostok they were to look to France for their pay, while from Vladivostok across the Pacific and to France the United States was to pay their way.

Whatever may have been the original under-

standing and arrangement regarding them, the Czecho-Slovaks in midsummer found themselves in difficulty. About fifteen thousand of them had made their tedious way to Vladivostok. Probably as many more had never started from the Volga district in Russia, — Penza, Suizran, Samara and Simbirsk. And the rest were scattered all along the length of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Suddenly this orderly progress eastward was halted. The Czechs sent out a call for assistance. Bolshevik Red Guards, aided by Austrian and German prisoners who had gone Bolshevik, had impeded their movement at various points along the line. That was the story sent out to the world from Vladivostok. Spurred on by that story and by the eagerness of certain American and most of the Allied counsels, President Wilson finally agreed the first week in August, 1918, to a modified form of intervention with light forces having as their first objective merely the release of the Czechs from their awkward position.

Just how awkward that position was and how necessary our intervention has never been made absolutely clear. I was out of Siberia by that time and had to share the detached uncertainty concerning Russian affairs which is common to everyone not inside the mystic circle. But I had seen enough different angles of the Czecho-Slovak problem to realize that those who had intended all along to use the Czechs as a lever to force intervention had been shrewdly successful.

The most damning proof that the Czechs were

never intended for France is the fact that there was no ship in Vladivostok harbor or anywhere else in the entire Pacific Ocean ready to transport them to American shores on the second leg of their proposed world circuit. Lenin and Trotsky were aware of this fact, and since they had been suspicious from the start, not of the Czechs themselves but of their backers, they were on the alert for the first step which might be taken to use the Czechs against the Soviet Government. Anxiety in a case like this breeds fear and fear begets suspicion and suspicion may lead to premature action. That state of mind, together with the demoralized condition of the country where local authorities acted at their own discretion, served to explain the early clashes between the Czechs and the Bolsheviki in the Asiatic interior. But it needed no anxiety or suspicion to understand the *coup* of July, 1918, in Vladivostok whereby the Czech regiments who had reached the ocean became virtual dictators of the port under the eye of the tolerant Allied consulates. The mask had fallen. Whatever the wishes of the Czechs might be, they were to be used henceforth for the ulterior motive of attacking the proletarian dictatorship, regardless of the political will of the population as expressed in elections.

While I was in Japan in June and July, waiting for a ship to bring me home, I watched the military party, then in power, and the French and British commercial interests mold public opinion toward the acceptance of intervention in Siberia.



BLACK LOAVES ON SALE IN THE STATION MARKET OF THE "BREADLY"
CITY OF SAMARA.



BREAD BOOTHS BACK OF THE STATION AT OMSK.



THE STATION PLATFORM, OMSK, SIBERIA.



DROSHKIES WAITING BEHIND THE RAILROAD STATION, OMSK.

On my arrival in America the last of July, I found that similar influences had been at work here, for the national mind had become reconciled to intervention chiefly for two apparently credible reasons: first, the Germans must be thwarted in their supposed plan to reach the Orient and the Pacific through Russia and Siberia; and second, the Czechs must be rescued.

An enlightened public opinion, free from war hysteria and informed by a disinterested press, might have been able to uphold President Wilson in his manifest reluctance to intervene in Siberia. It might have been able to expose and oppose the specious arguments of reactionaries and business interests hungry for Siberia's untapped wealth. It might have uncovered Japan's concealed greed to obtain commercial and even political advantages under cover of the domestic turmoil of Russia's farthest eastern provinces. It might have penetrated behind the professed altruism of Britain and France to the real motive of their action, the desire to insure concessions to offset the dubious loans to the former Russian Governments. It might have pricked the bubble of the German bogey and rendered it useless to the propagandists as a bellows to fan credulous passion, for it would then have understood that barriers almost insuperable — distance incomprehensible and demoralization complete — lay in the way of an expedition entering Siberia from the east. It might have understood that the same barriers would prove effective against German penetra-

tion from the west. It might have saved itself anxiety over the hosts of German and Austrian prisoners in Siberia, if it had known that the great majority of them were disposed neither to go home to fight again for their Kaisers nor to do the imperial will in far-off Asia. It might have known that when German and Austrian prisoners did join the Bolsheviki, they coöperated with them not as Germans and Austrians, but as members of the International proletariat, hating their former masters with an intimate and intelligent hatred. It might have realized that if Germany won on the West Front in France, the Siberian expedition could not long hold its ground against her, and that if she lost in France, the Allied effort expended in Siberia would only be the beginning of new troubles and new misunderstandings with Russia. Even if all these masks had been stripped from the proposal to intervene, and that proposal had stood forth confessed in its true and sinister aspect as a counter-revolutionary movement aimed against the proletarian dictatorship in Moscow, an enlightened public opinion might have seen the futility of marching a third of the way round the world through suspicious if not hostile territory to an uncertain goal.

The other tail to the interventionist's kite, the rescue of the Czechs, was almost equally delusive. The obvious circumstances of the Czech expedition had laid it under suspicion in Moscow from the start. The rejection of the Archangel route to France, and the failure to provide for the con-

tinuation beyond Vladivostok of the Pacific route, threw the Czechs, without their own responsibility in the matter, first into a compromising position and then into real danger, undeserved on their part. To rescue the Czechs on the original terms of departure from Russian soil would have been a simple problem at any time during the summer of 1918. Lenin and Trotsky would have been only too glad to rid themselves of these perplexing visitors. The Czechs could leave without interference, *if they would leave!* But their guarantors did not wish them to leave; they never had wished them to leave, and they never had intended them to leave. Meanwhile, the rescue of the Czechs was an ideal aim to dangle before the American people with their naïve delight in rescuing anything and everything, from Arizona deserts to heathen Chinese.

Russia White has not been alone in its use and abuse of the Czecho-Slovaks. With equal indifference to their welfare, Russia Red has capitalized their unhappiness for the sake of consolidating its own position. Instead of resenting Allied intervention, Lenin and Trotsky have probably welcomed it in their secret hearts, for it has enabled them to suppress factional opposition to their rule and rally to their defense individuals and groups who would be opposed to them under normal conditions. Just as in Petrograd they appealed to the despised emotion of patriotism and summoned citizens to the defense of Russia during the German advance, so now, as

the chief visible embodiment of the Revolution, they are calling all parties to its preservation. The Czechs, as the backbone of the Allied expedition, have been elevated to the rank of anathema in order to frighten recruits into the Red Army.

The effect on the Czechs themselves of these experiences is not the least speculative and interesting phase of the situation. Driven unwillingly to war by their original masters and deprived by the Russian peace of their opportunity to continue their voluntary struggle against the Teuton, they intrusted themselves to a third leadership for the sake of resuming that struggle, only to find themselves betrayed and used for ulterior purposes. As long as the war lasted, they could perhaps persuade themselves that even in Russia they were doing something to hold back the German tide. But since the armistice and the peace, they know only too keenly that they have been kept from their homes in Central Europe in order to help one Russian faction against another. They have no quarrel with Russia. They are no more interested in Russia White than in Russia Red. They are disillusioned concerning the self-righteous assumptions of both. Russia Red shoots them down in the field, and Russia White sends them out into the field to be shot. To-day they have reached the point of sullen neutrality, and Koltchak at Omsk has had to keep them in the rear positions for his own safety. But the treatment accorded them is almost surely calculated to make them go Bolshevik, if not

while their exile lasts, then perhaps when they have returned to their neglected homes.

In the twilight zone of shady morals where all Governments to-day decide their military and political problems, the use and abuse of the Czechs may find apologists on the score of expediency. It is hardly consistent for such as these to turn in the next breath, as they often do, to a denunciation of the Bolsheviki for hiring and intimidating the Letts and the Chinese coolies in Russia to serve in the Red Army. The cases are parallel, except for the superior humanity and intelligence of the Czechs. They are identically parallel from the standpoint of the dictators, White and Red. Lenin and Trotsky are walking in the same twilight zone of shady morals with Koltchak and his bondsmen in Paris.

CHAPTER XIV

MISFITS

THE Czechs are not the only misfits in the Russian puzzle. There are others, many others, unfortunately shaped by the jig saw of fate or habit or environment, — whatever it is that fashions men so that they encounter difficulty in adapting themselves to new situations. Some of these misfits are tragic; more of them are comic. But all of them are humorously pathetic in their helplessness. “Why have a revolution, anyhow?” is the mute question on their haunted faces. “Things weren’t just what they should have been. But have you made them any better?” Occasionally defiance takes the place of wounded humility, — that is, when defiance is safe.

In the motley that is Russia to-day, the Russian himself is probably less able than any of his perplexed visitors to adjust his emotions and his mind and his imagination to the topsy-turvy of a new world in the making. The mere task of living is more difficult for him in his own country than it would be in any other nation in the world. If he belongs to the former privileged classes, he has to find new channels and activities to sustain life. The spectacle of girls of aristocratic mien selling newspapers on the street corners

and of one-time officers cleaning streets in their old uniforms divested of shoulder straps may shock and horrify only those who have as much to lose in a similar disturbance of the present balance of the classes. But for any one sensitive to the fragile texture of human feelings, there is an uneasy irony in a situation which compels mature men and women to begin life all over again. If, on the other hand, the Russian belongs to those orders suddenly clothed with power, he is equally lost in the maze of responsibility that goes with power. In one of Moscow's industrial suburbs, the *Kommissars* of the local administration were boys of fifteen, because no one beyond that age whom the workers would trust was able to read or write. There is, perhaps, no vicarious pain or horror for the ordeals of such as these, but to the unconcerned observer the irony of their lot is identical with that of the titled wash-woman. Revolution, like Deity, is no respecter of persons.

The most disastrous failure in times of social chaos, I suppose, is the failure of human trust. Suspicion of others, fanned by lack of confidence in self, brings down in ruins the whole fabric of mutual dependabilities. My host in Moscow faced the exigencies of revolution with extraordinary equanimity, but he said to me one day, "Do you know, I never wake up in the morning without wondering how it happens that I am still alive!" Anxiety bred of danger is one thing, but when it is the result of suspicion and doubt

and the disappearance of every normal certitude, then it becomes a devastating and devouring poison.

One night while I sat writing in my room Mr. Weber came to my door. It was after midnight, but I knew that he had not retired, for he had been sitting beside the open fire in the living room next to mine and I hadn't heard him pass on his way upstairs. In the dim light of the hallway, I could see by his eyes that he was greatly agitated.

"I may need you," he said in a tense but quiet voice. "Please be ready to help if I call you."

With that, he turned and started for the stairs. I followed, stopped him, and asked what was the matter.

"There are some men in that tall building yonder watching our house. You know, we have been warned to be sparing in our use of light. I think they are spying on us and may attack us or at least report us and have our lights turned off. Just be ready if I call for you."

I heard him ascend the stairs, talk briefly with his wife, and then descend again. Coming to my door once more, he said, "Never mind. It is nothing."

"But I can turn out my light," I said, "and finish my work in the morning."

"No," he insisted. "Go on with your writing. It is nothing."

Next day, with some chagrin, he told me how he had fallen asleep by the fireplace, had dreamed

that the house was being watched and on waking had been so impressed with the reality of the dream that he had taken it for fact until his wife had dispelled the haunting illusion.

The drollest and most awkward specimens of misfitness, however, have been among the willing and the unwilling guests of Revolutionary Russia. Preconceived ideas and constitutional obtuseness have been poor equipment for many of the willing visitors. Selfishness and a missing sense of humor have aggravated the lot of those whom fate has made unwilling partakers of revolutionary experience. Even those who have understood conditions and mentally agreed to them have often worn in spite of themselves the aspect of lost sheep.

The men of the Y. M. C. A. and the girls of the Y. W. C. A. were not unanimous in their misfitness, but many of them were ducks out of water, and the organizations as a whole were irrelevant to the Russian situation. With the American gospel of rescue in their hearts, they had traveled the slow and congested lanes of a world at war to save Russia. They would save Russia whether she wished to be saved or not. As a matter of fact, most Russians were divided roughly in two categories: those who cared little about their country but wished to have their property saved from confiscation and their bodies from danger, and those who felt no need of being saved but instead were persuaded of their sacred duty to save the rest of the world. The Y's, there-

fore, should not have been surprised if they had been received in the manner of patronizing charity workers on well-meaning but impertinent visits to independent dwellers in tenements. That they were not so received, except when some one condemned them from time to time in the newspapers as the agents of American capitalism, speaks well for the forbearance of the proletarian dictatorship and for the good will of the Russian heart. Granted that the money they spent was subscribed by Americans for the purpose of inducing Russia to fight, — whether she could fight or no; granted that many of the men had enlisted in the service with that single motive; still, said the Soviet authorities, these ambitious young men may relieve some of our pain and suffering and we shall give them every opportunity of banking, of travel, and of transport for their supplies. They did, it is true, allay some distress, besides assisting the few Americans who were in Russia, but the work they did was pitifully incommensurate with the necessities and the outlay involved.

The mistake that put the Y in an anomalous position in Russia was made by Doctor John R. Mott, general secretary of the international organization, at the time of his visit to Petrograd and Moscow with the Root Mission in the early summer of 1917. The mistake was the same one which every Allied diplomat in Russia made during the Kerensky régime, — the mistake of thinking that Russia could be rehabilitated as a fighting force in the war against Germany under

a conservative government modeled along the lines of the western democracies. On that assumption and blind to the relentless and inevitable course of social revolution, Doctor Mott returned to America to develop the plan of using the Y. M. C. A. to put Russia back in the war.

An excellent beginning had been made even before the Tsar fell, for in January, 1917, General Kuropatkin had granted permission to Jerome Davis, of the Y, to begin relief work with a single regiment in Turkestan. No books or similar propaganda were to be used. In February the privilege was extended to a second regiment, and after the Revolution in March to all the troops stationed in Central Asia. In July, after the arrival of Doctor Mott, the Kerensky Government permitted the Y to enter the military encampment at Moscow and the garrisons at Irkutsk, Tomsk, Kazan, Kieff and Odessa, although the front was still closed to it. Extension of the work to the front was achieved when, on September 5, the war office indorsed the postal service of the Y in all the advanced positions. At the same time, a central building for the Y in Moscow was requisitioned by the Government. In October, the work at the front was further developed in forty buildings handed over for the purpose by the commanding general, while in Moscow an advisory council was formed including the mayor, the minister of justice, the American consul general, the chairman of the Soviet of soldiers' deputies, the wife of General

Brussiloff and the vice president of the *Zemsky Soyouz*. The request was made, too, that the Y organize its work among the Russians stationed in France and at Saloniki. Later in October, still further privileges were granted: the goods of the Y would be transported free on preferred trains; no customs would be levied on them; no delay would be encountered in purchasing railroad tickets; the services of soldiers would be commandeered to help the Y secretaries in their relief work; soldiers' letters marked with the Y stamp would be carried free, and buildings for the Y work would be requisitioned in every town.

Superficially, the advance of the Y in Russia was steady and unbroken. But it was like the smooth progress of an express train hurtling forward into an open switch, heedless of the ample warnings on every side. The projected work of the Y in Russia was doomed from the start, just as surely as the inept meddling and vacillation of the Allied embassies. Instead of reading the signs of the times and accepting inevitable facts as the basis of their programmes and their activities, they all heeded only the facts which pleased them and then wondered why events did not turn out as they had predicted. Not once did they follow this perverse course, but twice and again.

Some of the men the Y sent to Russia did everything it was possible to accomplish, granted that the enterprise was to be continued. If the Y remained in Russia, certain work had to be

done, and these men did it faithfully and ably and unselfishly. But many others were inadequate even for the limited relief work it was possible to carry on. Amiable ministers of the gospel from village churches where oyster suppers for their congregations were the limit of their experience in social service, and young collegians eager for a look at the world, were equally out of their element. Instead of educating and leading the benighted Russians, they were themselves receiving a costly education at the expense of the American contributors to the war fund of the Y. Intrusted with the spending of other people's money for the first time in their lives, they seemed to feel that the main thing was to spend the money, regardless of what they accomplished thereby.

Misfits in Russia, however, were comic or pathetic oftener than of serious significance. I shall let some of them pass by in brief review, for the sake of their illumination of the troubled human scene.

On our train across Siberia was a business man from Chicago bent on selling his American wares to the representatives of the Kerensky Government. When we got wind of the uprising against Kerensky, he stormed and fumed and told what he'd do to these Bolsheviks! He left us at the station in shell-rent Moscow in a helplessly defiant frame of mind. For the week while the fighting lasted I saw no more of him. Then one afternoon I ran across him in the street.

"What! Are you here yet?" he asked.

"Certainly," I replied.

"When are you going to get out?"

"I'm not going to get out," I answered. "Not until I'm chased out or finish my work."

"Well, I am!" he said very definitely. "I've got a ticket on the next Siberian express, and I'm going home! Back to God's country for me!"

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise —

All through the war and even after the first Revolution, the sporting blood of Moscow was entertained by horse-racing under American direction. In summer Russia, the nights are white, and so the exhibitions on the turf were continued through the evening with the aid of electric lights on the race course. The promoters of the sport knew when their horse was scratched, though, and in the week after the Bolshevik Revolution they sold their ponies, packed their belongings and bought their tickets for home.

"Do you know," said one of them to me, as he waited to withdraw his account from the bank, "I figure out these people have got a horse race of their own they'll be interested in for quite a spell!"

The British in Russia accepted the Revolution with less grace than many of the Russians. I knew an English family in Moscow who had been

self-imposed exiles from home for over three generations. Even the grandmother had been born in Russia back in the early days of Tsar Alexander II. And yet they were as British as if they had never left the Manchester whose milling machinery they sold overseas. Fine and generous in their British way, they had nevertheless failed to see and to understand the problems and the fearful injustices endured by the people among whom they lived.

“You should have seen the way we helped the Russian boys at the front, the little comforts we made and sent to them. Why, last Christmas we cut down on the remembrances we sent to England, just to be sure we could give a little box to each of the soldiers. And now look at them swarming through Moscow on their way home. The ungrateful swine!”

I found good friends in the boys in Yakl's orchestra at the little Bohemian restaurant down in the Arbat in Moscow. Fine-faced, eager young Czechs they were, with the soul for music born in the Slav. Whenever they saw any of the Y boys or other Americans come in, they turned from their classics and semi-classics to a sheet of George Cohan or Irving Berlin which had somehow crossed all national frontiers, and then when we applauded them for reviving memories of home, they naïvely bowed their thanks for our appreciation.

One of them had been studying English out of

a little paper-backed pamphlet. He came to my table one night, and, with the aid of his well-thumbed textbook, he informed me that he and his comrades wished to go to America. How much would it cost?

"Well," I said, after counting up my own actual traveling expenses, "it will take at least \$300 to get you to San Francisco if you travel second class, and twice that and maybe more, if you go first class."

"And how many rubles one dollar?" he asked.

"Eight — maybe ten," I replied.

"*Tri tuisyatchi rublei!*" he exclaimed, his hands in the air. "Almost two year pay!" And he went back, downcast, to his Tchaikovsky and his Cohan.

Late in March, 1918, the streets of Moscow were brightened with the blue of the French uniform. Several hundred officers and men of the French Military Missions to Rumania and the southern Russian fronts were on their way north in flight from the German invasion. They stood and looked at the windows where Parisian luxuries used to be on display, and they sat in the cafés, forlornly sipping tea that had lost its flavor. Most of them wore insignia on their breasts indicating decoration for conspicuous bravery in the battle lines in France, and they had been sent to Russia as further reward. I wonder whether they appreciated then the honor and the privilege of their Russian mission!

On our train out across Siberia were two Serbs, husky, iron-built fellows with an English vocabulary at least half profane. They were Americans, they insisted. Hadn't they worked in the factories of Akron, Ohio? And they were going back home! They had enlisted in the United States for service in the recovery of their native country, had been taken prisoner by the Austrians, had broken jail and escaped to Russia, and had served in the Russian armies until they were disbanded. And now they were circling the globe back to Akron.

"My brother live in Akron, ——! ——, he send me money to Vladivostok, ——! He send me American money, ——. American money good money!"

All the way across Siberia, Austrian and German and Turkish prisoners crowded round our train at the stations. There were very few Turks. The Germans, who were in a distinct minority, too, were rather sullen, but the Austrians were a care-free, happy-go-lucky lot. Many of the Austrians had been in America before the war, and they pushed forward to talk to us and tell us in plaintive voices of their ill fortune in having returned to Austria to be hurled into a war in which they had no interest. The peace had been signed now for a month and more. Technically, they were free to go back home. And there was nothing except the chaos of the railroads to prevent them. But they seemed in no mood to do so. After talking with them, I found

out why. Some of them while working on the railroad had married Russian girls and had settled down as permanent residents to till the soil and become Russians themselves. Others preferred living easily off the country to returning home to fight again. And still others, willing to go back and spread the social revolution at home, had been refused as undesirable citizens by their fatherlands.

We thought we had said farewell at Mukden to *les demoiselles*, our bodyguards, and their Russian masters. But when we reached Yokohama after our Peking days, there they were, still trying in vain to proceed to France. There were no steamships plying direct by the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean. And if you were a Russian and wished to cross America and the Atlantic, you had to have a very special permission from the American Department of State. That permission, somehow, was not forthcoming, and the unhappy excursion was in a dead calm. Besides, one of the brothers in his despondency was drinking himself to death.

"What shall I do, what shall I do, if he leaves me here alone?" exclaimed mademoiselle the brunette. "It isn't as if we were married. And he is more jealous than if he had a right to be!"

Dumont, the Belgian, was a rather placid traveler through Siberian days. We found out why, when we neared Peking. He was saving

up his sprightliness for the brilliant international society and the balls and the beautiful ladies he expected to find in the Chinese capital. The last months in Petrograd and Moscow had been innocent enough of such pastimes. When he found the foreign colony in Peking composed mostly of sleepy legation guards and gossiping dowagers, his intended sprightliness turned to wrath, and he cursed in all the six languages with which his education had endowed him. A more whimsical figure I have never seen than Dumont after his visit to the Belgian consul. He would have to make his own way back to Belgium, that official informed him, and enlist in the army. And yet, that very day, an enterprising potentate of some South Sea island group had offered him absolute power over one of his islands if he would assume the burdens of its management!

The dispossessed Russian at home is disconsolate enough, but the Russian bourgeois in Japan is even more perfectly pathetic. Safely distant in his exile from the present pains of revolution, he is still close enough to speculate endlessly on the chances of secure return. Up and down the row of money-changers' shops in Honcho Dori in Yokohama he watches the addled course of the ruble market and its rise and fall through the speculation in which the Orient delights. Day by day, he approaches the time when his smuggled funds will be gone. Many hundreds of his kind are already on Japanese charity, and it is

no wonder the Mikado's Government stipulates a generous bank roll for prospective Russian immigrants.

Russia and the Russians are not alone, of course, in the catalogue of misfits. War as well as revolution turns up human blocks who seem to have no place in the finished puzzle. One day as I rode out to Tsing Hua from swarming Peking, I passed an ancient compound, the domicile of imperial servants when Tsze Hsi ruled her millions. The riksha glided noiselessly over the smooth roads of the quiet Chinese countryside, and the Western Hills were a glory on the horizon. As we left the compound behind, a strange sound came from within its high stone walls, — the sound of a brass band floating out over the rice paddies. And the tune that formed itself note by note to the unexpectant ear was "Ach, Mein Lieber Augustin!" The German soldiers of the legation garrison had been interned here for the duration of the war, and they were carrying themselves back to the fatherland from their awkward prison on the wings of music!

CHAPTER XV

RUSSIA LOOKS TO AMERICA

OVER in Moscow I have a Russian friend who persists, in spite of the times, in wearing his Sunday best. Wherever and whenever he goes out on the street, be it dark night or sunny noon, he dons his Astrahan hat, his English suit, and his broadcloth *shuba*. If he comes to a dark street and that dark street is a short cut to his destination, down that street he goes, heedless of the dangers lurking in dark streets now in darkest Russia.

Such assurance on the part of my friend does not arise from foolhardiness, and certainly not from inexperience. He knows perfectly well what he is doing. He is aware of the value set upon good clothing and the ease and the frequency with which Russians are divested of their wearing apparel down to their underwear even on the coldest nights. But he has an antidote. It came to him under the spur of necessity. He was going home late one evening, after all the nights in Moscow had become lightless nights, when suddenly a gruff voice called out from the shadows: "Halt!"

He halted, but only to make out by the light

of stars the outline of a Browning too near his face for patient deliberation. He couldn't trust to darkness and bad aim and run for it, because by this time he had been surrounded by the gang of hooligans, most of them in soldiers' uniforms. All at once he had an idea. Away back in the days when the first Tsar Alexander was trying to make Russia a better place to live in, my friend's great-great-grandfather had been invited to come from England and show the Russians how to build roads. Ever since that time, although all his other ancestors were Russian, the family had been brought up to know the English as well as the Russian language. And so he turned to the leader of the gang and said in excellent English:

"My dear sir, you wouldn't do anything to me, would you? I am an American!"

"If you please!" said the leader, bowing low. "I beg your pardon."

The ring around him parted; he walked from it, and proceeded homeward unmolested.

The American has been the safest of all the conglomerate population of Russia since the Revolution. Everywhere I went in Russia I found things opening up for me and difficulties vanishing and favors springing in my path just because I was an American. It was so on the trains, in the railroad stations, in the streets, in crowded tramcars, in the theatres and the exhibitions and the restaurants and the shops. Always, the fact that I was an American was an asset. I

was the beneficiary of a bond of good will which was instinctive and of the heart, rather than reasoned and of the mind.

Russia has looked to America ever since she threw away her Tsar. There has been something frank and simple and childlike in that glance across the sea which has drawn the two nations together in sympathy if not yet in perfect understanding. Even before we entered the war, we sprang to welcome the new democracy. The United States, by prompt instructions to Ambassador Francis, was the first to recognize the new Government. The other countries followed, of course, not grudgingly but hardly with the eager and youthful enthusiasm which we could not help showing.

Just why Russia looked instinctively to America on her emergence from autocracy is not so easy for us to understand as it is for us to analyze our own reasons for sympathizing with Russia. For years we had watched with interest and deep feeling the struggle of the Russian people for freedom. For years we had believed that the autocracy of the Tsar was a more cruel if not a more dangerous power than the autocracy of the Kaiser. President Wilson might have had difficulty in inducing Congress to declare war as long as Nicholas II was on the throne. The first Russian Revolution, therefore, cleared the air on the eve of our great decision. It was one of those brilliant additions to the ranks of democracy which we as a nation have always hailed, —

perhaps the most brilliant we have ever had occasion to hail since our own birth as a nation.

Russia has no single motive in looking to America, — no motive so widespread and so generally held as our hatred of autocracy and our sympathy for the people who had thrown it off. Various factions look to us for various kinds of aid and understanding. Conservative Russians know that the United States is the only large republic which has with reasonable success applied the principles of representative government over a period exceeding a century. These classes, therefore, look to us as the model for their own republic. Others, a vast unlettered throng, have heard of America as a refuge for political exiles. Others, near the soil, think of us as the nation which started to send them their precious farming machinery but has not sent nearly enough. And still others, who have never heard of America at all, open a wide and hospitable heart to us because they have heard nothing against us. The United States, of all the great countries, seems to the Russian to be the only one with an absolutely disinterested national program. With her Tsar, Russia has cast out forever all her own dreams of conquest, and so she seeks encouragement and faith in the great nation across the sea which holds like ideals.

Beyond these voluntary and spontaneous points of contact, however, we have made slight progress. For almost three years we have permitted benevolence to take the place of understanding, and there seems to be little disposition to change that course.



AUSTRIAN PRISONERS AND A MONGOLIAN ON THE FENCE RAIL AT
THE STATION, HABAROVSK.



RUSSIANS, AMERICANS AND CZECHS STANDING IN LINE FOR BOILING
WATER IN THE AMUR COUNTRY.



MONGOLIANS AND MANCHURIANS BOARDING A RUSSIAN TRAIN AT
HABAROVSK ON THE AMUR.

Unless we do change it, unless we look long and frankly at the mistakes we have made, we shall continue to fail Russia in her need and in our opportunity. Fortunately, our mistakes have not been irreparable, but if we continue to make them, they will become irreparable. We have not, for instance, been too hard with Russia. We have not cursed her and blamed her for her downfall. Neither have we been too sympathetic with her errors. Our failure lies in our mental indolence, our unwillingness to gather patiently the facts in a situation such as the world has never known and then to draw our conclusions courageously and with discrimination. We have tried to apply obsolete political formulae to the first full-fledged social revolution. The formulae are not relevant, but we continue to apply them. We seize upon the advice or the credentials of some group that bears earmarks familiar to us without asking whether it is representative of Russia. We condemn everything which we do not understand without trying patiently and with open mind to see whether it may have its value under the circumstances or whether it may be even more dangerous than our hasty conclusions have indicated.

We sent the Root Mission to Russia to tell us that all was well when it was not. We sent a railroad commission to give orders to employees who were not in a mood to take orders. Russia was free now. Why should they take orders from anybody? We sent a Red Cross mission to Russia

and dozens of Y. M. C. A. secretaries — all with the avowed intention of inducing Russia to fight, whether she would or could or no.

“The pitiful inadequacy of these commissions,” says Roger Lewis, former Associated Press correspondent in Petrograd, “lay in the commission idea. They were sent to assist and convert a Provisional Government which, in so far as it dared express any convictions at all, was in perfect agreement with the Government of the United States. There was nothing wrong with the Provisional Russian Government except that it had no power to govern. A commission might have been sent with equal effect to confer with the deposed Tsar. . . . What was needed was not an official commission to the Russian Government, but an unofficial commission to the Russian people.”

Nevertheless, if these commissions were powerless to accomplish the results for which they were sent, it still seems reasonable for us to expect that their individual members, men of high intelligence, would have brought back a more accurate report of conditions, a clearer analysis of where the difficulties lay, a surer judgment of the future. On their return, Mr. Root and Mr. Russell and Major General Scott and others expressed themselves as hopeful and confident and satisfied with the course of events in Russia.

There was scarcely more disorder in Russia than in the United States, said Elihu Root in Chicago, August 7, 1917. “Certain disturbances

are inevitable," he went on, "in a change of government so radical as that of Russia, and cable dispatches deal largely with these disturbances. Hence the public has gained an impression that there is little going on in Russia except demonstrations. As a matter of fact, if reports on American affairs disseminated in Russia concentrated on our own little disturbances — race riots, the I. W. W. and the like — Russians would have about the same picture of us that we now have of them. I have faith in the new Russian ministry and in the Russian future as an important element in the aims of the Allies."

The next day in Washington, Charles Edward Russell said: "The Russian people are not united at the present time, but they are in such a frame of mind that they easily can be united if the American people only will convince them that this nation stands solidly behind the Allies in this war and will not falter. I am greatly encouraged by conditions in Russia. They are becoming better all the time. Even during the four weeks that I was in Petrograd I noticed a great change. I spent virtually all of that time with the workmen's council, which is really the Government of Russia, and I know that the people are gradually getting behind the Government more strongly each day."

At the same time, Major General Hugh L. Scott said: "There was an orgy of liberty, but now they are settling down. Every day sees a little improvement."

And yet less than a week after the mission left for home, the July uprising of the Bolsheviki in Petrograd was a sure forecast of the future. Less than a month after their return, the Moscow conference revealed the hopelessness of compromise between the extreme classes, a hopelessness which had long disillusioned many in Russia. Less than three months after their return, the Bolsheviki had seized the power and had begun negotiations for peace.

I was unable to understand what had been the trouble and so I took particular pains to retrace the paths the mission had traveled. Had these men actually seen the real conditions, the ominously evident cleavage of the class warfare and its dark significance for the future, and had they chosen to put another face on the picture for fear of discouraging America, scarcely under way at that time in her participation in the war? Or had they submitted themselves to be led around among the exhibits in the museum of Revolutionary Russia, seeing just what their guides wished them to see, consorting with their kind in the cities, and ignoring the vast mass of the Russian people? I tried to believe the former, for although it was a mistaken course, it was a mistake that men might easily make. But gradually I was forced to the latter explanation. A few of the educated classes had heard Mr. Root speak and had read his cordial addresses in the newspapers. *Novoe Vremya*, often suppressed for radical utterances under the Tsar but after the

Revolution by the turn of events the stiffest of conservative newspapers and later permanently suppressed by the Bolsheviki, got out a special American edition in honor of the mission, devoted to our geography and our industries, which was read by these same classes. Aside from this gentlemanly interest in the mission, though, its members might as well have saved themselves a long trip, for they and the forces toward which power was inevitably gravitating in Russia never came to grips with each other. They did not see all those who represented the various classes in the Russian struggle.

An Associated Press correspondent in Petrograd from the beginning of the war until after the Bolshevik upheaval told me how Baron Rosen, former ambassador from Russia to the United States and an unselfish worker in the Revolution, had tried again and again without success to warn the mission of impending disaster if the Allies did not adopt a more substantially sympathetic policy toward the new Russia.

Whatever opportunity might have existed to forestall the triumph of the proletarian dictatorship, that opportunity was lost in the failure to recognize the Russian Revolution as essentially a class conflict. The Revolution began under Miliukoff as a political revolution, merely the substitution of one form of government for another. But within a month after the Tsar had abdicated, the upheaval had become a social revolution, the struggle of class against class, of

Labor against Capital, preached by the Radicals and the Syndicalists and the Anarchists all over the world for the last seventy-five years. It was not the creation of German Imperial power, for it had been born in the minds of men forty years before the Empire was proclaimed. Through the days of Kerensky the Russian Revolution was nothing but the social revolution under a thin disguise. To-day it is still that, and the Bolsheviki are interested first of all and last of all in the class conflict, the supremacy of the proletariat of all lands. If their course has seemed to be pro-German, it has been because a German advantage resulted from their determination to continue the class struggle in the face of a world at war. If the peace of Brest-Litovsk seemed like a German peace and a betrayal of Russia by her representatives, it must be remembered that the Bolsheviki know their proletarian republic cannot live unless the class struggle spreads, that their willingness to dicker with Germany was only a part of their scheme to spread the social revolution there, and that if a revolt similar to their own should place the German Bolsheviki in power, the humiliating terms of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk would be canceled immediately, regardless of the outcome of the world war.

Failure to recognize these facts has been the undoing of most of the American attempts to reach an understanding with Russia. The United States ambassador to Russia, David R. Francis, is a shrewd mid-western politician, gifted with

some determination and considerable common sense, but from the beginning of the Revolution he looked upon the Russian upheaval in political instead of in social terms. In the end, he seemed to accept the fact that the purpose of the Bolsheviks is to propagate a world-wide revolution of the working classes, but as late as March, 1919, in his testimony before the Overman Committee of the United States Senate, he persisted in charging Lenin and his advisers with being German agents. His conception of the aims of social revolution and of its goal, industrial democracy, is still very hazy, for no man who thinks clearly can conceive of Lenin or of any other human being possessing in the same mind the ideal of proletarian dictatorship side by side with respect for German Imperial power.

In his public utterances, Mr. Francis seemed always to be hoping that the various "parties" would get together, compose their differences and look to the welfare of Russia. "Parties" to him meant groups of individuals with divergent views upon more or less important "issues", all of them agreeing, however, on the same fundamental ideas of government and social organization. There are "parties" in the Russian scene, and among the Socialist groups their differences are largely variations in the proposed means toward the same end. But between these and the several conservative "parties" there is a gulf impassable. Their ultimate ideals are utterly irreconcilable, and once the common earth splits them apart and reveals

the chasm between, there seems to be no compromise, no quarter.

The day I arrived in Vologda, the ambassador gave out to the Russian press the following typical statement which was copied throughout Russia:

I shall not leave Russia until compelled by force. The American Government and people are too deeply interested in the prosperity of the Russian people for them to abandon Russia to the Germans. America is sincerely interested in the liberty of the Russian people and will do everything possible to safeguard the real interests of the country.

If the brave and patriotic Russian people will forget political differences for the time being and act resolutely and vigorously, they will be able to drive the enemy from their territory and by the end of 1918 bring a lasting peace for themselves and the whole world. America still counts itself an ally of the Russian people and we shall be ready to help, no matter what Government organizes a vigorous resistance to the German invasion.

Here again, with all its genuine sympathy, was the same misunderstanding of the social revolution as a mere political quarrel, a misunderstanding which had rendered ineffective all previous negotiations with Revolutionary Russia. Here again was the delusion in which most people outside Russia persisted, — the delusion that Russia could fight once more if she wished to.

Russia *could not fight*. Her army of twenty millions had been scattered, her transportation system wrecked, her food supply depleted far

below the civilian necessity. No man trusted any other man. Organization and morale were forgotten conceptions. The Russian had no illusions concerning the invader. He used the bomb and all the other weapons of terrorism on the Hohenzollern just as he did on the Romanoff. Count von Mirbach and General von Eichhorn were only two outstanding victims among many. But the Russian did not gather together again his scattered hosts to reconstitute a great Eastern Front, simply because he could not.

The Russians made peace at Brest-Litovsk partly because they had a gun at their head and none in their hands and they had to, and partly because the Russian people had been clamoring for peace for over a year. The first Revolution was depicted for us in America as the result of a determination to wage the war more vigorously. That may have been the motive of Professor Miliukoff and his friends. But it was not the motive of the leaders of the social revolution which absorbed and swept aside the political revolution inside a month. The motive of these men, even the most moderate, was to bring peace to Russia just as soon as it could be brought honorably.

One opportunity and only one lay open to the Allies in their project of keeping Russia effectively in the war. That was to retain the armies in the field, less rather than more active, but holding an equal number of German divisions on the Eastern Front. The opinion of most Rus-

sians agrees that this might have been accomplished if prompt aid had come in the way of woefully needed supplies, if counter-revolution had been smothered instead of coddled, if the Provisional Government and the Soviets had been vigorously supported, if the Constituent Assembly and the land reforms had been hurried up instead of postponed, if Russia's pleas for a democratic statement of war aims had been heeded and if a personal propaganda explaining Allied war motives had been sent out over the country to meet the insidious propaganda from Germany. But instead of taking what lay within their reach and enlarging its scope as Russia found her feet again, the Allies demanded that Russia fight when there was no longer the will or the understanding or the ability to fight, and in making that demand they lost their opportunity to receive any service at all from Russia.

By November, 1917, even this single opportunity had passed. And yet as late as March, 1918, such an able observer as Colonel Raymond Robins, head of the American Red Cross mission to Russia, with all his opportunities for analyzing and judging the situation, came to the strangely mistaken conclusion that the Bolsheviki might be induced to denounce the treaty of Brest-Litovsk and continue the war with Germany. On his advice as unofficial investigator for the American Government, President Wilson risked the appearance of recognizing the Bolshevik Government, in the remote hope of inducing Russia to reject

the peace terms. This is the message which he sent to the All Russian Congress of Soviets in session in Moscow to ratify the treaty:

May I not take advantage of the meeting of the Congress of the Soviets to express the sincere sympathy which the people of the United States feel for the Russian people at this moment when the German Power has been thrust in to interrupt and turn back the whole struggle for freedom and substitute the wishes of Germany for the purpose of the people of Russia? Although the Government of the United States is, unhappily, not now in a position to render the direct and effective aid it would wish to render, I beg to assure the people of Russia through the Congress that it will avail itself of every opportunity to secure for Russia once more complete sovereignty and independence in her own affairs and full restoration to her great rôle in the life of Europe and the modern world. The whole heart of the people of the United States is with the people of Russia in the attempt to free themselves forever from autocratic government and become the masters of their own life.

(Signed) Woodrow Wilson.

I shall never forget the wave of bitter disappointment that swept over Moscow the morning after the President's message was read to the Peace Congress. The message was not a recognition of the Bolsheviki, but it was the nearest approach to recognition which any nation except Germany had yet given. The depression extended through every class except the Bolsheviki themselves. I had friends who refused to see me for

a week afterwards. Their minds had been so stunned that they could find no reasonable explanation of Mr. Wilson's action.

The leaders of the Bolsheviki, however, pounced on the opening which the President's message had given them to thumb their nose once more at us and the entire world. Trotsky, reveling in that satiric pastime, had made the most of his opportunity in the publication of the secret treaties a few weeks before. He was at outs with the other leaders just then, but some one else took his place and drafted this insolent reply to President Wilson's message in the form of a resolution which the Congress cheered and adopted:

The All Russian Congress of Soviets expresses its appreciation to the American people and first of all to the laboring and exploited classes in the United States for the message sent by President Wilson to the Congress of the Soviets, in this time when the Russian Socialist Soviet Republic is living through most difficult trials.

The Russian Republic uses the occasion of the message from President Wilson to express to all peoples who are dying and suffering from the horrors of this imperialistic war its warm sympathy and firm conviction that the happy time is near when the laboring masses in all bourgeois countries will throw off the Capitalist yoke and establish a Socialist state of society, which is the only one capable of assuring a permanent and just peace as well as the culture and wellbeing of all who toil.

An able reply, a dignified reply, a reply even breathing certain social ideals. But fundamentally

it was an appeal to the laboring men of America and the world to rise up and overthrow their Governments. In effect, the Russian proletariat said to Mr. Wilson: "We thank your working classes for the message you sent us. Please tell them we hope they will put you out of office and start a revolution against your Government."

From the very beginning, the Bolshevik Government has neither sought nor expected recognition from any other Government. It has kept aloof from them all because it has foreseen that contact with any so-called "capitalist" Government would endanger its own syndicalist basis. Its idea of internal economics and of international relationships is utterly incompatible with the idea prevailing in the world to-day. Bolshevik Russia did not ask the assistance of the Allies against Germany, because it knew that its own régime would be the first to fall before any appreciable expeditionary force. It came to terms with Germany simply because it had to. The Peace Congress that ratified the Brest-Litovsk treaty proceeded to a consideration of the best means of violating it.

As long as the war lasted, the Russian Bolsheviks could hope to be ignored by the rest of the world. Now, however, with the opening of the Baltic and the Black Sea and the release of the international mind from the problems of making intensive war and drafting extensive peace, it will be possible to restore the broken contact with Russia. The test of our ability to deal with

the Russian Revolution in a practical, intelligent, and far-seeing manner is at hand.

What we choose to do with Russia, more than any of our other international engagements, will be the test of our vision, the proof of our mental breadth, as well as the evidence of our ability to think and act unselfishly for Russia and for our future relationship with her.

It is hardly likely that we shall make the same mistakes with Russia that we have already made. It is not impossible but is improbable that we shall delegate men with hard and fast ideas of government and economics to study Russia's problems and report their observations for our guidance. With the passing of the obligations and the insistent demands of a state of war, we shall no longer subordinate the intrinsic issues of Russia to the demand that she fight. We shall not as a Government treat Russia from the standpoint of what we can get out of her.

But unless we analyze relentlessly the mistakes we have made, unless we seek patiently for the underlying misconceptions from which those mistakes proceeded, we shall be in danger of blundering on in much the same way as we have in the past. Most of all, we shall have to guard against the temptation of trying to make Russia conform to our ideas of governmental and industrial polity. Already, we are besieged by refugees from the old privileged classes who are carrying on an open propaganda for the restoration of their former privileges. For many months

we have been shut off from a rehearsal of the motives and the ideals of those who are opposed to reaction. Our ports have been closed to any Russian suspected of dissatisfaction with society as we have chosen to order it. Under the Espionage Act, our press and our public forum and our courts have dealt relentlessly with any such expression of dissatisfaction. America has heard only one side and it is in danger of a natural inclination to continue to listen to that side to the exclusion of other salient convictions.

Even if we were in possession of all the conflicting viewpoints, the exact procedure in answering Russia's unspoken appeal to us would be extremely difficult to determine. The Bolsheviki and the other extreme elements who have subordinated the Russian Revolution to the social revolution prefer to have us keep our hands off completely, for they know that contact with us as with any one else will seal their fate. The business men, the propertied classes, the bourgeoisie, the *boorzhoo* as the Russians call them, would have America and the Allies send sufficient military forces into Russia to clear out the whole pack and parcel of Bolsheviki and Socialists of every stripe and stamp, unmindful that the vast majority of the Russian population holds Socialist beliefs of one kind or another. In between these two extremes is the long-suffering and patient educated class of Russia, the *intelligentsia*, with representatives in almost all of the so-called "parties." Giving freely of their best blood to further

the cause of the Revolution in the old days, they now look with chagrin and heavy hearts upon the wreck that is Russia. They understand our protestations of sympathy, they realize the difficulty we face in deciding what to do, but somehow they can not understand why there is not something to do, some way to restore order in the genuinely democratic spirit which has always impelled them in their own heroic actions. And beyond them, beyond them all, is the silent Russian peasant, waiting, as he would wait for the judgment day, for the time when we can send him more of the plows and the harrows and the reapers that will make his acres yield.

In following the difficult path of discrimination we shall have to remember that Bolshevism is a strange mixture of class revenge and class tyranny leading designedly to a utopian industrial democracy. Its first task is to complete the destruction of the old order by whatever means may be necessary. As it finds the opportunity, it proposes to lay the foundations and begin the construction of a new order. Many of the remedies it proposes for a desperate state of society would be constructive if applied under favorable conditions, for they partake of the intuitive vision of the dreamer. There was a plan on paper in Petrograd shortly before the final demobilization of the army which would have remade Russia in a year if it could have been carried out. Russia needs railroads. Russia needs railroads more than any country except the heart of Africa. Many of

the lines run out like spokes from Moscow and Petrograd and lose themselves in the fields and forests. There are almost no connecting links. In order to correct this situation, the Bolshevik plan called for the transfer of the soldiers from the trenches to construction gangs. A military army was to be converted into an industrial army to build railroads for Russia. The fatal fault in these calculations lay in the determination of the soldier to go home the moment the army was demobilized.

And so it has fared with many of the other idealistic and constructive plans of the Bolsheviks. The good they have attempted has been impossible to accomplish under the conditions which brought them to power. Many of the evils of their régime have resulted from their will to retain that power. They are a symptom, not a cause, a symptom of disintegration and demoralization of all the forces in the Russian commonwealth.

CHAPTER XVI

FEAR OF RUSSIA

FEAR of Russia has been the consistent attitude of every country in Europe ever since she emerged as a world power under Peter and Catherine in the eighteenth century. Distrust of the motives of the great white autocracy of the north and anxiety as to what pose her changing and irresponsible will would assume in the face of important crises have put Great Britain and France, Prussia and later the German Empire, Austria and Turkey and Scandinavia, eternally on their guard. At one time they have sought her favor, and then within a few months they have patched up alliances to offset a possible change of heart on the part of the Bear.

The Russian policy of all Europe, therefore, has been based on negative instead of positive motives. It has resulted in an aggravation of the very condition of distrust which it sought to allay, for it has prevented the establishment of a bond of genuine sympathy with Russia; it has stood in the way of all attempts to understand the peculiar and difficult problems which have beset the Russian people. And this same fear policy, persisting to-day through new but equally obvious causes, still clouds the mind and perverts the emotions, still

prevents Europe from facing frankly and dispassionately the facts in the Russian situation, leaving the United States as the only great nation with a viewpoint sufficiently disinterested and detached to observe and acknowledge those facts fearlessly and honestly.

Great Britain's active fear of Russia dates back a hundred years to the beginning of the waning of Turkish power in Europe. Probably its first conspicuous appearance was at the time of the Greek struggle for independence from the Sultan's yoke. Tsar Alexander's sympathies lay with the Greeks, and so did those of most of the English people. The British Government, however, was jealous of the gratitude the Greeks would have for Russia and of the growth of Russian influence in the Balkans if the Tsar should intervene in the war for independence on their behalf. And so through a period of awkward diplomatic dickerings, Canning held off action on the part of the Russians until the Greeks lost confidence in them and then offered English assistance to the revolutionists. The same fear of Russia in the Balkans explains the British support of the inglorious and impious Ottoman Empire throughout the nineteenth century, while through the latter half of that period Britain turned the other eye of her suspicion toward the advance of Russia into Central Asia which seemed to menace India. Always, the policy of Downing Street checked up its wisdom by its adherence to the sinister warning of its unofficial laureate,

Make ye no truce with Adam-zad — the Bear
that walks like a man!

France, likewise, watched the course of Russian ambition, although she had no eastern empire at stake, and she often joined in the diplomatic arrangements aimed at limiting Russia's expansion. Her constant dread was that Russia might listen to Prussian persuasion and leave her at the mercy of the Hohenzollerns even more hopelessly than in 1870. That dread led directly to the negotiations from 1891 to 1893 which resulted in the Franco-Russian Alliance. But at no time, even after the conclusion of this pact and the dispatch of huge loans to the Tsar's Government, did France have a real interest in Russia or try to understand her.

Germany, too, played fast and loose with the Great White Bear. A secret treaty, signed in 1884, lapsed through Bismarck's interference with Russian affairs in Bulgaria, and within the next decade Germany saw her eastern and western neighbors united in alliance. Thereafter, Wilhelm II devoted his energies to using Russian ambitions in the Far East to further his own interests in the same quarter and also to leading Nicholas into such traps as the war with Japan, intending thus to weaken the strength of Russia if he could not be friends with her. Although he did not wholly give up the idea of a *rapprochement* with Russia, as his secret treaty with Nicholas, signed at the island of Björke in July, 1905, indicates, he counted her strength against Germany in the European

balance. And it was largely this fear of the Bear which he used to reconcile his own people to the war in 1914.

When the war broke, therefore, the Entente was ill prepared for coöperative effort against Germany. Britain still suspected the Government of the Tsar; France knew little about its motives and its problems. I remember talking to numerous Englishmen in London and Birmingham and Manchester in August, 1914, and always there lurked in the back of their minds the anomalous position of their country, — a democracy linked in war with the world's most cruel and untrustworthy autocracy. "I don't like the idea of fighting on the same side with Russia and having to depend on her," each of them said. This same lack of understanding and sympathy and trust, of course, was behind the failure to coördinate the offensives on the Eastern and Western Fronts in the early years of the war. If England or France should object to the Tsar's strategy or interpose in the gathering storm of revolution, they might lose Russian assistance entirely.

The guise the Revolution took when it finally arrived and its ominous effect on Russian participation in the war bred a new fear of Russia in England and France, — a fear not of her military power but of her military impotence and an even greater dread of the example and incentive in social revolution which she would give to their own working classes. It is the latter nightmare

which is the new fear of Russia in western Europe, the obsession which prevents the French and British Governments from seeing Russia through unstained glasses. They are color-blind to facts. To them, Russia Red in all its hues is anathema instead of a titanic but violent and rough-handed hope for the human race. To them, Russia White is a thing of soothing beauty instead of a ghastly specter of human slavery. By the ominous rumblings of their own social storms, they judge the men and the issues and the course of events in Russia. They see facts not in their own shape but as the crooked mirror of expediency reveals them.

In this emergency, therefore, America has a heavy burden to carry. The obligation to face courageously the mystery of Russia, to observe honestly and patiently the actions and reactions among the chemicals of human thought and human passion, and to report those observations dispassionately, no matter how they may affect the present political and social and industrial order, is a duty which we must assume if any one is to perform it. By our freedom from the jealousies and apprehensions of European history, by our sympathy with the struggle for liberty wherever it may arise, we are peculiarly fitted to accept this duty. There are forces among us, strong forces, determined that we shall see Russia from the viewpoint of the imperial and industrial reactionaries of western Europe. But we can afford for the sake of mental and moral honesty to ignore their

evasions and their special pleadings, for our un-industrial order, in spite of its injustices, is stable in comparison with that of Europe, and our national finances are invulnerable. If we face social danger to-day in America, it is the danger of reaction. It would be poor acceptance of our responsibility and our opportunity, therefore, to follow the warped course of Europe in facing the facts of the Russian mystery.

All the evidence in the case of Revolutionary Russia would fill many volumes. Every day that passes adds to its bulk and changes the significance and the interpretation of what has gone before. The task of following history in the making, especially at times when revolution accelerates tremendously the normal pace of evolution, is exacting and precarious. I shall attempt here only to outline briefly a few of the moot points which have been most frequently misunderstood and misrepresented, especially those which may throw light on the struggle of the two extremes, Russia White and Russia Red.

The Bolsheviki are the members of the radical or left wing group of the Social Democratic party, taking their name from the fact that when the party split over a matter of tactics in 1903, they were the majority. The minority, or Mensheviki, believe in less violent means toward the same end — the establishment of Marxian Socialism throughout the world, the temporary dictatorship of the proletariat leading ultimately to an

industrial democracy when opposition to the dictatorship has ceased through the absorption, by one means or another, of all classes into one. The Social Revolutionists, with left and right groups differing similarly on the score of methods, are less dogmatic in their acceptance of the Marxian doctrines, believing that Socialism as Marx and Engels conceived it must be adapted to the agrarian conditions of Russia. They are, therefore, the party of the peasants. Less definite and less arbitrary in their programme, they are open to the conviction of experience and might conceivably accept the Bolshevik platform, as their left group has ostensibly done in agreeing to work with the Bolsheviks in the Soviet.

Among a dozen other parties, the most important to-day are the Anarchists, the Cadets, or Constitutional Democrats, and the Octobrists. The Anarchists agree with the various Socialist parties only in their hatred of Capitalist society. In constructing a new order, they would limit government to the personal contract, whereas the Socialist parties aim at the opposite pole from extreme individualism with their belief in a strong, centrally organized communal state where the individual and his rights are strictly subordinated to the welfare of all. The Bolsheviks have been willing to accept the aid of the Anarchists in tearing down the old order, but they have suppressed them as soon as that service was rendered. The Constitutional Democrats desire the establishment of representative government after the manner

of western Europe and the United States, with a similar industrial organization. The Octobrists believe in a constitutional monarchy. Both the latter parties prefer reaction to the extent of restoration of the Tsardom rather than a continuation of any kind of Socialist régime.

The Bolsheviki are not Anarchists in any sense of the word. Their theory of government is diametrically opposed to that of the organized Anarchists. Nor are they anarchists in the common meaning of that term: lawless ruffians preying on others for the mere sake of robbery and violence. Anarchists of this type have undoubtedly been attracted to their ranks to ply their trade the more easily, but where the Bolshevik has destroyed property or human life he has done so not for the sake of the act but in order to insure the realization of a definite social end he has in view.

The Soviet or committee is an extremely elastic mechanism of representative government, not to be identified or confused with the Bolsheviki except as they have dominated it as the controlling party in it. It grew spontaneously out of the 1905 Revolution when an administrative organ had to be created to function during the temporary eclipse of the Tsarist power. In 1917 it was revived for the same purposes, not only among the soldiers at the front, but among the workmen in industrial centers and among the peasants in the rural districts. The other local governmental

organs, the *zemstvo* and the *mir*, have no connection with the Soviet. Under the Tsar, the *zemstvo* performed those few local administrative duties which were trusted out of bureaucratic hands. It was not democratic in character and was controlled by the larger property holders. The *mir*, to which some mistakenly trace the idea of the Soviet, is the time-honored village parliament which apportions the communal land among its peasant tillers.

For better or worse, the Soviet is the only form of government, the only energetic power, which the Russian has known since the Revolution. The *zemstvo* might have been reorganized to serve this purpose or the *mir* might have been developed beyond its limited agrarian scope. But the fact remains that they were not, and the Bolshevik watch cry, "All Power to the Soviets!" was merely a demand for recognition of a condition already accomplished. The Soviet, however, is not an essential feature of Bolshevik theory. Lenin saw that it held the power while the Provisional Government possessed merely the name, and he determined to work through it to the dictatorship of the proletariat. Since he has achieved his aim, he has used the Soviet to retain the power for the industrial proletariat against the time when he hopes coercive measures may no longer be necessary.

The balance and the strength of the various parties in Russia has been affected not so much by their programmes or their aims as by the

means they have used to attain their ends. In a time of demoralization and intense need, a policy of vigorous action wins more for its executors than the most perfect and alluring programme. The strength of the Bolsheviki, as well as of the Capitalists and the Monarchists, lies in their decisive methods, their willingness to follow any course which will insure their success. Russia Red, through the Bolsheviki, lets none of the moral scruples of a state of peace deter it. They are at war and they use Terror as a weapon just as more self-righteous nations use gas and Zeppelins and the submarine and the starvation blockade. Russia White, through the Capitalists and the Monarchists, is numerically in a hopeless minority and cannot work in the open. It is, therefore, driven to temporary national sabotage, as in the attempt to bring in the Germans against the Bolsheviki, and to the prostitution and the insidious absorption of all moderate and liberal movements, as in the case of the Omsk Government and its overthrow by the dictator, Admiral Koltchak. The middle parties, therefore, refusing to use revolting Machiavellian methods, are ground helplessly between the two inexorable and uncompromising extremes

Bolshevism is a profound revolution of thought, not merely a revolution of action. Every soldier of the millions who went home from the front carried with him a clear conception of the aims and the theories of social revolution. He may be

technically illiterate. He may not be able to read or write. But like all Russians he has a penchant for abstract ideas, and through five years of war and revolution his education has been concentrated on the abstractions of the class struggle. That interminable procession of olive drab up the Arbat in Moscow carried in their burlap bags along with their chunks of black bread and their camp tools, endless quantities of pamphlets on the rights of the proletariat, and Bolshevik newspapers, like *Izvestia* and *Pravda*, filled with fiery and impassioned propaganda. The printing presses of Russia, smothered for generations, have made up for lost time, and all the bonfires and all the confiscation of all the armies of the world could not eradicate from the homes of Russian peasants and workmen the millions of copies of revolutionary apologetics which have been scattered throughout a sixth of the earth's surface. In Russia, the idea of industrial democracy has not only been put into practice for the first time in history, but its tenets have been sown broadcast in the minds of one hundred and eighty million human beings.

The illiteracy of the Russian peasant is a deceptive and misleading thing. It is no proof of ignorance. On the contrary, the withholding of the normal means of acquiring intelligence has only sharpened the native mental eagerness to acquire knowledge; and the Russian peasant mind, unhampered with conventional modes of thought, has in its simplicity reached out with avidity to

the dream and the promise of the socialized state. If the peasant cannot read, he can listen. Many times I have seen an intense group of them gathered round the only one of their number who could read, eagerly drinking in the information and the ideas which they were incapable of gaining through the symbol of printed language. By this means, news travels in Russia to the farthest village as rapidly as it does with us.

Russia will ultimately be what these peasants of hers wish her to be. Numbering nine tenths of her population, there is no force, political or industrial or financial, which can forever deny them their will. The only questions are what they wish her to be and when that wish will become articulate. Thus far, their wish has not crystallized. Perhaps it will not crystallize for a generation, and then again it may become suddenly conscious like the long-dormant will to revolution. Whenever it comes, it will be based on the land and on the Russian reverence for the soil which amounts almost to a passionate religion. *Zyemlya i Volya!* — Land and Power! — has always been the watch cry of the peasant. If industrial democracy and the socialized state fit in with the agrarian polity of the peasants, then these forms will be accepted and incorporated in their social structure. If they do not, they will be rejected. *Bolshe nietchevo*, as the Russians say. That is all there is to it!

By their prompt nationalization of the land, the

Bolsheviki silenced the peasant unrest, which had been growing under the delays of Kerensky, and made this mass of the population their tacit supporters. Before long, however, the significance of the new land law became apparent. The peasant was not to own the newly acquired acres. The title was to rest with the state, but he might use them according to a definite scale by which he must prove his ability to use them. Originally, the title deeds of the more industrious and more fortunate peasants who had acquired their own land under the old régime were to be nationalized as well, but the later course of the Revolution seems to have brought a compromise with these peasants to avoid alienating them. No party in Russia and no outsider can hope to win the necessary support of the peasants unless a solution of the land problem satisfactory to them is guaranteed. They will tolerate no restoration and no remuneration for the confiscated estates, for their fathers and their fathers' fathers have handed down to them the story of how these estates once belonged to them and how, little by little, their rights and titles were absorbed with the connivance of the autocracy by the landed proprietors. Even more vivid is their memory of how they have paid in grossly exorbitant rents many times the value of the land since they were released from slavery by Alexander II in 1861.

Of all the misunderstandings and misrepresentations of Bolshevik Russia, the one which is

least creditable to an intelligent world is that which has identified Lenin and his counselors with German Imperial power. Germany did not invent Bolshevism in order to disrupt Russia. Bolshevism is a definite social programme, as definite as the programme of military imperialism of the Hohenzollerns and utterly incompatible with it. Lenin had worked for its realization long before Germany began to set the stage for her master stroke, and Marx and Engels and Proudhon had enunciated its doctrines long before the German empire was born. Germany simply saw in Bolshevism a means of keeping her eastern neighbor temporarily impotent in a military way, and for the sake of this gain she was willing to take the desperate chance of revolution spreading to her own masses. Lenin, on the other hand, felt that he could afford to take aid from Germany and execute German orders outwardly for the opportunity which peace would give him to flood the German proletariat with revolutionary propaganda. It was simply a case of two desperate and uncompromising enemies, each playing with fire to defeat the will of the other. Wilhelm was pitted against Lenin in deadly combat, and Lenin, with the aid of Foch, won.

Another delusion fanned into a flame of wrath and resentment by the unprincipled propaganda of reactionaries is that which attributes to the Bolsheviki the deliberate intent to exterminate the *intelligentsia* and all educated people. The respect

paid to such men as Maxim Gorky, who as a determined Menshevik has opposed the Bolsheviki until recently, and the presence among the *Kommissars* and other Soviet officials of such members of the *intelligentsia* as A. V. Lunatcharsky, Commissioner of Education, Vassily Nikititch Myeshkoff, the painter who heads the committee intrusted with the care of the Kremlin art treasures, and numerous university professors, should be ample disproof of this falsehood. In order better to understand its source, however, one must cite the fact that in the bitter hatred and suspicion of social upheaval there have been misguided and irresponsible fanatics who have defied all authority in their indiscriminate retaliation against all those whom they feel have lived under the protection of their oppressors. A surer genesis for this rumor is the fact that the Bolsheviki have without question and by their own confession ruthlessly stamped out all attempts at counter-revolution against the proletarian dictatorship. And by their natural qualifications, it has been the *intelligentsia* and the educated classes who have provided the leaders for such movements.

No government in Russia since the fall of Tsar Nicholas has had the definite sanction of regular election or of popularly delegated authority. The Provisional Government of Lvoff and Miliukoff existed merely by agreement and arrangement with the Imperial Duma, which practically abdicated its duties in favor of the new ministry along with its

deposed master. Succeeding ministries, including that of Kerensky, fell heir to these shadowy rights. The Soviet, on the other hand, wherein lay the real power from the beginning of the Revolution, sprang into being spontaneously, and although in its early days it represented a large share of public opinion fairly truthfully, it was plainly an emergency organization.

Therefore, it is not sufficient for the purpose of indicting the Bolsheviki or Admiral Koltchak in Siberia or General Denikin in Southern Russia, to say that they have seized their power by force and hold it without proper popular warrant. Legally, they are neither more nor less clothed with authority than their predecessors. The only organ fulfilling the democratic requirements of popular sanction which Russia has produced since March, 1917, was the Constituent Assembly, elected late in November of that year, after the Bolsheviki had seized the power, from nominations made under the régime of Kerensky and dissolved by the Bolsheviki during its first session in the night of January 18, 1918. Popular sanction it had, but it had nothing else.

No party or individual in the Russian scene can take any credit or feel any pride for the treatment accorded the Constituent Assembly. From the moment when it was proposed in the heyday and good will of the first days of the March Revolution, the Assembly has been used as a football by every one in a place of power for the selfish purpose of prolonging or confirming

that power. The Provisional Government postponed its convocation again and again for the sake of extending its tenure of office. Meanwhile the Bolsheviki were clamoring for its convocation, partly to embarrass Kerensky and recruit their own ranks and partly in the hope that the Assembly when it met would ratify their battle cry, "All Power to the Soviets!" Even after the nominations had been made, and after they knew that under Kerensky's regulations a considerable portion of the population had been practically disfranchised, they stood by their demands, and during their Revolution printed across the top of one of their newspapers in Moscow, "Convocation of the Constituent Assembly Guaranteed."

Lenin's intent, of course, was to recognize the Assembly only if it recognized the Soviet and through it the proletarian dictatorship. He would abide by its decision only if he could elect a majority of its members. As far as I could observe in Moscow, the election was held in an orderly and honest manner, but the result throughout the country gave the Social Revolutionists a majority over all other parties. The Bolsheviki thereupon prepared to retain their power without the Assembly's mandate, postponed the time for its meeting and placed difficulties in the way of opposing delegates in distant parts of the country in their attempt to reach Petrograd. Furthermore, the number of delegates necessary for the opening of the Assembly was placed so high that it seemed impossible for that many to

come to the capital. Finally, however, the conditions were fulfilled, the Assembly was permitted to open, and then it was closed before its first session was fairly over, never to meet again.

The Constituent Assembly was dead, but its use as a football continues to this day. Allied statesmen have not been guiltless in their relationship to it, for in spite of the fact that the Social Revolutionists who controlled it would have adopted a course almost as repugnant to capitalist and political reactionaries in foreign countries as that of the Bolsheviki, its memory has been falsely honored and prostituted by holding it up in righteous comparison with Lenin's régime. In the face of the secret contempt which these forces must feel for it, the badge of membership in it has been ostentatiously pinned on the reputation of every envoy and every so-called Government for which they have urged official recognition.

The latest and perhaps the most perfect profanation of the Assembly's memory is the work of Admiral Koltchak. Accepting the command of the military forces of a group of its members who tried to revive the Assembly at Omsk, Koltchak firmly entrenched himself and then dispossessed and imprisoned those who had given him his mandate. In June, 1919, in reply to the Allied note requesting guarantees of his good faith, he hedged in regard to the convocation of a new assembly. And in answer to the Allied condition that, if order is not sufficiently restored when he reaches Moscow, he "will summon the Constit-

uent Assembly, elected in 1917, to sit until such time as new elections are possible", he answered in self-righteous and lofty manner that his Government "does not consider itself authorized to substitute for the inalienable right of free and legal elections the mere reëstablishment of the Assembly of 1917, which was elected under a régime of Bolshevik violence and a majority of whose members now are in the ranks of the Soviet."

Unfortunately, the news from Russia to-day is tragically untrustworthy. The changing course of the popular will; its effect on the policy of Lenin which is built on expediency and trims its sails to the needs of the hour; the obscure and devious processes of the peasant mind, — all these salient facts are as unknown to us as if they did not exist. No correspondent of an English or American newspaper has been in Moscow or Petrograd since August, 1918, with the exception of a flying visit on the part of two or three. Our "news" to-day is the deliberately colored propaganda picked up from the Russian Government wireless and the wild, perverted rumors and stories told by such incompetent witnesses as frightened and terrorized refugees who have reached Helsingfors and Copenhagen.

Nevertheless, enough information has come through to indicate that White justice is no more canny nor humane than Red justice. The Terror of the White Guards of Mannerheim in Finland,

of Koltchak in Siberia and of Denikin in Southern Russia is just as ruthless, just as revolting as the Red Terror of Moscow. The fact is, revolution is war. And as the converted pacifist said with his tongue in his cheek when gas attacks were answered with gas attacks and flame throwers were met with flame throwers, "War is war!"

Enough information has come through to expose the folly of intervention in Northern Russia and in Siberia. If the purpose of these expeditions had been merely to protect supplies at Murmansk, Archangel and Vladivostok and keep them from falling into German hands, that end would have been served by landing parties firmly entrenched at the ports, and they could have been withdrawn as soon as the armistice was signed with Germany. On the contrary, at the invitation of self-acknowledged representatives of Russian public opinion, who pictured a populace ready to spring to arms around a foreign standard, these expeditions penetrated far into the country and engaged in warfare with the Bolsheviki which their Governments had not openly authorized or acknowledged. Instead of rallying to the Allied flags, however, the Russians have let the Czecho-Slovaks do their fighting in Siberia and the British and the Americans on the Dvina River. Even Denikin, who has had the most marked success of the counter-revolutionists, numbers his ranks by tens of thousands where the old Russian army was counted in millions, and even the Red

Army of Trotsky is reckoned in hundreds of thousands. Travel to the fronts is difficult in Russia, but if the peasants were eager to fight the Bolsheviki and trusted the present opponents of the Red Army, they could reach the recruiting camps.

The case of Koltchak is more obvious than some other Russian issues to those who have followed his course dispassionately, for the telegraph wires are open to Omsk, although they seem to be used chiefly for Koltchak propaganda. His monarchist antecedents, his brutal and dictatorial methods, and the bloody prospect for Russia if he should succeed, mark him as a man for reactionaries to support and for liberals to avoid. Koltchak may restore "order" throughout Russia, but if he does he will have to use the violent methods for which the world has condemned the Bolsheviki. To win and hold Moscow and Petrograd for his Capitalist backers, he will have to slay in White Terror tens of thousands where the Bolsheviki have slain thousands. And the order he will bring will not be the order of a contented society but the order of Russia White, supported by domineering force, in exchange for the armed order of Russia Red.

Fortunately for an ultimately democratic culmination to the Russian upheaval, there has been no "man on horseback" to lead the reaction to the limit the revolt has gone. No general

and no statesman has appeared on the Russian scene with even the remotest resemblance to Napoleon. His appearance at any time is unlikely, partly because of the complete disillusion throughout the country concerning the Tsar and the autocracy and the widespread inculcation of social revolutionary theories. More effective than this doctrinaire education, however, in forestalling the "man on horseback" has been the universal suspicion of one another bred by the cutting of the class war across all former parties and social groups. No man trusts any other man the length and breadth of Russia. Of course, this lack of faith in leaders retards progress toward a contented order, but that end is sure to be achieved in time, and under the circumstances it is less likely to be dominated by the personal element.

If the Bolsheviks are able to retain their power in Russia, the tendency as time goes on will be for the less radical Socialist parties to seek a reconciliation with them. That will be true, especially if Lenin succeeds in wearing down internal opposition to the proletarian dictatorship and in ranging all men in the single rank of the workers. Under those conditions, the violent methods of the dictatorship would be relaxed and finally abandoned. The Moderate Socialists and the peasants would be faced with the accomplishment of the aims of a socialized state which they hold more or less in common with the Bolsheviks. The means by which those ends were attained

would be forgotten gradually, and a new generation would look with no more horror upon them than the French do upon the excesses of the *Sansculotte*. Such a reconciliation, which may even now be under way through the pressure of foreign threats, would temper the passions of a frenzied people and enable them to turn their hands and their minds and their hearts to the rebuilding of their shattered commonwealth. Perhaps that is the solution. Perhaps some other, altogether unsuspected, is in store. But whatever the outcome, it is the duty of America to understand it with sympathy and without fear. And our reward will come richly in the gratitude and the confidence of a people closely akin to us in their passion for democracy and freedom.

CHAPTER XVII

WHITE OR RED

THE immediate and obvious aspects of the Russian Revolution seem to disclose a struggle between a combined political, industrial, and feudal reaction on the one hand, determined to restore and impose "order" by force, and on the other hand an irresponsible, lawless revolt, actuated by visionary ideals, with a helpless, long-suffering populace in between, powerless to impose its desire for peace on the contending extremes. In this light, the liberal mind finds little choice between the two extremes, for they are both blackened by the same bitterness and violence and brutality.

Closely analyzed, however, the Russian Revolution narrows down to a deadly duel between two irreconcilable ideas. Russia White, shorn of its political significance and its moderate elements desirous of compromise, is resolved to restore a capitalist form of society. Russia Red, divested of its criminal satellites, its intimidated supporters, and those who help sustain it through motives of revenge or of personal selfishness, is equally resolved to maintain the proletarian dictatorship until it can build up an industrial democracy. Early in the Russian upheaval, the phrase and the

act of counter-revolution had merely a political significance. But as the lines of class cleavage emerged, counter-revolution assumed a social guise. When Lenin talks of counter-revolution, he is not worried by nightmares of Tsars or grand dukes; he is designating and exposing some individual or some movement which endangers the dictatorship of the proletariat. To-day, therefore, in the last analysis, Russia White is Capitalist; Russia Red is Socialist.

And in this light, choice is not only possible. It is necessary.

The choice is not a pleasant one. Any one with a discriminating mind and a sensitive moral conscience is repelled by the selfish and disorderly and bloody associations of both. The Capitalism of Russia White is not a thing of university textbooks or even of Wall Street's austere apathy. It is a monster with human blood on its hands and lies on its tongue, with sinister figures of the Tsarist régime in its train side by side with earnest and patriotic young men and old men and women broken by the strain of exile whom it has lured to its standard by the promise to "save Russia." The Socialism of Russia Red is another monster, equally guilty of gore and brutalized and made crude by its determination to impose its will here and now, no matter what the cost may be in life and treasure. The great war and the peace which ended it are still near enough for us to understand all too keenly how the use of force, even to serve ideal ends, unintentionally and unavoid-

ably begets intolerance and barbarity. Nevertheless, beneath these grim outer features is the driving impulse of one or the other of the two ideas, locked in mortal combat for the mastery of human affairs.

Naturally, the world is anxious to know what choice Russia has made in the sweat and turmoil of the battlefield; what percentage of her people support the Bolsheviki; what proportion is so sure that it wishes Socialism and does not wish Capitalism that it is willing to condone the methods by which Lenin is forging to his goal. Unfortunately, there are nothing but guesses for answer. Ambassador Francis, I believe, says ten per cent; Colonel Raymond Robins, ninety-three. Since the elections for the Constituent Assembly, there has been no general and thorough indication of the popular will. The chances, I think, are that a minority of the electorate is consciously and of its own free decision in favor of the Bolsheviki, knowing the reason for its choice. But if the informed and convinced supporters of Russia Red are in a minority, the positive adherents of Russia White include a still smaller proportion of the whole.

Wrapped up in this question of minorities and majorities lies the most perplexing problem of democracy, the problem of ascertaining intelligently and honestly the exact nature of the popular will. No democracy has ever solved it. Except on concrete and simple points, no citizenry has ever cast a well-considered, intelligent, un-

mistakable majority vote. Abstract questions concerning government and the structure of society are beyond the interest or the range of the average mind. Therefore, the business of statesmanship, even in a democracy, falls into the hands of a professional class of politicians who are permitted by an indifferent public to organize and administer "parties" and to project "issues" which they hope will lead them into power. Through it all, the great majority of the people are interested chiefly in food, a roof, and a job. They are willing to let minorities direct their affairs, coming forward from time to time to register their majority sanction and turning from one minority to another according as they feel that their general interests have been served or abused.

The majority in Russia, therefore, if one is determined to find it, is the great inchoate mass, mostly peasants, who, rather than think their difficult way through to an intelligent decision of how society should be organized, prefer to leave that task to some one else, provided their material desires are cared for. I am sure this is true, in spite of the gift of the Russian for abstract thought, in spite of the terrible immanence of the social questions propounded to him. Everywhere I went I found men and women struggling for a while to think things through and then, giving up, they exclaimed, "Oh, how I wish we could have bread again!"

With this conception of minorities and majorities in a democracy, J. Ramsay MacDonald, the

British labor leader, has thus keenly analyzed the Russian situation in *The Nation* (London):

This is a Government (Lenin's) of audacity which acts, which overthrows, which knows nobody but the worker, which chastises the parasites with scorpions. True, it is not the rule of democracy, and not even the rule of the working class. It is "the tyranny of the organized nerve-centers of the working class." But that presents no terrors. These men have always known that the mass has to be controlled, and that it never moves itself. Indifferent work-people, officials interested in the *status quo* and an easy life, parliamentary parties burdened like Atlas and blind like Samson — these are not the controlling powers in times of revolution. Moreover, when one comes to think about it, this "tyranny of the minority" is only a transformation and not a new principle in Government. The change is only that one kind of minority has taken the place of another, and the only difference is that the methods by which the one supports itself are different from those appropriate to the other. A quiet, cultured professor, with a very objective mind, put the point to me in this way. All that majorities ever do is to register what influence minorities have upon them. Capitalist minorities work through the Press, through economic pressure, through Government Departments, through the schools, and so on. The State to-day is the Capitalist minority in power. The Revolution is to put the working-class minority in power. It is not always to be a minority in appearance, however, because once it establishes itself, it is to gather that acquiescence for itself which will give it the sanction of the majority. Thus, Dumas and

Constituent Assemblies are put on one side — but only for a time. A majority declared now will be that of the Capitalist minority, but when the Revolution is complete — and only then — it will be the majority of the working-class minority. Then “the dictatorship of the proletariat” will have ended and its revolutionary gains (been) made secure by democracy.

In Russia, the working-class minority seized power by force, and it has not yet sought its majority sanction. It is conceivable, however, that in the congresses or parliaments of the western democracies the same minority may become the majority among the other minorities which make up the legislative body, and, with a majority sanction from the entire electorate, proceed to carry out the social revolution through legal channels. There is nothing in the legislative and constitutional procedure of the United States or Great Britain to prevent the adoption of such a course if in the last analysis a sufficient number of the electorate agrees to follow it. Those who wield political and industrial power to-day would then be dispossessed. Would they accept their fate in the same submissive and law-abiding manner which they urge to-day upon the working classes? Or would they be the Bolsheviki, the Reds of the future?

The question at issue is whether we really believe in the sanction of legal channels. If we do, they must cut one direction as well as the other. We can not stand behind them when they

decide our way and repudiate them when they go against us. If we do not believe in the sanction of legal channels, and place above them and outside their jurisdiction the conception of vested rights vs. equitable rights, reserving to ourselves the privilege of sabotage and violence and revolution to defend the rights of property against any legislative and constitutional attacks upon them, then we put ourselves in the same category with Russia Red and vitiate the force of our argument against the violence of the Bolsheviki. The whole problem of order and social peace and of the sincerity of our moral judgments depends on the answer to this question.

Just as in war, so in revolution the bitterness and the intensity of the struggle tend to throw men into one of the two extreme camps. The Liberal who stands between, not as a neutral but as one who tries to discriminate, to see the truth and disclose the error of both sides, has a difficult and thankless task. Conservatives, whether they be Russian or American, dub him Red, and radicals sneer at him as the tool of reaction. "Either you are for us, or you are against us!" comes the challenge from Right and from Left, from White and from Red. He is in a kind of No Man's Land, the target of grenades from both trenches, until, perhaps, he gives up in despair and ducks for cover to one shelter or the other.

As long as he may, however, the Liberal will hold his ground doggedly in the face of abuse and incrimination and misunderstanding. While

White and Red contend without quarter in Eastern Europe and set their lines for the struggle throughout the rest of the world, the Liberal will help men first of all to inform themselves in regard to the ultimate aims of the opposing theories of the social order, so that they may make intelligent and decisive choice when the time for choice arrives. He will bend every effort to avoid open violence and to reconcile contending extremes to plainly inevitable adjustments. He will realize that Socialism came to Russia in the savage guise of Bolshevism because of the folly and the injustice which men had committed. He will understand that this guise can be removed only by righting the wrongs, not by attacking Bolshevism directly nor by consorting with those who begot the wrongs or forgave them. He will work ceaselessly to eradicate the plague spots of our industrial order. He will not waste his energies in reproaching the excesses of Bolshevism, but will save his wrath to expose the excesses of reaction without which social evolution would never become social revolution. He will remember that ideas can not be killed by force, and that if the idea of Socialism is destined to be adopted by humanity, then the minds and the hearts of men must be prepared to accept the change in the social structure without that deadly warfare between selfish extremes which would rock civilization down to its foundations.

On Thanksgiving afternoon, 1917, I stood in the Arbat Square in Moscow with Doctor Edward Alsworth Ross, of the University of Wisconsin,

waiting for a tramcar which never came. He was just back from his rambles in Central Asia, and he had seen the Russian upheaval from the tropics to the snows. As I persistently sought his views on the Russian outlook, he parried my questions with equal patience. Finally he explained his reticence. "For the last three years," he said, "there has been no surer way to make a fool of one's self than to predict something about Russia."

Still, the main roads which Russia may travel in the years ahead are fairly clear. Which of them she will choose is part of the mystery which pervades the land of forgotten Tsars. Russia Red may ultimately establish and consolidate the industrial and agrarian democracy which is its goal. Russia White may be restored to power if Lenin fails to prove that his theories will work. Or, by fortuitous circumstances similar to those which prevented the culmination of the French Revolution for over fourscore years, the final decision may be postponed until a new generation of peasant Russia can bring a keener mind and a firmer will to the problem.

Whatever the solution may be, it will fulfill the peculiar needs of Russian life and the Russian temper. From the ordeal of hunger and terror a great people will emerge chastened. And as the honest, unfettered expression of the world's richest physical and spiritual storehouse, the Russian State will be big with significance for the human race.

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